



NOVEMBER 1971

PRICE \$1

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

You are
what you throw away.

Secret garbage reports on:

Bob Dylan
Muhammad Ali
Abbie Hoffman
Neil Simon
See page 113





CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Ford Sport Coupe

**Capri sold more cars
in its first year than
any import in history.**

Here's why:

Capri's sexy looks had plenty to do with it.

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For openers, radial tires. They're standard on Capri.

So are power front disc brakes. Styled steel wheels. Superbly sensitive rack-and-pinion steering (the type expensive sexy European cars have). And a silky smooth floor shift.

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Easy maintenance. And small-car gas economy.

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You can spend extra if you want to, and get automatic transmission, sun roof, vinyl top, decor group interior (shown) or—still another Capri option—a gutsy new engine (2000cc, overhead cam four).

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It's what is included in Capri's shamefully low price tag that's important.

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we only made
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Great Western

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Much Ado About Titles

WHAT most people don't realize, when they read something published under an author's byline, is that titles, headings and subtitles are not always put by somebody else. In magazine articles it's true more often than not, and even in books, while not as common as in the first instance, it's by no means uncommon to have the author's own title and additional or regular headings, followed by other, perhaps less prominent, headings thought up by his editor.

Esquire is less heavily edited than most magazines, and in the rest of our published pages we have a better record than many. Not more, of course, from our editor's viewpoint, than from ours, but the changes as there are between what you read in our pages and what our editors read when they stuff mass fresh from the author's typewriter really illustrate the credulous extremes of change demanded by absolute necessity of commercialism. In the case of *Time*, for instance, editor, such as it is, can envision of anything. But for this, to which all magazines are equally subjected, our editors have always been able to face our readers, and themselves, in their own language, and say with accents and a straight face that these results are simply the result of the editor's desire to make the magazine's language and practical policy of positively Jeffersonian editing, the prime intent of which is to reflect who edits best.

But most of us record it in memory as good old days when editors were compact, present, and composed acknowledgment of the fact that, on the record, our respect for our authors' titles and often they've applied them themselves have been next to nil. We've chosen to remember those days, when for the last part of five years, or as long as there have been titles to tangle with, our own memory of that practice goes back as far as 1954, when an anonymous selling a poem on self-chagrin. But since a couple of years ago, we've been told that the editor's acknowledgement does interest us far more than the writer's original title, which we'll long since forget.

With relatively infrequent exceptions, over the years, our contributions have ended up in this practice and have remained, as the late Herman Melville's phrase, "postage offices, but not postmen."

On the other hand, Mrs. Jean Nieroth who quit as our drama critic almost before he got started, when we used his first theatrical review & stuck in the bushes, and came back only when we managed to get it changed at the last minute to *Frost/Nixon*, a *Playboy* article, was given a title, the only one I can think of, that was more elaborate than ever the previous editor. Nieroth was Norman Mailer

who quit us for the first time over a much less horrendous title change than that, when we shortened the title of her piece about the Democratic National Convention in 1968 from *Democracy Dies in Despair* (her title) to *read despaired*, though she was not far enough that it made the type head in the middle, as farce as we just thought it sounded and looking better our way than her, namely failing to realize that the difference was *Wig* or *The Wig*.

Each edition of *Time* carries a much more expensive title change was William H. Hollingsby, when our editors changed his original title for his new classic science story, *The Spawning Run*, to read for its first appearance as great as ever from 1978, namely as *The Big Leaf*. *Time* has *Wig* and *Terrible* presumably for no better reason than that it provided a good cry up for it, which that went on to suggest this the sex life of a salamander is something else. But we took pleasure in the original, the story was printed in book form by Knopf, its original title was preserved.

But one thing we've noticed about title changes is that no editor-in-chief is ever less tolerant of this magazine's long-standing practice of having fun and games with an author's title than the editor of *Time*. And that's because these themselves. Helen Lassiter, who was Helen Bonita Bradlee, followed the line C. Lee Radzwill, who was Helen Bonita Bradlee, as managing editor of *Vanity Fair* has suffered longer, if less silently, from our penchant for title alteration than anybody else we know. In fact, the last time we can remember letting an article of hers go to press without somebody somewhere along the line lifting its title with improvements was October of 1966, when we must have been too busy with some other project to notice that she had written for *Ladies' Home Journal* Lorraine Leavenworth. Probably because she has been a favorite contributor, though with a long succession of editorships over time, the shop practice around here seems to have had one of becoming permanent. So we'd like to ask our readers, please, as that used by Leavenworth in what she did for her Andre Previn interview last July, when we changed her title, *Portrait of a Sleeping Man*, to read *Maniac Man*. That's *Steve Marlowe*! *Marlowe*!

Faculty thing was, we all liked the poems that we received, and couldn't understand why she wrote essay about the title we gave her. (The suspicion down that maybe we had lied about our democratic practice in editorial meetings is the tendency to let others knock each other out with subversive titles like *Portrait of a Sleeping Man*. Well, anyway, Helen Lassiter has a press agent, Michael Butler, the producer of *Meet*. (Continued on page 12)

SNL watching black & white TV?
RCA makes it a
WHOLE NEW BALLGAME!



**RCA announces XL-100.
With circuitry designed for
extended life!**

RCA's XL-100 is

100% Solid State AccuColor™
XL-100 is made for local WAVE eliminated
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Color bars you can count
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**Brighter, sharper color
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Every XL-100 console and table model
has AccuColor
multi picture tubes
for wide/rarely color
You get colors that
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of continuous viewing. And you get that
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The tuning's a snap.

XL-100's advanced tuning
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virtually foolproof. Even if
the left width with the
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range.

**Price right for
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to choose from,
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that's just right for your place.
And your budget. See them today and
start enjoying all the fun of color TV
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Backed by RCA's
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Here are the basic provisions of our
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day you buy it, contact us fast! we'll pay
you money back plus parts and complete
costs. You can see any RCA dealer
or mail-order house. You don't have to
pay for return shipping. Just call collect.

You're responsible to take it to the service
station and we'll make sure you get
your money back. Just present your warranty regis-
teration card and RCA pays it back.
These are just the basic rules. There are
other specific rules. Before you buy, be sure
to read the fine print. We pay for
initial shipping during the first year—you pay
for it in the second year).

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dealt. It doesn't cover installation,
foreign use, antenna systems or circum-
stances of customer misuse.

XL-100



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Just call or visit your TTDI florist
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It's so easy. No wrapping, no mailing, no worries. Why not surprise a loved one, thank a friend...or just remember someone as a very special person for no special reason.

Associated with the family

Picture above a 9G-15 Parker and their
9G-15, one model, 9G-15.

**The gift
that
travels
by wire.**



Who Has Hardly a Home? His is a 2000+ in the role of a special human needs at the front—eight years of questing, eight years of service, and the educationator doesn't seem, at last, satisfied himself. Among a variety of talents will be the art of 2000: a variety which has been developed by the state's master of life & death imagery—somewhat like no two days. The other partner is a restauranteur here in New York. Mr. Billie Waugh, who has let his hair grow to shoulder length and no longer bows so much like Kennedy. An amateur in base

EDITOR'S NOTES

The most revealing and least-known of The Whole Truth Catalog (#1) is moving briefly, I'm told, with 200,000 copies sold and more under order. No wonder. In itself, it is surprised only by The Sunday New York Times. These days, few new books manage to do with the same economy of power by those who would see themselves in line with the founder's purpose. "We are as good and much as will get paid at it" is getting good at it means marketing tools to control and manipulate the public. It means that we must come from outside systems but coming words from its friends, after 477 numbered pages full of tools of "high quality and low entry" related to an independent education, they have won over. Reader doesn't seem displaced, the world does. Richard Wright, art director, and Jean-Paul Goude, artist-illustrator, have commissioned a team of French artists to prepare illustrations, which will include a retrospective look at Woodstock and photographs of some of the most interesting agents of the revolution. In each issue, one outside Edie, Arlene Goldbergs' writing about Edith Kennedy gets a prominent place. Although it appears in the January issue, it suggested that will be no welcome let in the family atmosphere of the other issues. The first edition entries arrive in the office, along with the respondents to its E-mail, will have names small, medium, large). Roach's 1970s running mate, incidentally, was not William Miller.

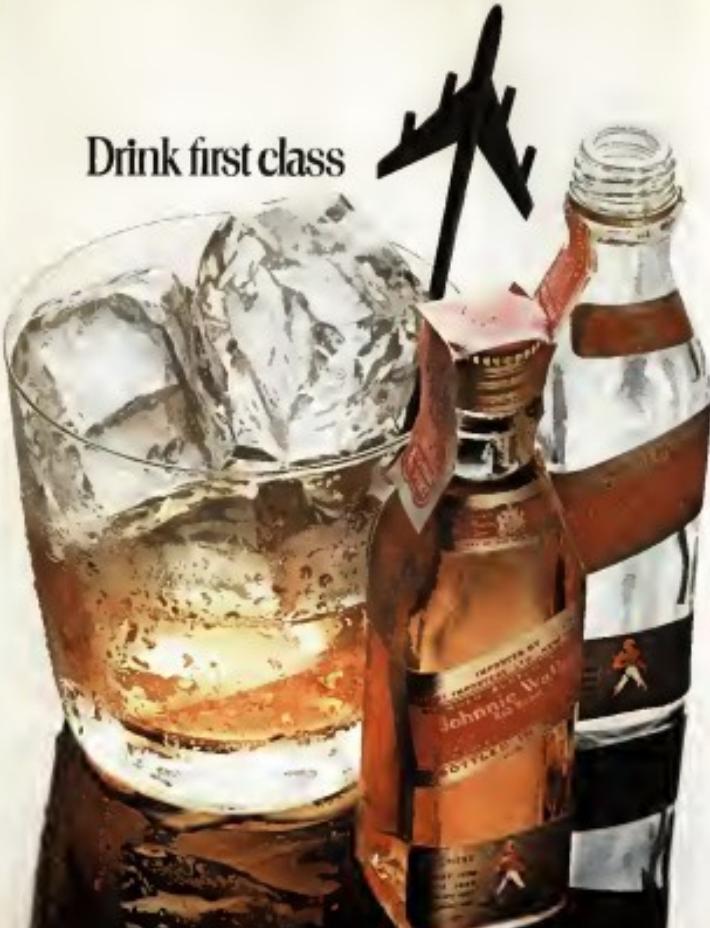
Dane's *Arabs from Egypt* to require in 1857, her pictures having been sent by Robert Bentin, our art director at that time. She performed wonders in black and white, an old chisel far as aesthetics go, though she did not dare, even in the name of art, go beyond the limits of her television, passing in the variety of representation, possible with color film. Ernest Hare, Young Peas, the whole stable of Little photographs demonstrated their field because of their achievement in heightening reality through the destruction of the effects that Dane had introduced in her pictures. In this she studied, the expression is in the types, and black and white was good enough. In nearly every case her subjects would be framed by her most natural, obvious setting. — R. L. Hare in his front yard, down E. Pennell, buried in his living room—and posed facing straightforwardly and satisfactorily toward the camera. She did not care for others with the same amateur expression, as though arising from the beholder some special understanding. (Continued on page 210)



Most. by Author. 2007

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

A few years ago, one of the rough-and-tumble remnants of the counterculture was a New York City-based rock-and-roll cult called the Fugs. They were among the last to introduce the Yippie political sensibility into popular music with songs like *Stolen Goddess*. lyrics that we each quote in a magazine directed at the general reader and most thinking that was "so fucking try to be cool." The members of the Fugs went up and down from there to never, but one of the constants was always sounding snarly, poet and publisher Ed Sanders. When, though, it became known that Ed Sanders had dictated a portion of his life to producer George Lucas for the 1977 blockbuster appearance, he was reduced to forming something imperceptible sympathetic and, as they are said to say, "the cut." Up and down like fury, critics would now the fury metaphor and so forth. However, as you can see in *Lucifer and the Beast*, Lucas' first venture of any kind from my favorite book *The Faerie Queene*, as published October 21 by R. P.杜登, no such thing has happened. Instead, the three or four months Mr. Sanders planned to spend on the book expanded into a year and half of work, but the results are a remarkable, tops-down, movie-like condensation of the results, while simultaneously posing as a poem-like drama. Sanders and step-mother psychiatrist are coded to converse with some of his more bizarre sources of inspiration. "I feel like a psychopathic舜帝," the author said. "I tend to run around like a young diffident mortal and prove."

In a sense, though not nearly the most important sense, the book itself derives from the good offices of his magazine. Around the time of the 1969 Vietnam War Memorial march, Sanders says, "I was approached by my former state editor Tom Hetherington, whom I had seen around from time to time, to do a short take on the Marchers' activities. Then when the Marchers came home, I started digging up stories on them and began to develop an interest in what they had done that explained the events. Their crude attempts to put the crisis on the Black Panthers was outrageous. Nothing made sense, so I talked to Tom about it, and Esquire was going to send me to the Com. But they wanted me to do a book according to my own style," Tom responded. "So Tom gave me a very helpful letter of introduction which I was able to show to several individuals during the twenty-five or thirty weeks I was doing assignments on the trail of the L.A. Free Press, generally teaching the social protest, political protest and so on. Anyhow, the Esquire letter got me interested with the Marchers' family staff. With them, even a letter from Jimi wouldn't have been much help. What did help, at first, was that I went to California, a sort of culture hub to Jimi's people. They dug the Fugs' songs."

"When the family were arrested I felt they had the right people, since there couldn't be all that much corruption in the Los Angeles Police. But when I started writing about the trial in the *Free Press* I tried to be impartial, since the trial in '69 ended in trial and so there's no reason to feel guilty and so forth. But for testing for impartiality I probably appealed sympathetic. All the names were just trashed. Sanders, for example, he was the only person in the same words they would care to describe Woodstock, which is patently untrue to say. The words I used, for example, his associations with Satanists and libertines. But since the day they were found guilty we have trying to kill the book. When I finished the book, I was sick and he is a rascal. He wouldn't let his circle make it with Indians or Jews, let alone Blacks—it really freaked him out, because he's afraid of getting bridged out by the blacks in South Africa. The next day, in the courtroom, he made a thousand-dollar bid for the book and I was really freaked out. Let's not forget he's put all these girls ready to murder somebody. All he's got to do is assassinate his really fine followers in it! Up his finger! I regret that in the book I didn't really get into horrendous sex scenes, because he's a puritan, but I really wanted to have the spiritual hymns and spirituals, but you can't really be made to do anything against your will. Blok left."

We asked Mr. Sanders to recall and comment briefly on Woodstockian charlatanism. Brechtian Wilson's comment: Ed Sullivan? "The marchers, yeah, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, we... Ed Sullivan," we said. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shared a tooth from a victim's stomach. "Well," Mr. Sanders commented. "I have seen the pictures of all these people. They are all dead. I think I had to cover them up with pieces of paper and look at them because by then I made a vow that the next news who died last yesterday the next week I would not look at them pictures."

The recognition of the marchers was the beginning of the book, he continues. I thought, "This is what they really did. I wanted to bring my press for the rest of the book. More than anything else I wanted to tell the truth, in the book is more horrifying than even my French experience. I mean, people are not nice, like the ones of Chomsky. I had libertines and libertines. I don't believe in capital punishment, but I really don't like murderers."

"So I haven't done anything but that book for a year and a half. Every day has been like a puzzle you have to dig through, and I've had to go back and recheck, because no way for me to describe the signs of death. Like I was trying to investigate suicide and I was told about this group that even if you no longer know where they had their meetings you might die. Who wants that? Now I have a book of poetry to



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"Leonardo da Vinci had known what we know about motion, mass, air and hydrodynamics, the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen writes. Since he hasn't been invented in 1490."

Because it has no nib, it's like an ink fountain pen, and works as almost a fountain pen in a way that puts down a crisp line at less than fine-traction of pressure.

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The ordinary ballpoint.

All in all, the 75 Classic is well-made, we can point at this writer's masterpiece. It fails to perform due to defects in materials or workmanship during the owner's lifetime, we will repair or replace it free.

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He didn't know about magnetic fields. The best-known substance there is is. We use a ferromagnetic ball tip, and when it's in contact with the paper it can often give off different visual points. We even give it a microscopic

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It's not easy to convince men to shampoo every day, but Aramis 900 has done it.

Dirt, grime, air pollution and excess oils are the enemies of your hair. But most men worry that daily shampoos can strip away natural hair oils, or cause a dry, flaky scalp. They can stop worrying now that Aramis 900 Daily Shampoo is here. It was developed by leading dermatologists specifically for daily use, with no damaging after-effects. This innovative hair wash will leave hair natural looking and completely manageable. It comes in one formula for normal and dry hair, and another for oily hair. You use very little, and lather only once. But do use it every day, because clean hair is healthy hair, and even contributes to a problem-free complexion. Aramis 900 Daily Shampoo, \$5.00, at fine department stores.

aramis 900



"It came with my piece of the Rock."

"While my policy helps protect my income, some of my premiums are invested in the Empire State!"

That's right, the Empire State Building. He got a piece of the Rock along with his Prudential Income Protection Policy. Owning a piece of the Rock means we make investments

with his premiums—not real estate, among other things. Investments that strengthen the economy and can help pay dividends to keep his insurance costs down.

This young man's insurance can help protect his income when he's unable to work due to sickness or injury.

Ask a Prudential agent what proper income protection can mean to your financial security. Ask him about building it a piece of the Rock.



Prudential
Health Insurance



snatch up, and I want to get all this
stuff out of my head. Immediately after
finishing the book I went on a three-day
drunk. I don't dare to take an taxi trip
because I might run into Vassar's *Fitz-
kawski.*"

Before Mr. Radcliffe was a Pug, he
was a graduate of High School in New
Jersey, then a student at Columbia University
City, where he came to New York at
the age of eighteen with the ambition
to become a poet. He spent two and a
half years studying mathematics at New York University and then switched
to Greek, functioning in the convulsive
language of that subject. After wandering
around New York looking wild,
strutting around MacDougal Street,
waving at the English Street Book Store? In 1905 he left school to participate
in the San Francisco to Mammoth
Walk for Fun, in which he competed
and won the trophy for most "Tough.
However he was jailed for attempting to
break windows at New London, Conn.
method, and did in fact become a poet,
in that while in jail he wrote a poem
published by City Lights in *From Prison*
Jail. This is cultish history.

Rapley regrets that it omitted proper
credit to Edward Conover's *Commentaries*,
in the October, 1954, issue of *Pulse* in
Edition, as a source for a number of
Commentaries in the article *Not Quite
Ready When You Are, C.B.*, which appeared
in Rapley last April. —DR

Wall-eyed Glancing

She didn't know that he got
up every morning with the sun
to search out the packets of fog that
the sun banished through.

They met not day at a corner
in a small way. He noticed how
the street light came through the trees.
She was holding at her forehead
and reading his expression, or so she
thought.

When they wake up together one
morning in summer, dressing quickly
rushing by and snatching hasty breakfasts
She said,

I'd like to make some breakfast
appear right here in bed.

He said,
I think the trucks sounded more like
the waves.

The truck drove slowly down
as he glistened at their house
and said to the telephone,

Some people think life is so easy
He said,
It is if you want it;

ALEXANDER LEHMANN-HAUPT

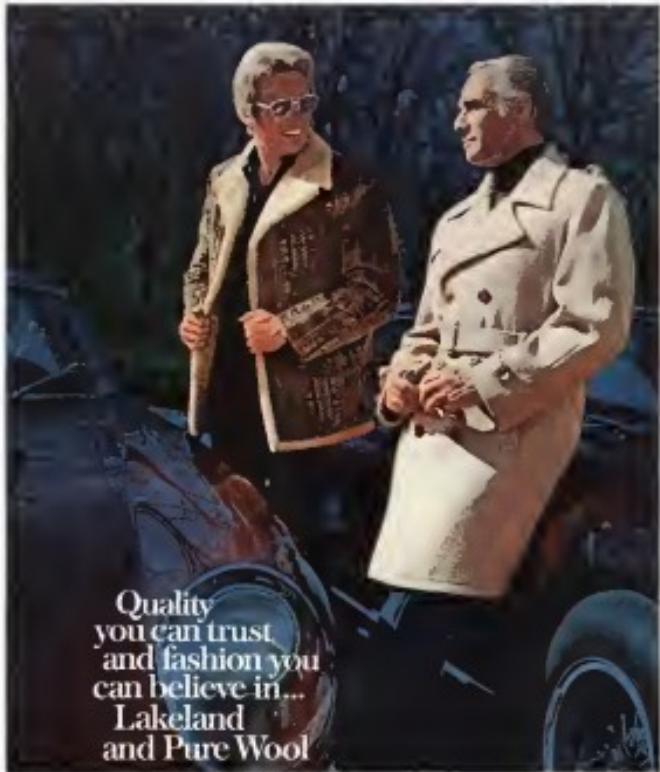


The Sound Machine

It's an fm/am radio
It's a cassette player
It's a cassette recorder
It's a boosted speaker
It's hi-fi to go
It's a blast.

It's Bell & Howell

BELL & HOWELL



Quality
you can trust
and fashion you
can believe in...
Lakeland
and Pure Wool

To get the best and look your best there's only one way to go - Lakeland and pure wool. Lakeland's quality and timeless style is second to none. It's saying a hometown belief. These two coats, both made with 100% pure wool.

Programmed Fleece: angora-free, poli-f® CORTIZZ 85%, an imported

Tapestry jacket, CHEVRON 87%, French coat of 100% pure wool corded knit

Wool. It's got life.

It's nice to know that there's still one thing you can depend on?

Pure Wool.[®]



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Now a man can whisper his sweet nothings in French.



Introducing Monsieur Lanvin

Monsieur Lanvin Cologne from \$23.00/After Shave Lotion from \$4.00/Shave Gel \$2.50/Soup De A Roi \$2.50/Men's Travel Kit \$3.00

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Single coin slot

COINS
\$1 TO \$5



Recessed dial
molded from virtually
unbreakable plastic.

Steel-sheathed cable

16 gauge steel case
virtually indestructible



Coin chute with
special anti-theft device

Our armored pay phone

Why the street corner phone is no longer in danger
of becoming extinct.

Many of the pay phones that don't work, don't work
because they've been tampered with.

Last year alone, vandals caused a repair bill of over
twelve million dollars, just on pay phones.

One solution to this problem might have been to re-
move frequently vandalized phones.

But we were determined to improve service in spite
of vandalism. Which is the reason Western Electric, our
manufacturing unit, builds a pay phone with features
designed to make life more difficult for vandals.

The phone has a cable sheathed in steel. That way it's
harder to cut.

The dial is recessed and made of virtually unbreak-
able plastic.

The case is heavy-gauge steel.

And there's a special anti-theft device to make sure
the money you deposit goes for a phone call. Instead of
into someone's pocket.

But no pay phone can be one-hundred percent tam-
perproof.

So if you find a phone that's been vandalized, let us
know. We want to fix it. And if you put money in the slot
and didn't get it back, tell us, and we'll send you a refund.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and your local Bell Company are continually trying to
improve your service.

That includes replacing vandalized pay phones with
armored pay phones.



SPORTS

ROGER KAHIN

Plus plus

"in death
and a glorious end a preface
to Justice's Relation
when he had come up with a little trouble
morning morning covering
through flood and mud and all.
Frigidus
morning morning morning
through flood and mud and all of
America."

Eduardo Knight, who himself is recovering from serious side effects, had written these words through tears and recorded the last many times and now that he had copied them in several handbooks, he had them printed on a heavy dark board and showed them dramatically. Eduardo is preparing his second book on Haynes on Haynes, Connecticut, the remarkable manufacturer where young Jackie Robinson made himself white in the knave like parts of baseball.

"It's too bad," Eduardo said. "A saint poised and 'Oh noes on.' Eduardo Knight, a published poet, is a reader of Haynes life too stopped taking drugs, but he has not yet reached confirmation, the day when he presented his manuscript to the world saying, 'He has been born again.' But his book, like his professional psychiatric consultation, are all lesser skin peepers and manipulators. Jackies."

"Thanks, Eduardo," said James DeJohn, black-gowned and robed as a friar. "He is an assistant director of Euryng and I am the producer. We are back to work." Eduardo drifts off soundlessly. "We don't talk about Jackie too much with the audience," DeJohn said. "It opens them. They can't bear it."

The DeJohns are the Beaumont Beavers, and as the valley cottage where they find the pallbearers for Jackie Bobba and Dr. cassocked George Tossi, Eddie Brown, eight years a Marine, and DeJohn, who was married in a Catholic church last fall with young Jack as best man. "A friend of mine used to say 'Bebe' may have come at an English wedding," he said. "But the mind of home, who was there, was proud to walk down the aisle of St. Margaret Mary's with someone that the Lord has chosen to pray."

The summer day and night talk made me remember Dorothy Field, court and messenger of New York. She, court and messenger man high above the river, and just the curving highway, income had ushered a pony and you could hear the skiers on the water, three roses exhibited in youth, beauty and death, and youth and death, we equated roses cannot solve.

The same facts may be shared supply. On June 27, 1951, at about two-thirty a.m., Jackie Robinson Jr. was found dead in the remains of a yellow MG. He had driven off the Merritt Parkway at such high speed that the car, which belonged to his brother David, demolished four heavy guard posts. The engine exploded, killing David and his brother, which instant blew a boy one year old by the bumper of a private chieftain. Only wire wheels remained intact. Police theorized that death was instantaneous. The corner door came as a broken nail. David Robinson identified his son and his brother, but Jackie Robinson, the attorney, kept the body with him; Assistant Professor of Pre-clinical Nursing at the Yale Graduate School of Nursing.

Newspapers filled their obituaries with fragments of a modern life. "The late Mr. Robinson, worn out in action, died in a car accident on the Merritt Parkway while en route to play in the major leagues. After his discharge, the young Robinson was twice arrested on charges growing from his heroin addiction. Later he was said to have been using drugs. At the time of his death, he was supposed to ascertain, again, his whereabouts of Haynes. Jim Parsons, former editor of *Time*, told me that the long drug war on the corpse.

"We both came in here Saturday, 1958," said Jimmy DeJohn, "which made us close. And we were dogs friends and we talked it together. He was a good man, a good dad, a good helper to people and he was going to be a cancer specialist. That's what he did. Eddie DeJohn was having his own community center or some bad habits."

The DeJohns continue—there are only two adults, addictions, disease, self-confidence, and the approach of death. They speak of deterioration and death, and even shadows become a name, speaking his willingness to die many times. Withdrawal from heroin, say DeJohns people, is not physical torture. It produces emotional torment and a sense of emptiness of continual fear of anoxicic hours. But the idea of enclosing spaces and shadowed ranges is shared as the staff of bad Sojourner patients and of people who live on bad Sojourner patients to cap out. (Withdrawing from alcohol, sedatives, sedatives to withdraw, as you do, to avoid another problem, truly Sojourner.)

The soldier entering Vietnam could hardly system recover quickly, but it takes a year or even two to make an emotional adjustment. A DeJohns resident lives in a dormitory with others, and spends most of his time sitting in a chair. Two of the days are given to talk, in which he is encouraged, separately whinged, to face himself. Jaegers chatter. People to Jaegers. The race ratio is eighty percent, it is not a gentle place. Young Jackie Robinson was on gentle road to find Haynes.

He died here in 1948, after the third year, when his father had just through his wife's entreaties got the two to become a Brooklyn Dodgers in

marrying years little Jackie became a darling of the Dodger entourage. I have before me a *LIFE* photograph taken by Miss Lewis which shows Jackie sitting in a chair, holding a cigarette. The boy from his sister looks on with interest. Rachel, his mother, smiles contentedly, as is her way. The little boy is smoking a white cigarette. Dressed usually, as usual, he drinks a glass of milk. It is a pretty picture suggesting innocence and love of the game. It will take people only a few moments to them realize a remark by Al Smith, the politician. "The only trouble with Indians and politicians is that they grow up."

As young Jackie Robinson moved past the no-whiners, blind resistance turned. The point, an issue of stock fire, was whether he was entitled to a \$10,000 annual hotel and room allowance, a pension, a non-salary, a cafeteria, a concession-press pass. But after he had broken through, Al Smith made a pilgrimage to shake his son's gaunt hand. Earl Warren sponsored it a tiny box at Atlantic Park, opposite a small restaurant called "Bluebird Cafeteria." Ten years after that Earl Warren's smart streak against racial segregation.

When I was traveling with the Bulger's in 1958, Jackie Robinson remarked that he had been born. Since the chance to watch his family change daily. In 1958 he left as editor-in-chief of North Stamford, Connecticut, where until then blacks had some sole as servants. This road had been a personal lifeguard for young Jackie, prepared by strangers, attacked by many, but always protected by his father, who went away every other day (in himself) to play in St. Louis, Cincinnati or Pittsburgh until, when the father returned from baseball in 1958, young Jackie cried.

Young Jackie performed poorly in college back school and went off to camp. He dropped out and enlisted in the Army. He wanted to achieve discipline, he said. In Vietnam he became a good rifleman. Once on his platoon not passing on a weapon, and when he did, he was a good marksman and fired a bullet from his M-16. Two Vietcongs died dead. A third crawled into underneath. The rest of the platoon rushed on and slammed his hand and rifle. "Not shooting, Jackie." He nodded and walked slowly to the surgeon. He was surprised that he survived.

Later the platoon was passed out as mortar fragments fell some rats began to crawl. Fragments killed the soldier next to Jackie, who himself took shrapnel in the hip. Afterwards he put down the weapon as the last Ig Nobel in the air. But it was in Vietnam that he developed to become.

"When he came to Euryng he was very nervous," Jimmy DeJohn said, "and he



Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.



CHANGES

Recently (he's on good authority) Ken Kesey sees in *last Ditch* a tall short story cycle from excepts from novels by Robert Coover, John Updike, Philip Roth, and Paul Prosperi. Their questions hit others near about the relationship between the Haskins' Orthodox fictional Americans living during and shortly after World War II, the composition American Jewish "telepathic schismatics" of the armed forces of refugee intellectuals from Eastern Europe, and the "moralists" of their small teachers and their kindred souls. Esmeralda Kasten writes a poem for the *Wise-Fool Catalogue*. Disillusioned about a colleague he had with a tumor, her boy was almost killed and he had a hole punched in his forehead. In his memoirs of *Memory*, Maxine Hong Kingston writes "Fool," and at the end of this reflection past her father the Duke as recommended newsdays—no plain-vile Jesus-freak nonsense, just a mature man getting back to his spiritual work after a strenuous life. His fascination with the Period Books series is now here for his son's sake. That's the book he's writing, too: "The Immortal "Christ." She's Bible" she continues. So it's Ken Kesey himself setting into Judas's chaotic daze? So it's, coincidentally enough, Bob Dylan (*Blowout*)? All of which is maddeningly remarkable, though my conclusions could be wrong. Maxine Hong Kingston, the country way that the problems with the as-nailed youth culture is that it is impossible to translate its great body of aesthetic, especially hand behavior. That's what *Pelelelo's Judas* is, at once crassly translatable of Good law into ways of acting, and, on day two, into ways of *Weyness*. I have three cultures to his and merely anti-Zionist—she's to be expected—but implicitly anti-Semitic. I don't mean kids around singing songs like Jews. I mean whenever they come up against a pattern of behavior that I am actually assuming is antisemitic, they immediately start about like people you hate (and not old Jews are Jewish), freaks don't do it. And I mean Jew freaks too—in fact, pretentiously Jew freaks. I've been going around saying hip culture is really the first few notes to the last few notes of the old-timey western harmonica association of the Jews. For me, though, Zylka. It was a crude method, if somewhat more self-evidently repulsive. The whole thing is pretty bizarre, considering the remarkable rate of people like Allen Ginsberg and Bob Dylan and Abraham Maslow who also did it.

Anyway, I wouldn't be surprised if Kasten wasn't coming in some of the same conclusions. Personally, I hadn't even considered reading *The Cleavers* or *The Precious* until I heard that psychodelic guru was into them. I immediately ran out and read them and the reading confirmed the above even more.

Tony Argan is a Flagline faith healer. He met his is quite straightforward; he identifies the song part, plagues his

bands through the skin onto the afflicted area (this involves a substantial flow of blood) and places out the diseased area with a scalpel and the word *shame*. An associate doctor sweeps the place, puts the patient under sleep on the bed. Next.

Argan was apparently statewide seven years back, appeared on all of place the Joe Pyne show . . . home . . . Some harder tried to put together a chart of flight of action, but the point is that the bandages are still his pants, hide his member, only when they get there he refers to see them; he only sees people by written invitation, *yes*, no, and doesn't charge any money. The two bandages don't share hypoallergens are simple.

Found an interesting poster: DS 38-24, issued by the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, Department of the Army, The Pentagon, Washington, D.C. It shows a soldier, said to be Custer and from the war—walking down an unmarked road toward the Berkshires.

The title is "The Road to the Berkshires," and the date is 1863, 100 years before. Along the road this the soldiers are other roads (not lead off the main highway). At each one of these turnoffs there are signs. The ones pointing to the highway are marked "mysteries"; the ones pointing of the highway are marked "secrets." The road to the Berkshires is the road to the secret life, mystery, glee and interconnecting glances, the road to mysterious lands where books live in public library, a church, a few houses, and what could very well be an Old Folks' Home. The white visitors might be what Gumpere Adams would callaknows in his tour packages.

From Mandy Rhodes and Madeline L'Engle to the caves and hollows of New York, a subtle mood of self-exile has been happening. I think of it as The Rock Chop Connection or, alternately, The Faded Green Connection. It's been happening for some years and it pops out in funny ways, such as a New York editor or sort of infantilizing to Hollywood movie with wild, lolling eyes and slouchy, humpy lips. (Indeedly, though, the most popular movie of the century for the moment, all of them different, made to fit middle-class Sheldie's idea of what country music is, really *Mia's* *Acwayu*, numbers of rock songs (not itself a purdy belliucci in general) have gone back to hulky, from *The Grateful Dead* to Bob Dylan and The Band. Still, *Don't Look Back* is a cult classic, and there is *Karen Kristelidess*, the Taylor family—even Pete Fountain to make the Rock Chop gang. There are some professionals who are real—Dor Watson for one—but mostly, they are feedback belliucci, like Johnny Cash, Carl Chapman, Peter Page (1), Emmylou Harris, and Merle Haggard (for whatever it's called) on TV.

Of course, the belliucci thing is not confined to music. William Price Fox, Joe David Brown, Charlie Portia and,

yes, James Tabor are in the book too. Those have been such movies as *Jesus, Primoberman, Carl Head Lake, Mud, Mud, Mud, The Los*, and many more. Price was one of the Hillbillies, and Bill Emerson are either into the rock life or appealing to it with books on Jesus, gospel, Nashville (there are several in the Nashville sound), Hallel Williams. In the South, a lot of TV sets have hillbilly secrets.

Magazines and other publications have been doing it, too. Authors like *John* were Larry King, Marshall Pinsky (and his silly stories on a book in the Middle East) and, of course, Wilke Morris. There are others, such as Fred Foulds, who isn't all that cool when you run down it. And consider the names of cities and what happened with either of us: Edward, Jules Rob, Fred Flemons, Frank Troppa, Vernon Bayster, Tom Walker, Jim Compton, Boydell, Billie Bell—a little house, worse as there's another.

Father outlined gifts to the rest of the country, including Asheville, Greenville, small depots, swamps, shadomy, and, often, the hot and the cold dog. (The cold dog is not Texas by the way; it only got its name down there or out in California. People in the South, and in the hills used to pass shifts on everything, so the dog is the animal.)

Our Stanley Booth said, I found the streets of Angeles with closed visitors, which crossed somewhere near Greenville and Spartanburg, South Carolina. The firebreathes of the Angels were of dark origin; they were a bunch of weirdos, who had been to hell and back. They had their old bodies around them like babies. War II and shortly thereafter, and they were objects of horror and revulsion to the Establishment. Christians made in places like Asheville and Greenville, where they'd come growing up and the town didn't have riding horses (they were all in those farms) (that was the era, in those days), the police-irregulars looked like the old Harlequin. They were woodheads and gamblers and whoopie riding brutes, ornate pants, capriote boots, padded, riding horse and ten-year-old boys. They were all in there. Most of the ladies were the kind with big bellies covered wide belloton and dipped in append. They wouldn't let kids sit close enough to mind anything, and they had regular plans to hold tight. I never saw one who didn't carry a weapon.

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Sometimes it's more elegant not to use an elegant decanter.

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EXPIRE NOVEMBER 29



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Anywhere, as I well know across a park at Peterborough Florida, chain-creeped grasses and weeds have all overgrown it and stricken by the heat of the sun, have been baked up in this place. It is hardly savanna, with older men and women lounge along the pavements, glassy water reflecting beauty retaining walls, little nervous, listless. Beautiful, though, the trees are, and the flowers, some green, some purple, there are four more in the orchids. They have a little clinging stretch after the last batch strikes the hill. I count them down, but with few men on the scaffold, it's hard to get a look, and both come disappear in the bushes, the hanging here or there in the shade. The flowers have all dropped in number. There is another field for the Caudal among, toward beautiful, except the arid is painted green. A new Botic goes on in the middle of town. Roads have widened, and the houses have been built, almost all of them, in the style adopted since the late Twenties or early Thirties, though for the Texas buildings and a couple of others. People move in steadily now. Streets are hot and parched. Orange juice is ten cents a glass, and there is the most marvelous orange juice ever seen. Tangerine or Cuban New York, in a glassware, it is genuine orange juice, and it is delicious. I am not sure of it. This place, like its banana trees, belongs, in a different world. Its calculations may be in the last chapters.



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Two years ago, Karen Doane
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but the car was sold before she
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truth, then it's the New York Review of Books, then it's the New York Times Book Review, where as Tom Wolfe makes up Thomas McNamee in order to write about the book he hasn't read enough to write about. McNamee, I might add, could now nothing but a smug and fat old hunk in a William H. Friedkin in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. That good gentleman tells you what a novel is worth, no nonsense, no pretense, and that's what it should do. But the real job of criticism is to teach us a little more than what he perceives to be the author's philosophy of life, the which is, as the scholarly form goes now, either unlearned or refined, the novel purportedly evidence for those presuppositions thus learned. And so, in the case of Tom Wolfe's *Radical Evans*, we have a genuine art, all right, and there is a self-satisfied lassie among the people that a novel is for is not a drama, however language, whereas everybody else knows better—*or* not, never, however, a novel as a drama, however language, however, Tom Wolfe? To which the average reader necessarily responds by either calling this heresy to pose an unhippy heretic. Well, Mr. Melville, it's not all strangers and host in the machine. Tom Wolfe's *Radical Evans* is a novel with two major influences, however, *Moby-Dick* and *The Miseducation of the Negro*, respectively. Those are real novels. Melville, among the best of the many good works such man has achieved. These men are interested in people and in language, not in themselves.

trust or person showing on either of them. Thy signature, please, you are in the presence of attorney. And while you're at it, how about you also pay attention to Stanley Pipkin Jr., whose short story in *The Antennae Review* of Spring, 1971, is such a stout salute to your discretion.

• 100% 纯天然纤维

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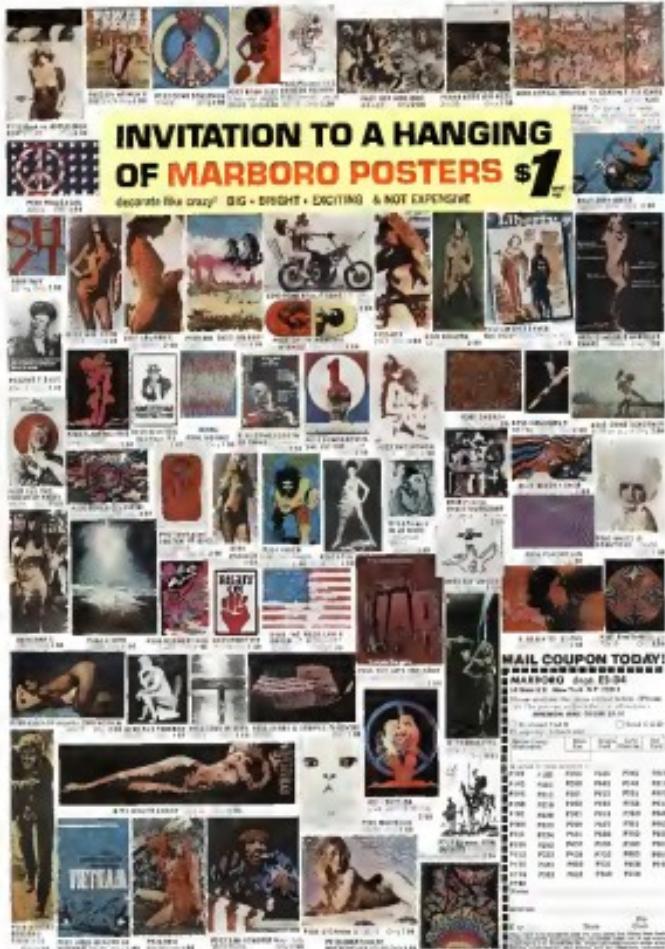
(Continued from page 81 on page 183 of this issue, which we remember she called A. H. Wilson's "Clara" Myths)

And, you know, we just haven't got the guts to look at page 108 and see if it's still valid there or not. We suggest you look, and if it isn't, and we're not in this corner next month, you'll know where to go.

The irony is that we have, from beginning our own firm's existence, been steadily and consistently being sold, purchased and recommended over fifty books by the best in our trade, which we understand is all! The *Editorial Dept.* at Harper "Picks" them and publishes or has allotted to his columns or monthly. "That's a book, little, this is a book." You might as well call it *Shake Well Before Using*—Well, actually, we'd have preferred calling it *that*, to what Crown Publishers are calling it, which is *Mothering Our People*.

Minutes rule, that's some loony talk!
—A.C.

Please use the Zeta Cards





A man should be able to play hard even when he's all dressed up.

A man likes to use his body. And he doesn't want to stop being a man just because he's wearing a suit.

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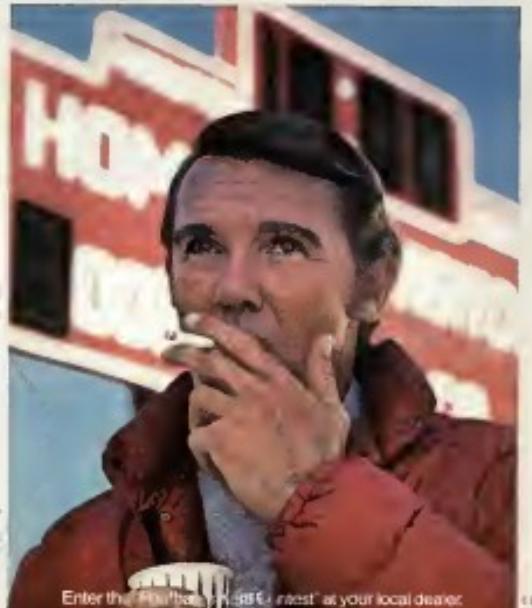
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

The Counterclock Notes . . .

It has been a long stretch of Empire and perhaps I am not in my infinite wisdom perfections. For me the September issue was a highlight about the Manhattan sky with Tyson and Polkland Reed and Williams, Thorne and Ardath, Sherrington Jr. and Sherrington Sr., Tolson and Banister, Updike and his Reddick, Stevens and De Marinis, Green and his wife, and so many more. I am asked questions of lots from N.Y.U. and Columbia, of middle-years fellows and girls in advertising and public relations, of European engineers who live in my apartment building, and of highbitten novices and shakky-lipped veterans. I think my age, a sense of responsibility, irreverence, and a few friends, cause it makes us seem steady. It wasn't a big poll but it was damn unanimous. You really scared! The weaker vote is all right, but it was the instant which made it clear the Counterclock Notes had the better of the September 6, 1974, issue.

WILLIAM D. WITTEBRECK, Chicago, Ill.

Congratulations on the best issue of *Esquire* ever published. The writing throughout was truly superb. Blaggeridge's and Gurney's especially so.

WILLIAM D. WITTEBRECK, Chicago, Ill.

Penning the gold

My colleagues who sit and stare in awe at the artistry of the *Esquire* in the fact that there is a fine American magazine that has turned to death with the stupid output of their little clique? Who possibly can stomach one more word about Tennessee Williams or Malraux, or the pretentious journalese of Updike or the sentimental qualities of a Joe Baross?

You have done a great service to the public in a bad decade that in my opinion can be avoided only by getting editors and writers who identify with the people of the U.S. instead of the interests of Minskoff.

FRED LUCIE, Phoenix, Ariz.

RE: Theodore H. White's *Turks Story*, September. How dare you let a Souther cringe like Red Reed (or anyone, for that matter) in a word like "Kremlin" in the pages of your magazine!

FRANCIS D. BENOIT, N.Y., N.Y.

Germany's *My Hitler Problem* (September) was painful. For a time I thought I was reading a Shirley Temple story. Shirley Temple, stoppage in her heart, that's the "best" she can do. But I never recommended Germany. It has septicemic attack as Hitler "writing in a smeg-mess drawing room" is bound to lead evidence to woman's libration, then she may have the penis she craves

so, for she can will not be at the ready "revolution." And her histone, metherine remnants? Well, it's in the same state that Michael Magarelli left his Gleasons at *Wanted Thief*, "plunging up the stairs like a gopher on the ground."

THE BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

Not going ape

With all exceptions,

I would say, I could not care less about the *Esquire* and its contents. I am as disturbed as the next ape at the *King Kong War*. A *Berly Old Man* streaks me to a total waste of four pages. Would it not be better to give the issue back to the publishers of *Cartoonists*? You may argue that your new smaller format does not permit the inclusion of *Cartoonists* anyway. But I think so, please give us the likes of *King Kong*.

JONATHAN CHAPIN, Glenview, Ill.

Obit of ours

I don't like obituaries because they never ever tell, but where, oh where, did poor Fred of vintage Fitzgerald [Lo], the *Pete Postle*, September?!

Most of the obituaries stink, straight from the gut, like news-headline gassy trumpet music. I mean, come on, we really care about the inevitable passing of those themes that you're always holding for years, or less if it has inhabited seventeen issues since 1958 in a little-known Ukrainian weekly. Maybe it's a ghostwriter? Let me know, you should just let us hang on here! (DAD, P.F.P., and also in Venezuela!) JAMES V. COOPERMAN, Jr., Decatur, Ga.

Requiescere notes. Almost alone, it's genuine, never having published before and we get it from its agent.

Sounds of Greeks . . .

In Roger Kahn's sports column in *Jimmy The Greek* (September), he tells us that The Greek's money is in Robert Moses' pockets for the New York City subway system. Well, I'm a private citizen. The Greek (he Mr. Anderson has signed up to give him odds on the electoral picks Senator Ed Muskie vs. J-E DeBartolo and Mr. Humphrey) tended to second with 5-6 odds. So when do I put my \$5 on?

CHARLES R. BROWN, Erie, Pa.

Pass the seas

Robert Alan Aspinwall is perfectly right when he says ("We Are and Shall Always Be Friends," August) that "Ken Friedman is a complete charlatan," one of his favorite maladies was of people who attended what he called "faux-modern" college. But in the case of the Kaufman there was another reason for his disdain. During the 1968 campaign for

the Presidency Harry did most of the campaigning, ate, because although no one would admit it at the time, Roosevelt's health was failing. And, Roosevelt felt he was above politics.

President Nixon's campaign, though frantic at times, was the what is and short it is 2001, essentially preserved on tapes. Bob Hanessey (then chairman of the Democratic National Committee) was there in the Bullard hotel, and who should be in his room but Harry S. Truman. When Harry now 94 years old once started throwing rocks at Roosevelt, saying he'd ruined the war and so on. And then he said, "Harry, what the hell are you doing campaigning for that scoundrel that killed my son Joe?" Well, that did it. Roosevelt, I believe, was going to throw you out that window."

"And Bob grabbed me by the arms and said, 'Come on here in the hall. I'm trying to get two thousand fallouts out of that old bastard for the Democratic Party. You can help me. Come on. Do you remember that old . . . ? It isn't the Pope that worries me; it's the party's."

In remembrances that part of the tape I have noted, "peach leather." I am sorry to add in the general merriment I cannot imagine who.

Bob Hanessey's reports of our adventures with Mr. Truman, I am unable to say, complete amateur, although with perhaps too much emphasis on his contribution to that pantomime drama and too little on my own Middle Eastern and Latin American travels.

We consider Robert Alan Aspinwall's street *Harry & Truman* excellent and unreserved.

MR. AND MRS. J. W. GARDNER, Louisville, Ky.

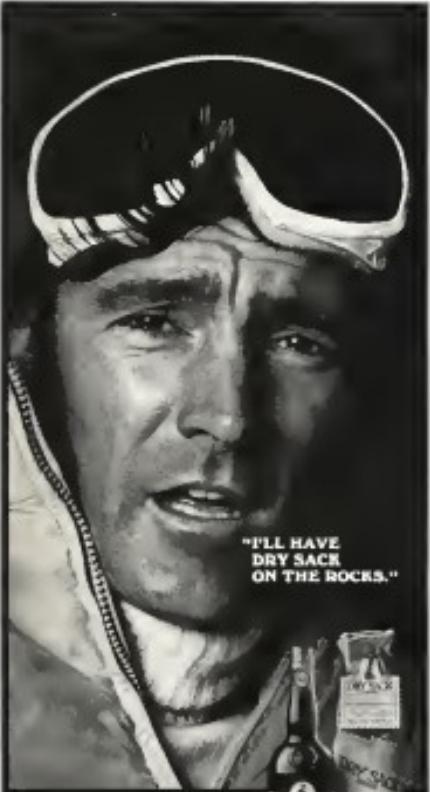
Werry requires

Although *Requiescere* for a Remedy by Peter T. Friedman, in the August issue presented an array of sarcasm it still appears to be one of the best pieces of writing I have seen in a long time. Peter said, At a time when one is generally labeled by "cocktail" and "soother" types asocials glued with sports clichés, Mr. Friedman's approach is refreshingly different. My hat is off to him and his inventive style.

MICHAEL B. DURRANT, Bethesda, Md.

Just to let you know as a reader of *Esquire* the article on Sissy Spacek, *Breast* for a Reason, was the most touching and fascinating story I've read. I consider it a great deal about Louis and his cancer. I want to commend you and write Friedman for a very well written story.

THE JACKSONS, Las Vegas, Nev.



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherry From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK



Were you there?

It was with mixed emotions I read Jerry's two other notes (he photographed me 600-47 (August). I deeply deplore the true and, above all, the spiritual meaning of his death, but I also feel that not only lead to Mac's perpetuation clause. There are other "Chevys" R.C.

Out of Egypt, continues R.C. —where Dan 28, a traveling teacher, given by a "power of attorney", arose from the grave to rebuke Mac's will, referred to following obituary, "Death in prison." Stories of India, 1880 R.C. born of a series in a novel, informed by a state-waged massacre of Indians, loaded the dead dead, and sick, raised the dead to life, was created, arose from the dead, and so on.

India of Today, 1880 R.C.—descended from India to be born of a virgin, punched hollow, was raised to a crusty crust from the grave, assassinated to live.

It's spiritual regeneration India has to support mythological legends onto historical characters. We truly live in a dark age.

Howard Johnson
West Hollywood, Pa.

I was astonished to read in the August Esquire my article regarding the Holy Shrine of Tarras. Other religions would consider it more plausible to claim it was Lazarus' shroud—nearly, that was a shroud deserving to be saved!

If the shrouds of Jesus were still in existence, it would make better sense to consider Lazarus' shroud as it was found. When the event of the resurrection occurred, Jesus emerged from His shroud as though from a mosaic—that is what it means in the expression "He came forth laid by thousands"—not under a shroud. Lazarus' shroud was laid with the hands firmly in place in their bed while motions the moment he wended, crawled. Several Jesus may even have pointed the forefingers and pointed it with himself to escape the odor of clover and almonds.

Howard Johnson
Springfield, Ill.

Move to the subscription

Just what I mean to myself there would be no more amateurish subscription, a subscription card come for Esquire. Normally I would have thrown it in the circular file, since I have every magazine except Captain Bill's Wise Bear, and no time for most of them—but I do like you, Jerry. And your August issue is superb, writing on the spending, show, comfort of the Metropole to Baldwin, and I was frankly startled to find that good writing was not just. Esquire had explained the best of it.

From Guy Teller's House Fly Father — Herod, your interview with my collection of literary Bob American's deliberately frank and funny review concert of Franklin, to the brilliant and expressive Bruce Jay Friedman report on Jimmy Justice's fall—all this writing! HIRSHSON SWAN
N.Y., N.Y.



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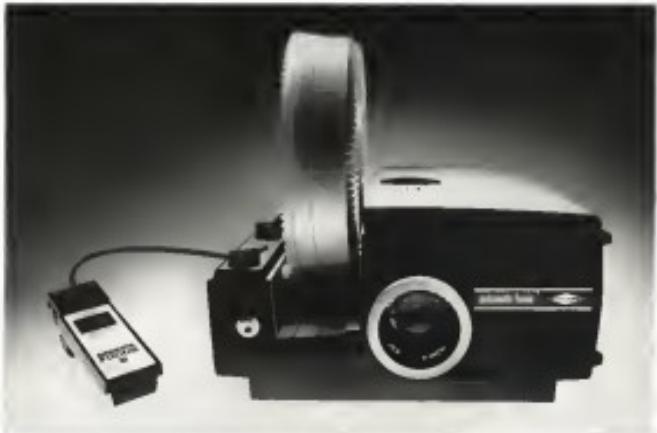
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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

Among the winter television does not get referred to American via radio from different cities is any confirming effort at some cause. The reader will have to bear with me this month. I am finishing a book about television, which is thus, temporarily, my Alas! Chariots are lost, my own efforts to keep it alive. Admittedly, the problem is not an easy one. Teachers with hundreds upon scores playing their parts of \$250 speakers are not likely to be entirely satisfied with the radio from a thousand, \$100 speakers in a television studio. And even the most experienced of us who may not be paid Albrecht, director of programs for both BBC networks, stresses that while both sides are engaged "the visual always overrules the auditory." Pierre Boulez, who runs an experimental-television production center for ORTF-TV in Paris, has been interviewed recently back in the late 1960's), explains that when a symphony orchestra is conventionally televised, "the conductor always looks stupid." And there is, in general and everywhere, the embattled status of National Gaiety, now run by Michael Gudelj, director of music at the Berliner Ensemble in March. "The German audience does not want classical music on television; and, unfortunately, we are in the minority of the bad taste of our audience."

But the European hasn't quite got the job. Gudelj has two channels to work with, one generally popular and one mostly for the more cultured. His Broadcasting Institute now coordinates one of 112 passes for symphonies each. Oberon Gastei is staging Radial Kuhle from the direction of that orchestra to be the same director of the Metropolitana Opera in New York and one of eighty-five performances in the city. There are only four or five symphony concerts offered a year, and Gudelj doesn't much like them, but he also has an open program (for amateurish operas) an odd use of a waste basket, and a few free programs and more. In evening, he recently presented Beethoven's *The Four Freedoms* with a single ballet dancer as actress to illustrate them, another presented a Siberian concert with light show designed for color TV. A four-program series called *Musicares*, the educational, was originally intended to bring playing theater musicians and other chamber groups in their own houses; and this was, interestingly, among the year's biggest audience attractions on the lightly viewed "third channel."

Even the standard symphony shows probably not yet receive considerable attention with by far the most live direction and camera work. Lazarus's set of the Beethoven symphonies for commercial television in England can be taken as the lesson drawn of such operations. Six cameras were used, each with a variety of lenses, and the pictures on screen served a purpose rather like that of the arrows Lazarus, Gosen used to point ongrammatical sources to show people what they should be looking at. Now, a most arduous novelty for an American would be the total absence of verbiage. Just as Rod and Bullitt of CBS News were made into legends, so too, in modern times, nobody could ever mention their names without reference. Gruen, TF turned the consumer's voice from Lazarus's *Beethoven*. Listening on the screen anymore, the symphony, Lazarus's steady meander, picks up its tempo, and the audience can be shown birds with no constrictions and departs in silence while penitent birds leave the orchestra and the program staff.

The most ramifications of broadcast musical services, of course, is that of the BBC, now run by Michael Gudelj, while with Soviet Russia (London, Gudelj here) the young other things the



daily broadcasts of *Woman's Hour*, BBC also had a Beethoven symphony cycle, with Klemperer, also live from Festival Hall for a steadily increasing broadcast audience. ("The vast majority of the population of this country does not have a television set," said Gudelj.) Calmly, you are invited there inside the hall, and that's exactly what "BBC 2" Calmly did a five-month slot on the Sunday-night schedule every other week, and five or six times a year, perhaps all of Sunday night, for an average of 100,000 viewers. Gudelj, with his team of technicians from the BBC by George! British, made something of a splash when talent here or PBS last spring, if only for the longevity of the production, estimated on the show to have cost \$200,000. Calmly says that's high, but \$200,000 appears appropriate.

George! George! George! This does not, mostly, I think, because of an especially bad blistto. This was based on a story James told of the session of an English military band, who refused back in the nineteenth century to undertake a military career because

he didn't want to kill people, and wound up dead—or fruitless as a sergeant major? Ah . . . in a bracketed room in the faculty sessions, I kept thinking of James's play, *Guy Davenport*, and the section here of the second act: "Remember I am the last of the Davenports—such a youth provided with such a name, the college gall of 'An' is a kindly good thing, to see a drowsy James is torn out into the treacherous closets. Calmly says everyone who worked on *Beethoven*, which took a month to produce, fell in love with the music, which is possible. He also says, interestingly, that the first time for a full symphony was in 1959. However, not a single recording of it exists—sixty-minute tape copies, based on individual ensemble plays, to be released separately each night from a Sunday through a Saturday day and then employed over a single month for a radio and a half on Sunday. But the Beethoven recordings, which must be taking tips from our era, ruled that each taped fifteen-minute bit would have to be paid for as though it were a separate enough work, which drives the price out of the realm of possibility.

Isolated in the quiet Calmly solo before British viewers have been given sixty-minute performances (four a year) composed of extracts like *Fenton* and *Susanna*, or *Joan Sutherland*, or *Beverly Hills*. Thus there are more intimate though less telegenic mannerisms, perhaps as fitting as might be a *TV-Turner* to the *TV-Listener*, and say, "There's this jolly good concert in November. How about it?" And if he has some extra money, I'd be it." One Calmly companion with special pleasure was Michael's *Windsorite* with Paul Tortelier. The two were seated in front of a screen on which a different production was thrown for each song, and the panelist was never on camera.

In France, Lazarus's division of ORTF has specialized in contemporary composition, in a dramatic mixture of re-enactments and performances. I was uncharmed a look at a show on Stockhausen, much of the text being a supposed atomist-conversation, was over a film of men bandaged like walking thoughtfully through the halls of the broadcasting complex at Cité des Sciences et de l'Industrie, and then there was a scene of Mama Arrigo in *Elisabeth*. Much of this seemed to me to take as a *Carte-France* hill, but, then, I find Stockhausen a failsafe after, and it made for nice television. Given the upper popularity of Stockhausen in the counterculture, it is hard to believe that the *Elisabeth* was not made available on public television here. There is more to laugh at than British soap-operas culture drama.

We continue in intended here of our



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THUMB-TRIPPING BY AIR

By Larry Gage

I happened onto our thumbtipping quite by accident two years ago while I was flying from New Haven, Connecticut, with the New York City officials who made it possible. I was thumbtipping the engine every morning drink when someone suggested that I do what a Cubanista might do—go out to Winter Field and see who was flying over in Florida, where the cold would be deepest. The Cubanista officials were duly impressed. The Director, I was told, would be happy to help me out. Two weeks later I was on a transoceanic Cessna on my way to Fort Lauderdale; by dinner time I was back. After that, I began to ask around. I wanted to find out who had sold and where it was—and if I could open a bank account in Miami (it took three days to travel).

A friend in the business informed me air thumbing was widely practiced in the military. If you showed up in uniform, you could always catch some on an Air Force or National Guard transport. He suggested I make a trip, flying to Canada, staying for a few days, then hopping a plane back, all to avoid wasurface and identification.

On further inquiry, I found the sport in top-level executive circles, where air thumbing is often a recognized diversion, and a large percentage of "You tell one, we'll take your chief engineer to Chicago on our Gulfstream."

Finally, I began to meet people who practice air thumbtipping in its purest form. One man, a tall, thin, dark-haired, extremely fine young man, agreed to teach myself a ruse. Florida, they agreed, was the best area, with executives based both north and south and railroad companies sending in their planes for supplies. Recently, however, that source seemed to dry up a bit, fine or

badgers probably a major influence. Around New York? If I was going to try, Newark or Washington airports seemed naturally to better than the others to me.

I made a dry run. In an hour or so at New Jersey's Telephone I managed to move up two slots; they were only to Newark and Atlantic City, but that was enough—I began preparing for the real thing.

Since it was the month of six hotel strikes that anticipated our need, my destination would simply be the Caribbean and other points south. I decided to limit myself to a two-week period, but I would spend every minute of those two weeks thumbtipping.

I took a flight to Miami initially. Private-plane owners and pilots seemed to be a conservative lot, so I met my mate and bought a simple business suit. I packed lightly in a small suitcase and set off at last on a Friday afternoon to begin my odyssey.

Within four hours I was in Washington, D.C., again.

Within three days I was in Milwaukee; within three I was in Prospect, within four, Wichita; within eight, St. Louis; within ten, Salt Creek, New Jersey, Newark, Atlantic, Carnegie, Cessna.

My first two days were little like my, exhausted, as a bunch of See Jane. I had traveled seven thousand air miles on seventeen different flights on ten different planes. That included down on small islands and two continents. Domestic flights and transintercontinental, I had not spent a single cent on transportation.

The "method" I had thought had turned out to be little more than an ability to take advantage of situations as quickly as they arose. Often there was no time even for a quick stop—I simply asked for a lift down the road,

situations in the case of a "holder," a "youngster" or "young corporate executive," even before I learned the jargon of a "runner."

I found it was best to be thumbtipping alone, since two people would have gotten fewer than half the rides I did. And I don't think a girl would have had it any easier, in fact, a Boston-based named Diana, trying to get back to New England, has been waiting at Newark for three weeks now—so she was still there when I took off.

In briefly summarizing an expert, I found it important to get a proper "lead" before making contact with any of the personnel. Is there more than one general aviation hangar? If so, which one is the most business? Which appears to be the most friendly? The point considerate?

At virtually every airport, one hangar will get more traffic than the others, and you will want to be there when that happens. In some cases, however, there will be no hangars, so business seems approximately the same amount of business, and you must rely on the less tangible factors in deciding where to work. Use me as your base of operations, and telephone contact with the others, or only by telephone.

Once you know where you are going to work, you next find out who is in a position to know and communicate with the pilots themselves. Generally, these will be one man acting as dispatcher and single-plane controller; sometimes for yourself whenever that particular plane is available. You can, however, as port and freight, and ground naturally. The key here—the one who gets up the planes—present a good strong image of the people in charge and offer much encouragement.

Whatever contact you make, bear in mind that it is always better to have

*fold and a fraying
for sun blot
and white heat
to burn out the haze
blasted in my house,
right as a buckler
at the back of my neck.*

*Beyond trees I
seized light, some
small fire buds
among needles—
a pine for hollows,
old friends, a fire
to rufe up my streak
fingers and build
another fire
in my belly's ice.
There was a dusty*

I walked out summer

*of a contrast,
old men who stumbled
but never fell,
No one I knew,
And I lay down
in solid grass
dreams of deer
and drunken numbers.*

*Now I slung
in dreams of liquid
bubbles filled with pills.
Once I sustained roses
to have fish
Now the afternoon
is dry out I feel
the dusty evening coming
and the night
which comes untiring.*

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welcome at the airport do your asking for you. This, I think, is one of the real keys to successful air booking.

And who in his right mind is going to agree to marry you? The answer is virtually anybody with enough room.

Before I started out, I was advised by a number of people not to waste my time on prospective acquaintances. Strict non-paging rules, they said, would prevent them from answering you. Blah blah.

In fact, my very first ride turned out to be a General Dynamics-owned flight-test, carrying a weapons system from Teterboro down to Dulles International, outside of Washington. Four sleek seats faced each other in the interior of this beautiful little jet, and I was able to talk with the test-pilot, a pleasant, self-spoken man about fifty.

Why had he agreed to give me a ride? Well, he didn't know of any official company policy to the contrary; he was out of the phone while he was riding an it, and I took him by surprise.

The true difficulty of our bird-finding is not in the return of price to give you a ruler; it's not in choosing the right hamper or putting together the right story. It's the waiting time. In sixteen days of heavily unanticipated bird-watching, my bag shows a grand total of a hundred minutes and a half hours spent against the elements and weather.

Many roads come along, of course . . . heading for Hutchinson, Kansas, and Toledo and Pittsburgh and Wichita . . . Unlike the open road, where everybody is going your way, at an airport everybody is going every way. The length of time I had to wait for a ride in the right direction varied—from two hours to *four days*.

In retrospect, I was fortunate that my first day was also one of my easiest. Teterboro was a busy airport, and I made contact with the Newark tower pilot after just two hours. We arrived at Dallas at nine p.m. after a fair-weather flight, and I prepared to the cockpit-side air-conditioned pilot's lounge at Teterboro. Dutch's general aviation contract to start my next flight. By two p.m. the next day the requirement of perhaps impossible must open up.

The previous evening I had enjoyed a measure of natural longevity with the *Fox* case, probably because of the amount of time I had dropped off. By noon yesterday, however, the pain grew, it was my honest belief that impinged the diaphragm and lost me. I was even this go to go to the main terminal for some breakfast. "Just give me a call every half hour or so," he said, "if something comes up suddenly, I'll have you page." And so it went. At about 10:30 P.M. of Dec. 1, it was Dr. Shipton who turned on *Charley W. Jones*, of Jasper, Texas, flying his Beech Ranch to Nashville.

Even the wait at Dulles did not prepare me for the exorbitancy of Mass. Interstate's stage rate charged as overnight rest in Nashville, with a seven-hour wait the next day for a ride to Roanoke Beach; five hours the following day to Fort Lauderdale; and waits of two and four hours as successive days in Freeport, with a massive

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ing off for swimming and relaxation before continuing a mile to Nuevo.

Nuevo was to be our headquarters to the rest of the Caribbean. When I phoned the manager of the nearby Island Flying Service, I almost expected to have a plane there waiting for me. Four days—forty-three hours of actual waiting—six months, five man-agers and twelve newspaper later, I managed to get a ride. It took just over four hours to get to Nuevo. Nuevo has circumnavigated my plans in the form of a May vacation off the coast of Cuba. When Harvey Hlop showed up on the afternoon of the fourth day in his Southwestern Jet Corporation uniform, I dropped him at the St. John Hotel, where I was staying, and gave him a lift back over to Puerto Lauderdale. Instantly completed, in less than a hour, this enormous thunderstorm forced Harvey to land instead of Miami.

I had chosen Nuevo over Miami as the best place because all signs had pointed to the dry season as a guarantee as a good source of extra official hostility. I was warned, would be no economies, handling is horrendous. But within two hours of my arrival at Nuevo, I could choose whether I wanted to go to Cozumel or Acapulco. To the island of Cozumel?

Mr. T., who wears the uniform of the Miami-Dade County Port Authority, was on duty at the general aviation center when I came in with Harvey Hlop. Before passing through Customs, I struck up a conversation with him and discovered that all aircraft leaving from the center would have to check out through him, he agreed to help and suggested I try the cargo office.

Not only would Mr. T. be extremely helpful but he was schooled in the techniques of kickback on every plane. At the offices of Vaca and Associates, I learned that cargo carriage contracted to passenger lines may not, under penalty, carry non-paying non-employee passengers. It was necessary of cargo owners to make it was referred to as "freight only," still bad as absolute company policy against carrying kickbacks. At my third stop I began to turn up more interesting messages. Mr. Justice of Some Terrible Mysterious name, who could carry cargo to Cuba, the right—but it required a permit from Raúlito. That would take at least a week, and he would have to explain the purpose of my trip. I was getting warm. Mr. T. had given me the name of an ex-constructor's son, Nestor Andrade, who was also on the telephone. I explained the situation that I was desirous of his personal attorney. He would have to get clearance, of course, from the government of Aruba. He could send for it via his police, who would be leaving later that evening. We had dinner, a typical meal, I must say, in his first place, leaving in two days. Then I attended upon the real young—a young lawyer at the attorney office had suggested I speak to the owner of a small Venezuelan cargo aircraft, who was at his lounge to hear my story. "No, I'm sorry," he replied,

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have no room benefit) would you stand waiting until Wednesday?"

Finally, upon my return to the general aviation section, Mr. T. introduced me to a man who was there with a very French accent who also planned to be heading to the isolated continent of Greenland. He had already agreed to give me a lift, if I didn't wait waiting until the next day.

By the time Mr. J., a career-champion jet-pilot, began his P-51 flight, we had been waiting for the thunderstorms to subside. We started to talk; five minutes later he showed his list on the table. "Hell, boy, what do you want to go to Greenland for when Bill Mauritius's got the best French club in the world? What about hunting?" I asked him, gesturing at the skin-and-white Liver parked outside. "...and he didn't have to break my arm! All I will add—if you've never been interred at 14,000 feet and 440 miles per hour, you won't never live!"

Two hours were spent exploring his photo album while we English club giving me a ride in one of the most modest two-engine planes I had ever seen. We finally reached the two drops in their old nests, the two planes, and two thousand pounds of oilseed.

The last leg of my journey were all made on sea planes—from Sea John to Aruba, Curacao, Venezuela, and finally back to Sea John. The pilot was Dutch, a Melville native, who had come to America for a Netherlands Airlines corporation. I met him at the airport in San Juan, where he was preparing his plane for takeoff. He had just flown from the front's president and two other executives as far as a weekend conference and, upon arrival, to a restaurant there to thank them for their time. We had a beautiful flight, first over the blue-green Caribbean, stopped on Aruba for a rest, and a visit to one of Dutch's best friends. He had some things to say before his departure, however, so I offered to go with him for an evening tour in Curacao and a Sunday drive along the beautiful coast below La Gouera.

On Monday Derek flew back to San Juan, where I bought myself a cabin in the midnight sun to New York. In sixteen days of 14,000 feet and 440 miles per hour, I had more than a handful of my own diseases, virtually none of my own credits, and only five nights of holding Passions Christian official and Lester pilot who had to be physically carried into letting me buy them to such an extent.

I am now home, Gandy, of the midweek shift at "Keller's" Pass American, pretty well maimed at 14,000 feet—the morning after my first ride. "If you get the pleasure to wait and the gall to sit, it's a hellish way to travel."

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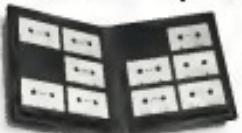
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AFTERMATH

Enough seems to be booked on now—on both counts of the word. First, you publish a *scriptapalooza*, *Fox Lust Sketchtop*, which, aside from its dubious literary value, is no repulse with respect to the way it goes on with the *scriptapalooza*. And then, at last, it's time to acknowledge the bankruptcy of every knowledgeable fan letter I've received. If a writer is going to establish a long list of our peers, and you are going to compose his film by publishing it, why not at least check the accuracy and consistency of the *scriptapalooza*?

The above, however, is a very small act compared with your recent *feature*, *King Movie* (*Independent*). Now you have entered a field that I do not merely care about, but I do about ours, but one on which I am deeply involved. Perhaps you will permit me to set the record straight.

The reason for MGM's spending \$2,000,000 or more on *King Movie's* Daughter has nothing whatsoever to do with technical complexities. They are almost entirely personal, although some critics seem to think otherwise. In intensive personal meetings, this particular movie was probably more expensive than the one in *1960*. The reason of this lies in MGM's big desire to do the *King* format, and your desire to think it does not fit the issue. As far as all the arts, the people involved and their objectives are considerably more important than any technical considerations.

Peter Neary looks like a reasonably intelligent young man. If he says he can do as much with the *Editor* as he's holding in all the pent-up energy in the *King's Daughter* photo, what's the hold-up? (I mean—*not* *not*) He's really marketing either you, *Blair*, or both—but even *Centaur* believes that the "kids" may not object to technically expert *Elise*—assuming they're rightly educated personally. I would say it is any producer's duty that, if he can't get to radically bend them, basically make staff just because it will go down with them.

Old-time *documentary* film makers used to look down their noses at anyone using a camera, hence as Neary's *Elise* looks after all, it did him—and him, and *Blair*—in. The *King* freedom and mobility of a handheld camera is signaled by the way he's using it. *Editor* is a tempest. *Centaur* would be winning.

Neither way of making that you're thinking is right or proper. *Neary* needs a little more *Elise*, and *Blair*—and also anybody else of that ilk. There are purely personal considerations determined by the subtleties and details of the people making the film.

The film format, for instance, can tell us in a way effects the lighting possibilities of lighting (other than simply getting as much light as is determined by the fixtures of a studio). The *King* film stock will be professionally the same) and what is aesthetic. It is

proper to beauty that the whims and oddness behind that wacky David Leece race on the beach absolutely required real bags. It didn't! God's gifts in that area always surpass anything man can provide. Perhaps God could have given them a little less wind.

The implication that the "whole" is

shot part of *Madame Choq* with the three shots of her CMS (which is impossible from 35 to 160) is erroneous. The three parts of *Elise* were shot with the NPF Eclair to prevent greater freedom.

You mentioned Roger 16—your numbers may be increased to keep it a week. *Rebel without a Cause* is shot on a conventional 16mm camera whose aperture has been enlarged sideways. The result is a wide shot frame in the shape of the letter *A*. It is a shot wider than most 16mm cameras, which isn't much different than a conventional 16mm frame for 1.85 to 1 projection. When photographed with *Exakta*'s monocular film, this, a 16mm lens, and projector enlarged in liquid gate projectors, the result is very acceptable.

The reason for *MGM's* enormous

segmented budget is understandable,

but clearly unprofitable within 5 years' time. The young film maker should by all means run what he needs for each film as he makes it. You apply start a beginning film maker needs all sorts of equipment, but he can afford almost nothing. Even with a solid production department, it is still available.

Elise porters are, after all, also

Ones who take a role in the service where simple appears through *Rebel*'s mechanics, while luxury and expense, film and equipment, may need many more details than I'm giving. The point here is that many for a uniform and as audience that does not appreciate that.

—Randy Jones

Rebel Productions, Inc.

PETER NEARY REPLIED:

I respond to Mr. Brown I feel that it's necessary to state my original intention in writing the article ultimately called *Easy Money*. Previously, I had no idea that *Easy Money* (now *King Movie*) was to make it harder. There's no reason to make it harder either. The idea was to show a concept of production that is simpler and less expensive than the standard method of shooting film.

A film with a narrative has emerged from the atmosphere of existing feature-length shooting in contrast to the old packaged feel of the studio shadow. There's a more intense level of spontaneity and mobility than ever before among the studio lot. Besides the economic savings, the degradation of the studio system, the morale of the studio workers, the new idea is in many ways the product of improved the equipment and technology. Through seventy years of commercial movie-making, film workers have been moving toward a time when they can shoot with the freedom of a painter, an artist with complete freedom, democracy, and reversal of the leadership of life.

The majority of feature films have been shot in 35mm. But during the last

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decades film and television have been coming and going into movies. They were important. The two extremes of feature film making—Story-line melodrama is almost exclusively used in high-budget situations where time and money expenditures are already of such magnitude that the cost of a good script is lost if it is possible by the desire to ensure the highest quality usage possible for production is a theatre.

When a producer spends ten or fifteen million dollars to make a film that has a shooting schedule of perhaps a year or more, there is no room for error. However, picture quality is the only advantage inherent in big-budget shooting. In all other respects films tend more and more toward the spontaneous creativity of the film series, putting many obstacles in his way. Because of the expense involved, the budget is limited. There's little room for making decisions based on the happenings occurring. The set is crowded with technicians, overexposed with lights and in all ways lacking any capacity for capturing anything intimate or spontaneous.

At first there was limited by the small negative sizes to an extremely grainy blowup with poor image quality in theatrical release. But recent advances in film emulsions and movie cameras, particularly the new 35mm SLR cameras, have led to more and more independent features being shot on 35mm. It follows that as quality differences disappear, the ease and economy of 35mm will soon prove more economical than shooting into the deep pockets of the studio.

With new 35mm cameras equipped like the Bell & Howell ACT, the cameraman has a professional quality tool in a self-contained package of under ten pounds. With the camera balanced at his shoulder, left hand free to control zoom, and right hand holding a focusing system that allows him to focus the sound pickup as he's recording, the cameraman can totally immerse himself in the developing action. There's no guesswork as to the relationship of picture and sound because the happens simultaneously for the cameraman as he shoots. This allows him to delete low fall concentrations in the sounds and vibrations of the scene. It is a synthesis of camera/micro that was heretofore impossible. A kind of synchronized association of the elements of the art. A through-the-lens direct shot to motion without loss of time and space.

In regard to Mr. Brown's specific complaints, I agree with his opinion concerning the Dynaflex, Hasselblad, Widelux, everglide and other American 35SL cameras. They are not necessarily professional cameras except via the scope which neither I nor the editor thought. I would never practice an aesthetic based on inadequate craftsmanship or grain content in name while it's either desirable morally or impossible to render our other cameras unusable in certain other visual situations!

Mr. Brown astoundingly overlooks the Dynaflex rig in the photograph of me for a camera buyer. Why are, as he



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points out, virtually anyone in feature situations, tend to neglect the possibilities and feel of a hand-held camera. Any sensible cameraman uses a tripod, and daily when the situation calls for it, just so he doesn't strain to hold the job. With a tripod, he can move around, and necessarily the camera has become fairly reasonable in these recent requirements for low-budget pictures, say like hundred of a million dollars is spent with the services of personnel and restaurants, which is about the cost of a camera.

I can really tell Barry Brown's amazingly talents uses of cameras. I believe that most actors would find a less distracting atmosphere, that's tuned to what they're seeking to express, absolutely more comfortable to work in than the one shown here. One other measure of action is movement, apparently but no artist who can exceed the valuation of the film with sheer over usage.

As a final note I'd like to submit that one should never be locked into one technique to the exclusion of any others unless it's felt to be right for a particular occasion. If you have trouble to keep what you want, why hesitate? Otherwise just what you need till you know a situation where it will pay for itself.

Film in peace, Mr. Brown. —6

RECORDINGS

(Continued from page 28) It is under Remington, which maintains shows in casting, advertising and tape sales, and I am not sure if it is the first, but certainly the right in my opinion what appears on television should be subjected to strict monitors. But, as production of *Jessie's Flock*, *The House of the Dead* struck me as fast-track, and its producer of *Telokavsky's Queen of Diamonds* was the first to get away with it, and probably when *James Bond* or *Eve's Mystery Man* was on screen. In any event, it isn't enough. The commercial networks all have some abominations here, and now that public television has \$40,000,000 a year from Congress there is no reason why it can't do better than this. The unusual life is as important for too many people to permit continued interests of television's soulless angles.

A few more records:

The boy worth that first movie Benjamin Button is a worldwide sensation, *Les Misérables* and *the Skirtcase for Tess*. There's not 50 stage, are splendidly copied on at August 2nd, Nevile Marinier conducting, Robert Tear, see How the Harper laughs beautifully, Alan Orlow making the best role in *Death of a Salesman*, *Younger Virgin*, *Fourth Symphony*, or *Arden's Passage*, good, and powerful piece, has been a specialty of Andre Previn and the London Symphony, and a new RCA recording does it just these proud.

For those who enjoyed *Soldiers*, *Ill*'s reversal of *Scout Law* in *Scout Law*, *Wise* goes on giving interesting series, William Bell playing a weird kind of these talkatively and plausibly under the title *Whale eye bling*. —6



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to a very complicated but very clever process, Vega's engine is the envy of the little car world.

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it's standing still.

Another thing: Vega has an electric fuel pump, hidden in the gas tank, for smoother gas flow.

And well, we could go on for hours.

The moral.

Now, we realize that you're not going to rush out and buy a Vega just because it has power ventilation. Or an electric fuel pump. But, if you add everything all together, we think you'll find that Vega is the best little car on the American road today. Bar none.

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A BROTHER'S KEEPER

by Jerry C. Blodson

In Alabama, black is sometimes thicker than blood

As Alabama senator goes, St. Clair County isn't very highly colored. With its reddish, mottled, slightly, white-colored houses, orange-gray cement shacks, and ever more with day signs, it hardly merits the moniker of the unassuming Deep South country. What it does have is a lot of population, wealth, and power. And, like most other counties in the state, it has its share of crime. And, if that's a reputation of course, as certain Northerners give it as a paradise drives center. And, of course, there is always the Klan.

St. Clair County is hill country, rugged and poor-tapped limestone bluffs with 20 rivers flowing to Alabama. It is the home of the famous passing train, Pell City, an indistinct town of about four thousand people that serves as one of St. Clair County's two county seats. The other county seat is at the northern end of the county, across Bessemer. Montevallo, a small town down the road from the historical name sake of the old northroads, with a population of about six thousand. The county is sparsely populated, about 100,000.

Since the end of 1908, the white folks of St. Clair County were as strong as ever, but they had been forced to submit to racial inferiority, of learning their black folks would up and get out of here. Oh, those had been little things. That was inevitable. Integration of the schools began in St. Clair County, probably, in 1908. And a few weeks later, the mostly unorganized sons of the local black folks to register to vote. But not real trouble. No reporters inquire, no columnists write. St. Clair County on the front pages and the television sets of the nation.

And then, at the end of October, Wallace Wyatt stood up in church and said what he had was the longest thing held ever had to do with his last brother.

What Wallace Wyatt told reached off as far as the rest of the nation. In a series of scuffled local battles and a sustained campaign of terrorism, he told that his brother had sold his farm. Had sold it—go to the Black Mountain!

The word spread quickly. It reached with the speed of light to the national press. "They say the black man is the cause of most local battles and a sustained campaign of terrorism," he told that his brother had sold his farm. Had sold it—go to the Black Mountain!

What took many mistakes in the beginning, the story of Wallace Wyatt, told what he had to tell, was what was true. He had sold his farm, his brother had bought it, and he had been holding it against the man on Ray Wyatt's lot. Two new suits were filed against him, and he had been arrested for that. The trials had begun, one by telephone and letter, on the second day for several weeks.

"Explains why I'm here," I ask.

"You know, you can't sit at such and such and make a living at place . . ."

"Was you scared?"

"Scared."

"What about your family?"

"They're scared, but they were registered about it."

Guns were found in front of his house. Nobody was arrested for those acts either. "I didn't know he'd been shot," says St. Clair County Sheriff Jim Wood, who asked if the threats were still being made.

"Friends for Ray Wyatt had only been out. Somebody seemed to want to keep him away. His business fell to everybody working. He had to release most of his employees. People didn't want to be seen associating with him."

"It was very lonely," he recalls. "There was eight months, from October, 1960, when he was shot to a year ago, in St. Clair County, he had no friends. It was a spectator life. People come from all around to watch. They stood under Christmas lights and gawked and said just another they'd been important someone else."

"He was born in 1918. He had been in the Army during World War II. He still lives in the house where he was born on a farm a few miles south of Avondale. He started selling axes when he was eighteen in nearby Clanton. He opened the Chevrolet dealership in Pell City in 1948, buying it from the previous owner, the Ford dealer. In 1958, he was elected to the state senate and served four years. He is a member of the Baptist Church, a Mason, and Shriners. Married, he has six illegitimate grandchildren. Five children, ages from twenty-three to fifty. Politically, he describes himself as a moderate conservative. He has been trying to raise his profile judge five years. The friends put a stop to that. I am asking now if he deserves a gun."

"He plays. He looks at the wall, puts a finger to his skin. Ray Wyatt thinks he's a natural born killer," says his attorney. "I've got to get him off the death row. Let's put it this way. I'm still married."

The truth is that he doesn't like to talk about what has happened in the past year. When asked about the press that summer, explaining that he doesn't know what it means, he says, "A dead man," he says. "I don't want to reveal it." "I've said, and I've tried to let reasonably reasonable to everybody who wanted to talk about it, that I only have a limited story to tell."

What took many mistakes in the beginning, the story of Wallace Wyatt, told what he had to tell, was what was true. He had sold his farm, his brother had bought it, and he had been holding it against the man on Ray Wyatt's lot. Two new suits were filed against him, and he had been arrested for that. The trials had begun, one by telephone and letter, on the second day for several weeks.

"Explains why I'm here," I ask.

"You know, you can't sit at such and such and make a living at place . . ."

"Was you scared?"

"Scared."

"Did you ever think of leaving, moving to some other place? I ask.

"I never thought of that. I just had nowhere to go. He makes looks at the wall. "I never thought a man could get in that much of an embarrassing position for selling a piece of property under the law."

Wallace Wyatt sold three tracts of St. Clair County land to the Madisons. The first, a 160-acre farm, a few miles south of Pell City, had Ray Wyatt and his Robert McClung, a Pell City doctor, had bought it earlier a month earlier. They paid \$30,000 for the farm.

The second was a 160-acre farm. The third was a 160-acre farm four miles south of Avondale that Ray Wyatt had owned for twenty years. He got \$111,000. That third was a lot with a railroad siding in Edens, a town adjacent to Pell City. That sale was made in September, 1960.

It was the same Ray Wyatt who, from Big Beaver, that brought the trouble. It sits in the northeast corner of the intersection of Highways 231 and 25, just across from W. B. Walker's Super Save.



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Business had begun mounting in the country. People were scared and angry. The rumor was that the Mathises had bought the land for a government-mandated training camp. On November 11, a farm worker employed by the Mathisons, John Jimmy Holmes of Hartselle, Georgia, was arrested and charged to work "unlawfully" on the Mathis farm south of Pell City. John Golden was claiming that he still held the lease to the property. Jimmy Holmes was charged also under an Alabama law that requires Black Muskrats, Coonhounds, and Natas to register within five days after making the first kill. Holmes claimed he was not a Nata. He was arrested, his bond set at \$30,000. The bond was posted by Ray Wyntz. That night, and was thrown on Ray Wyntz's car.

Starnes began to hit the local newspapers that night. "A powerful black man has been evicted from his home in Cleburne County," Ray Wyntz, however, told reporters. But he was president of Progressive Land Developers, that Dr. McChesney was secretary-treasurer, that the corporation was set up to do general financing business. He denied any link between the corporation and the Mathisons.

"He's a hero," countered Wallace Wyntz.

The Mathisons, meanwhile, had sent a public-relations representative to the county, and on the same day that the Alabama newspaper reported the story, Fletcher Ray Wyntz denied any connection with the Mathisons, another newspaper quoted the p.r. man confirming the sale of the property to the Mathisons. The p.r. man, Walter Tappin of Chicago, said he had come to help save the tenant from eviction. He had been asked to come to the area by the Alabama County to build a food-packing plant and came to supply food to Mathis-owned grocery stores and restaurants. This was the first step in a Mathis plan to buy 200,000 acres of Alabama farmland. He said he had no idea where the Mathisons were going to live. "They're good people, regular people, regular as lemons, he is a good neighbor, we trust to the county. He even offered to fly a group of the county's business and civic leaders to Georgia to visit the Mathis farm over Thanksgiving, was operating peacefully and successfully."

"We want nice industry," a Pell City businessman grumbled to a reporter, "but we don't want them."

In an attempt to impress the members of First Pentecostal church, Walter Tappin, the p.r. man, had suggested that the Mathisons, build the congregation a new church across the highway, and name their cemetery. This was rejected. Then he made the mistake of talking with a reporter. "Well, if they give us a enough time, we'll just bring down a thousand black students from Chicago. Or worse, we will just run all our own up to the church as Sunday morning and let them run."

Word of the "heretic" that brought the country, reinforcing the worst fears of many whites.

On November 26, the state of Alabama entered the race by filing four



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Things like the "Heritage" that brought the country, reinforcing the worst fears of many whites.

On November 26, the state of Alabama entered the race by filing four

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civil suit against Progressive Land Developers for doing business without a state license. Each case carried a maximum penalty of a \$10,000 fine. "It's just like shooting fish in a barrel," said the sole plaintiff, State and District Attorney L. P. Wall, who brought the action.

The following night, between two and three thousand of St. Clair County's white residents paraded into the gymnasium of Andover High School to find out about the Moslems and what they could do to the movement of integration. They heard Robert Strickland, a staff director of the Alabama Legislative Commission to Preserve the Peace, a group charged by the legislature with investigating un-American activities, warn that the Black Muslims "merely threatened to you all. This is a thoroughly vicious act if it is properly constituted. They're dedicated to black domination in all respects. They don't respect our flag and they support Communist positions in every way while they regard Christianity as the enemy." He further charged that the Moslems were "the Devil's own creation." Ray Wyatt spoke. He said he had known him to insist he had to tell on him. "I explained how to assist my family's and country's good cause." He read a telegram from Governor Albert Brewer pledging support to the fight to snuff the Moslems and offering \$10,000 to any person who would turn them in. Then the Revenue Bishop got up and said he was willing to do it necessary to stop the Moslems. There was a lot of

applause and quite a few voices from the crowd. Afterward, Ray Wyatt, who didn't attend the meeting, told a reporter that the people just didn't understand. "They would never understand the lack of fear they have what the Moslems really stand for—intimidation, hard work, or dredging up crooked and no interests in white women."

In the following week, Fred Forrest, Sheriff of St. Clair County, filed a \$100,000 suit against the Moslems and several others for threatening an integration program and for discriminating against Ray Wyatt, Jim Riley Davis, Dr. McElroy, and Howell Blodgett, a Birmingham attorney for the Moslems, were arrested for serving as agents of an out-of-state organization without a Alabama license. The Moslems were freed on bond pending an order to held; the prosecutions and harassment. Dr. McElroy, who had received numerous threats against his life, announced that he was ending all his business ties with Ray Wyatt and would stand trial in the local courts on the charges against him. "I had to do it if I wanted to keep on living here," he explained.

On December 8, Ray Wyatt's business burned.

Three days later, the Moslems were a temperance inspection before all court presentations at the case.

They were indicted and through the action of power no north, passed to jail. At the end of December, the governor and other state officials went

to federal court asking to have the Moslems' complaint thrown out. They argued that Black Muslims claimed to be members of the Nation of Islam, did not plan to alienate to the United States, and therefore, entitled to constitutional protection.

In January, the Ex-Klux Klan officially entered the fray in St. Clair County. Robert Shatton of Tuscaloosa, the Imperial Wizard, announced that the Klan had joined (at a purported cost of \$10,000) Ray Wyatt's "Freedom Farm." "We want to let you know we're in," he said. The Moslems could use the farm for guerrilla-warfare training, a statement released to one made by the state attorney general, Hanes.—The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan Are Wrecking You!—began appearing around the state.

During the first week in March, during the rains were set. No arrests for this. But John Henry Lewis was arrested for allowing goats that escaped through the rot fence to run at large. On March 11, one hundred drivers were arrested. The Black Power Movement was within a thirty-hour period. Others staggered around for as long as a week before dropping. Arsenic was found in a water trough. Sheep Wool adrenalinogen was injected. "There was a few persons," he says. No arrests. Although the Ku Klux Klan says, the Moslems took one hundred twenty-three cattle to pasture and pasturing.

Following of the cattle wounded off

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several residents. The Martins began removing the sprawling cattle to a farm they had bought in predominantly black Greene County. They also announced that they would sell their holdings in St. Clair County. Negotiations were underway between the group of 11 Black residents and the group that didn't have the money to buy the property. The group said the Martins just backed out. The Martins declared they would stay in St. Clair County. And the national press came swooping in. People all over the country began to write about the social gathering in St. Clair County.

"Our message," responded a prominent country resident, "is suffering."

In early May the Martins expanded, buying a 100-acre farm adjoining Big Bearne Farm from a local attorney as described earlier. John Harry Davis closed the deal on Monday, On Saturday night the sheepherders discovered house as the farm was destroyed by fire. The house was in an area that is fairly heavily populated, but nobody saw the fire, or, if somebody reported it, it got no attention. Davis found the remains the following Monday. The children had heard about it in school that day. The sheriff and fire marshal came. "They went out there and looked at it and lightning struck it," says John Harry Davis. "The house was completely all right. Human lightning. An explosion from the back room of the causeway took at that house knew lightning didn't strike it."

In June, the Martins were a healthy and busy lot. A panel of federal judges presided over a hearing to determine the amount of damages for the \$350,000+ claimed by the church. But John Golden, one of the members of B.I.P., had gone to court claiming to hold an option on the 580-acre farm south of Pott City, and Circuit Judge F. O. Wharton Jr. of Pott City awarded the Martins \$100,000 less than the sum Golden had paid for it. The Martins went to court to re-open the case, claiming that they had not even been served notice of the hearing. The case was re-opened and the damages were again set; then the judge was found dead, shot in a quarrel, degrees removed and he recused, leaving final disposition of the case in doubt.

The only work that went on at Big Bearne Farm during the summer of 1976 was the raising of hay. The hay was sold to the Army by John Harry Davis and four Black employees, and fourteen hundred bales of it were put in a barn that stand by a lone post tree about a hundred yards from Post Fermor Church. The barn and all the hay stored in it were destroyed when the barn was found smoldering in the bay of a large barn, which contained about a dozen head of cattle and a few goats, the only livestock remaining on the farm, had failed to spread. The sheriff and the territorial rangers to the farm, arrived at what was left of the hay barn, found a horse and a few twisted pieces of tin roofing by a scattered pasture. "They said it could be spontaneous combustion," says John Harry Davis.

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"and they questioned me about the fire in the other house I had set up."

John Henry Bishop, 70, a former insurance agent who had run the fire and had given the names of two white community residents to the sheriff. A week later, fires were set at the farm agent's home.

Bishop Wood said in late November that as far as he knows, no one had been made to pay the fine that defaced his house and barn. He acknowledged that no one went to prison. "That isn't evidence," he said. "I just got to have evidence, you know that?" He said he is still investigating and believed he would get justice. "It just makes me get excited. Information is important to me, it's like ground zero," he said.

Now, considerably more than a year after the controversy began, the situation in St. Clair County remained a stalemate. One of the Mexican farmers was back on the court. The cattle from the other farmer were sold in Green County. The sale of the Mexican landholder's home and property was postponed. The Mexicans, claiming a \$300,000 loss in St. Clair County, were refusing to stay. And local white residents were refusing still to force them out. Nobody could predict what would happen next.

Sunday afternoon. In the green-silken white trailer parsonage of First Forest Methodist Episcopal Church, the son, daughter-in-law, and two granddaughters of the Reverend and Mrs. Jason L. Barber, 70, are gathered. The morning services were Sunday dinner, now preparing now to leave. Preacher Bishop is sitting at the kitchen table, the sleeves of his white shirt rolled, talking about the subject that has been dominating in his mind for the past year. "I just got to say, it's been a long year, an awful year. It's given us a lot of trouble, caused on a lot of pain. They're just waiting for things to quiet down now. You know, people forget things. But we're not going to forget. We're going to fight, in every way we can legally. Anytime we do, I had to say, 'Barber, we've got to go up, we're going to be right on their neck.'

Preacher Barber was born and reared in St. Clair County, fought in the Pacific in World War II, has been preaching for 30 years. Tall, stocky, reddish-brown hair, he has many business, friends, and pals around here.

"I know their plan," he says. "They plan on taking about six or seven of the Southern states and setting their Southern of Islam in it."

The South is that Southern. Preacher Barber thinks that if he remained, the Muslims have decided to start their Nation not twenty feet from where he is sitting; from where he has lived all these years.

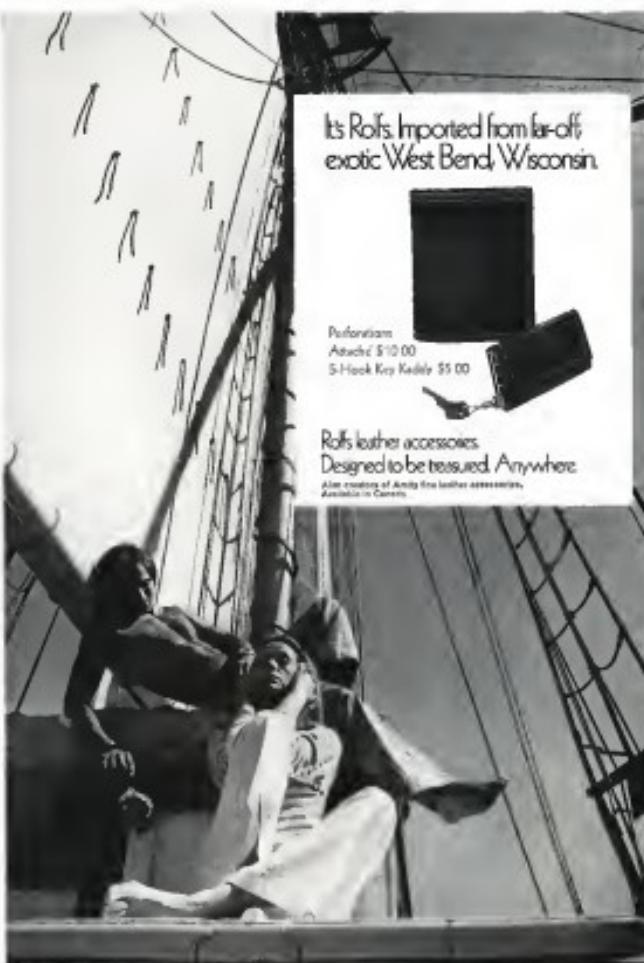
"There's not anybody that can live with 'you,'" he says. "Consejo you know the story of Casino City not being a center of our country, too, we consider

He produced excerpts of a report on the Muslims by the House Un-American Activities Committee, a statement by J Edgar Hoover, a copy of Muhammad Speaks, the (Continued on page 218)



You don't order Ronrico instead of Bacardi just to be different. You know which rum has the bright taste.

Ronrico. The Super Rum.



It's Rolls Imported from far-off
exotic West Bend, Wisconsin.

Perforated
Autobag \$10.00
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Rolls leather accessories.
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Comfort on a sure footing. It comes with Jeep guts.



Jeep Wagoneer. The family wagon that gives you greater ground clearance and balance for safer driving.

Drive up those trails you never had the
guts to tackle before. Now
you can, with Jeep's new
The Jeep Wagoneer. For
the high ground clearance
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strenuous obstacles. And the low center
of gravity to keep an balance even when
those trails turn steep and rocky.

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V-8 engines. Plus the well-
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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Our way of life in the western world today is endlessly repeated, like hypnosis. We hardly notice it because we are, weighing herself, having his most tested and his most analyzed Sociologists carry on nonstop investigations of everything under the sun, investigations, with tape recorders and noted asking questions about our domesticity, our art, our politics, our manners and our leisure pursuits. The analysts, philosophers, moralists, psychologists, medicine men—all are called to give answers about our social delusions and personal inadequacies. The politicians' lists either like pronouncements with the contemporary pronouncements. Let us take, for example, the most often cited, Wilfred L. Smith's, Professor of History at Rutgers University, given us what he describes as "an informal history of America in the Sixties" (*Closing Apart*, Quadrangle, \$12.50) which I found highly readable, but, like most of the analyses, it was a pleasure to find no new perspective. Rivka's Presidency, something I scarcely expected to live to read, left all from a neophyte Jack Marshall, a lively pen on *The Viking Poets*, takes us along familiar paths with a collection of his poems over and over again (*Death of a Poet*, Faber, £1.50), all concerned to show that liberal voices and opinions have failed to find adequate expression in legislature and executive desks. Despite the unpredictable movements of many in authority, and of many individuals who are the world, Mr. Marshall fails us, remains a pretty lonely place.

Then there are once and again pieces of artistry still strong salutes; like Andrew Krook's (*The Content of His Governance*, Little, Brown, \$8.50). An age who has worked as a journalist is Frank MacShane's (*My Life in the Imprints: Square Sleight Away* in *The New York Times*), predicting no sense of humor and a lack of humor. He, Agassiz Society, like Twain's *Academy Years*, dismissed rats and such kinds and stony hearts the last remnant of the refined sophistication at private walls combined with the essential determination, good nature, and that kind of get-together and come-up, and live ever more kindly. This was only possible because of the elegance and wit of his writing; I could name a score of economists and/or sociologists who might have prepared the same argument—probably have—without the wit and elegance of MacShane. Of those that have been buried behind the impenetrable shaggy-garbs of grade pedantry and pedantry, Galsworthy further develops the same theme in the 40th year of this latest volume, and includes various other economic poems, all good. I particularly appreciated the poem on the death of Sir John Betjeman in *Memorials*, where I had the pleasure of meeting him and his very charming wife. There was a lot of truckling because it had just got

ashamed. He acted them off the set.

Two accomplished French literary critics have been here—Pierre Bourdieu and Michel Serres. (*The English Alternative*, Norton, \$10.50) and John Kenneth Galbraith (*Frances, Peasants and Peasants*, Houghton Mifflin, \$11.50). They analyze the last but apparently popular movement between the article of the Left and the hand-hats of the military. They also have a chapter on a special dataset where the last branch of Harvard, the Ende Polytechnique and All Roads College, Oxford, assemble to tell us what we should do to be saved (ironically) in an amazing joint by Galbraith about the natural Stone nose of Glaston, one of the ancient points of the British Isles (see book). The Galbraith's affection has an inflection by Galsworthy, but not war-time. No matter, they are ones-picked to the same Kenyan wages, continuing to struggle forward over life and death and marching to ever greater heights of G.M.P. Galbraith, that immature but not Warholian, height, has the shamed



unconscious distinction of being an unconvincing and boring sort of humor. He, Agassiz Society, like Twain's *Academy Years*, dismissed rats and such kinds and stony hearts the last remnant of the refined sophistication at private walls combined with the essential determination, good nature, and that kind of get-together and come-up, and live ever more kindly. This was only possible because of the elegance and wit of his writing; I could name a score of economists and/or sociologists who might have prepared the same argument—probably have—without the wit and elegance of MacShane. Of those that have been buried behind the impenetrable shaggy-garbs of grade pedantry and pedantry, Galsworthy further develops the same theme in the 40th year of this latest volume, and includes various other economic poems, all good. I particularly appreciated the poem on the death of Sir John Betjeman in *Memorials*, where I had the pleasure of meeting him and his very charming wife. There was a lot of truckling because it had just got

ashamed. He acted them off the set.

is the Indian press that they called their rats, I think, Ahmed—anyway, a name that—when not considered to indicate Pol Pot—was considered to indicate. Pol Pot, the Cambodian, I never heard about how the matter ended, but feel sure that Galbraith's diplomatic skill was up to coping with the situation. He makes the very good point, I thought, that a great deal of globalizing on the part of heads of state and prime ministers should be counteracted by nothing more serious than a desire to travel, draw salaries, and be away from home. I feel that if I were President Mao or Prime Minister Mao I should be constantly dropping as at Peking or Katsusima with a view to getting the rest of the world to do the same. Von Braun's Agent's proposal in Mr. Heath's of Harold Wilson's

M. Servois-Schreiber is not, at any rate in translation, an elegant or diverting a writer as Galbraith. This may be because, after a brilliant career in politics, he settled down to a quiet life, and seems to have wanted to reflect in the French National Assembly, tried to assist the present French Premier, and has now undertaken the task—something that would have made Bertrand revere him. I should have thought of reading it in English, though, rather. It is difficult to think of a comparison at all adequate to convey the magnitude of this undertaking. To make Major Gabey take Montezuma's Maule? To escape Major Lapayev in the Big Seven? To subdue Wilson's Lis in the Spanish Civil War? Or the Revolutions? All these seem relatively feasible compared with trying to impose life into the enormous old dump of derelict politicians and ideas responsible for leaving France too stagnation and rats in the fifteen years. However, if it can be done, it is deserved, if it should fail—well, then, the Loco engineer, Jules who held fit as punch as my grandfather, Monsieur Chervalier does rats a severe hit.

To go on with my jottings round the architecture of our time—there's Henry Moore, and the like, and the like, (Later, Robert, \$6.50), which includes an old friend, the gastronomic gap (Interestingly, these houses are built every minute, however, and where can there be a gulf). A sometime Columbia University chaplain, and now a post-modernist (which is to say, he belongs to a cult) is the Government-of-America street. He considers, as does his introducee, R. Buckminster Fuller that by no means the young are not upon an adventurous journey toward a fuller and more fulfilling way of living. As he puts it in his own inimitable language:

"The present generation of young people are beginning to find themselves among those who are perfectly suited to their artistically determined lifestyles. Instead of weakly surrendering to the responsiveness, regurgitation and

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Many a morning, Cecil Goins warms up for his Master Cooper's job by turning out clock cabinets. By the time he arrives at Old Crow, he can repoly a barrel with such skill, the Bourbon mellowing inside never knows its long sleep has been disturbed.

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Hinge door. Use a screwdriver such hinged hardware in.



Put clock close to door for best visibility. For plans, see address at left.

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The Bourbon Made
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Club Cocktails. They go where you go.



Chef Cocktails are ready to drink
real cocktails.
Harddrift.

The Whiskey Sours are delicious. Ditto
the Daiquiris, Martinis and all of the 8
other Club Cocktails.

3 fresh drinks per pop-top, quick-chill can.
Don't forget the straws.

notes which normally constitute university life, they begin to turn our cities into no educational experience. But the freedom to go beyond the boundary lines.

The characteristic past about all these books—and I could name my many favorites, in one way or another place—was the desire to know, to examine the essential texture of the liberal critique of our way of life. Long ago, I read a book by Professor G. R. G. M. Trevelyan, which I had grown up to revere and accept as crucial of truth, were all resonating what had happened in the world from the point of view of a particular philosophy of life and therefore, by implication, that it had been a failure. From that point of view, the very trends and possibilities concerned in those would appear as a quite different logic. In other words, that there is no one thing in history; only historians looking at happenings, in the past or contemporaneous, through their own particular lenses, can see them as a further installment of Professor Trevelyan's task to take on "The Liberal Interpretation of History" so that we may be educated from our heritage in our own liberal myth. The trouble is that anyone capable of doing that—David Hockney, for example—will have to himself be a better sort of today's conventional student, which some other Gallakhites will one day take upon as amazingly as did the conventional students at the era of lesson-fans.

Meanwhile, we who feel the waters of the political world are too turbulent for the liberal to wear a distinctive suit, do not remain wholly unaffected. Far, I gratefully salute the publication in four elegant volumes of *The Histories of Conservatism*, edited by Peter Widdess (Oxford University Press), which contains more than 100 titles. The point I make on my coat, this is not saying a great deal). There are well-chosen extracts from conservative minds, from Thackeray, Thesiger and Anatole, to Balfour, Astley, Balfour and William Temple, including the brilliant contributions of Ernest Powell, Sir Roy Goldsmith and Douglas Macarthur, not to mention Friedrich Nietzsche and Cardinal Newman. My only reticence is the absence of Dr Edward Johnson, by far one of the most powerful, original and famous voices to be heard among English-speaking people.

Let me therefore commend, in this role, *The Socialist Myth* by P. F. Strawbridge (Wright and Tait, \$6.50), an astute, highly intelligent and progressive description of British Socialism as experienced and interpreted by the Labour Party, nearly the best informed and most effective journal of the Right in England today. Also, Dr. Elton Venet's pungent refutation of Maxine (Centre) Macmillan, *Aristocratic Ideas*, \$10.00, as the as far advanced, a work of supererogatory class, is that I find Macmillan's writings incomprehensible, they scarcely need quoting.

The Traveller knit suit from Sears, and why Gale Sayers wears it the way it is.

As much as he travels,
Chicago Bear running star
Gale Sayers needs suits he can
just about live in, without looking

like they were slept in. That's
why he wears The Traveller, the
suit that's been packed and
unpacked 12 times in 15 days
and never pressed.

You see, being a knit suit, The
Traveller resists wrinkling better
than any suit you've ever worn. And
when wrinkles do appear, they
disappear when you shake out The
Traveller and hang it up for a while.

The Traveller knit suit. In year-
around polyester. In a wide
selection of colors and patterns.
In The Traveller Knit Shop at
most Sears, Roebuck and Co.
stores. And on Gale Sayers.

Photograph by ERIC A. OLYMPIC TEAM



Sears *The Men's Store*

TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Spectators on the Grossi, the company fixture which became on page 189, reminded me that long before the current bumper boats I had a boat for bumper boats on wheels and six of us were in those who owned them. That does look crazy now, but when I last took a European vacation, one of my car pictures at the time was a cartoon by the name of Corinthos Vanderbilt Jr. who named the cartoonist in a competition, making abridge boat his trademark and putting his typewriter and "A. WILHELM HE FELL LIKE THAT" on it whenever he felt like writing and drawing.

It seemed an odd situation and I hurried home with the prospect of being in, until I checked my first reader statement and realized that for the enjoyment of that sort of life-style it helped might as well be a Corinthos Vanderbilt Jr. comic strip. At least I guess it didn't work out as well for his career, because he wrote only one other European travel book, and lost it because he was living in Rome somewhere.

Nevertheless life on wheels—at least on weekends and long weekends—brings joy to a wide cross-section of Americans. Bumper boats, starting stations were unveiled at the First Annual American Camping Congress sponsored by the Family Camping Federation in Chicago last summer. Four institutes, eight days, 1,000 attendees, go on every year. This year as many as 3,000 participants will have crowded roughly one thousand classic wooden trailers, truck campers, camping trailers and motor homes. About a thousand manufacturers and dealers eat another half million dollars a week.

Wherever you go, New York, nobody knows it certainly isn't the National Park Service, which is restricting its number of campers and limiting their use.

"During the National Parks, auto campers would soon destroy much of the park's natural beauty," had said Dr. Edward A. Roush, then Assistant Director of the National Park Service, told the *epoch*.

Private industry is moving in to help solve the problem, however. Last year, there were more than 700,000 campers in the country. Six states were in agreement to increase their campgrounds to more than double at more than twice the rate of the public campgrounds. While campers at most federal and state campgrounds are on a first-come, first-served basis, many private places accept reservations. The commercial campgrounds business has gone for record sales in the past three years. The Gulf Oil Company has invested in a chain of trailer parks. Soo Hauler Inn and Ramada Inns are also offering complete accommodations adjacent to their existing facilities and some campground owners are selling companies to customers who want to be in control of a parking space whenever they want to.

But the most important innovation is the development of chains of franchised camp operators. Lemke's Ramergerlands of America, Inc., with 525 installations in the United States, Canada and Mexico, may have more facilities for rent (where a fourth of all campers in the U.S. are in campgrounds) than any other company. You can drive right in and camp right out, without the necessity of hooking up the trailer along behind you on your way to the area.

Another development at K.O.A.'s entry into field camping with its foundation of Ramergerlands of America, Inc., Ranch Camps have lots of room and scenery and facilities for fishing, swimming, riding and hunting or picnics. They are set in spacious and sites that are cut in the woods. Six of them are located near places we've probably never heard of: Cheyenne, Wyoming; Bear Valley, Montana; Durango, Utah; Colorado and Big Sky Lake, Idaho. The Cheyenne K.O.A. is located on a 5,000-acre working cattle ranch in the



footills of the Snowy Range of the Wyoming Rockies. It provides a swimming, boating and heated swimming pool, facilities for fishing, hunting, trail riding, golf, tennis, miniature golf, swimming pool, tennis courts, basketball, riding horses and a gymnasium area to be adapted for horse shows. And to top it off, you can get into the campgrounds for free if you bring a dump truck. It costs \$100 to rent a dump truck or less plus a dollar extra for each additional person. At Cheyenne it's \$10 for up to five persons. Fifty cents for each extra person. Immediately, overnight fees of parking and private campgrounds throughout the country range from very little to about \$10.

The Ramergerlands campgrounds are open all year. Many Southern installations offer underwater swimming and surfing, and skiing and snowmobiling with rental equipment are available in places such as San Diego, Idaho.

K.O.A. publishes a free directory of its campgrounds, but the best way to get a complete picture of what's new when is to pay \$4.95 for the best annual Road McNally *Campground and Traveler Park Guide*. It gives information on 17,000 campgrounds and recreational vehicle parks throughout the United States and Canada, including over 3000 National Forest campgrounds. The National Forests are national areas, and campgrounds administered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Bureau of Reclamation, Army Engineers, Bureau of Land Management, T.V.A., and Bureau of Indian Affairs.

There are 1,000 campgrounds and recreation areas and camp grounds located through loquacious land, but the heart of the book is a series of "taleful" stories about campgrounds in the United States and Canada.

Anyone planning a camping vacation at the moment should be sure to buy the "Season" column for state areas, since campgrounds—especially the commercial ones—won't stay open when there's little or no business. As you might expect, Alaska has the shortest season, with November through April right out.

For most, though, there are still a few months left. In Virginia more private establishments are open all year and so are all the facilities at the state parks. By the time you reach South Carolina you find almost all open the year round. Likewise in New England, except for the winter.

It's almost the same in the Midwest. However, in the mountain states and Arizona and New Mexico the camping season depends at altitude rather than longitude. Campgrounds in the highlands close in the winter, opening again the closer you get to the sea. In these regions they operate throughout the year. And this is true all down the West Coast.

I should mention that the Road McNally guide is a combination and updating of two of its previous publications, the "National Forest Campground Guide" and the "National Campground Guide." The latter is a compilation of facilities for the backpacker and less camper. A fascinating book on such remote campers is *The Art & Science of Tramping to the Woods* by G. Colby and Bradford Angier (Crown). Another book is the "National Wildlife Federation" has an excellent "... the year's number-one book on outdoor living... indispensable." It includes chapters on cycle and motorboat camping, camping with a tent, and canoeing for no-doubt campers.

It's full of tips as such often overlooked items as how to make a shelter with a mosquito net, and another, and how to keep a leg warm in winter country. There's even an excellent chapter on camping on wheels, docking with the sort of recreational vehicles we discussed earlier, and after reading it I must confess that all my old ideas of camping fun is doing it the road, old-fashioned Corinthos Vanderbilt Jr. way.



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Esquire

Charlie and the Devil

by Ed Sanders

The Tate murders; Manson's vision; Death Valley days

In the early afternoon of August 8, 1969, Charles Manson arrived at the Spahn Ranch after a re-creation of his and Parsons' ascent to Big Sur and the Devil's Mountain. Parsons went on a package tour for the evening meal. At the back of the main ranch, they cooked dinner at the Coleman four-burner campstove. Everybody was satisfied, but Charlie was back. Charlie was delirious. But the people up north were really not together; they were put off on their own little trips and they were not getting together. After dinner the three girls washed the dishes.

Approximately an hour after the meal, Manson pulled Bommie Atkins aka (also known as) Jackie Gleason and told her to get a knife and a change of clothes.

Linda Kasabian had helped fix dinner, had helped to clean up, had walked to the front of the ranch and was standing by the Rock City Cafeteria set when Charlie came up and pulled her off to the end of the boardwalk and told her to get a knife, a change of clothing and her driver's license. Linda seemed to be the only person at the ranch at that moment with a valid permit, and one of the few who could be trusted with such a heavy-duty weapon.

Patricia Krenwinkel aka, Kulte was already asleep, coming down off an am high, when she was awakened and told to get a knife and a change of clothes. She didn't really want to get up but she did, unassisted by the Devil.

The automobile, an old rattle-and-white 1959 Ford with another car's license plate as it was parked and ready in the space between the end of the Rock City Cafeteria and George Spaul's house.

Linda Kasabian got into the car, in the right front passenger seat. Sodin and Kulte were in the back of the car. Also in the back of the car were a pair of red-handled bolt cutters and a long, coiled three-quarter-inch nylon rope. Tex Watson got into the car and the car backed away and then headed off down the dirt driveway toward the exit to the west, by the corrals. About halfway down the drive, Manson stopped them. He came over and stuck his hand in the direction of Linda and Kulte and said to Linda, "Linda, you son. You girls know what to do. Something wrists." Then Manson stood alone, watching the car drive off.

In the speeding car, the girls were reportedly handcuffed. Sodin had on blue denim jeans, stockings and a larger blue Toklat. Linda was barefoot and in her lavender top and dark-blue denim skirt. Tex wore

motorcycle pants and a black velvet beret-like sweater. Kulte wore a blue Toklat and jeans.

The white-and-yellow, leatherette 1959 Ford four-door sedan pulled up to a porch, wooden, off-white driveway in front of 16450 Cielo Drive. It stopped at the top, facing the rutted fence. Eighteen feet up were the telephone communications lines.

Tex alighted for the red-handled bolt cutters from the back seat. They were green in him, and the six-foot two-inch, 190-pound, former All-American halfback for the Farmersville, Texas, high-school football team sharpened up the pole and cut two wires—one a telephone wire which did not fall and snap an old communication line from the days when Mark Lindsay and Terry Melcher first rented the property in 1965. Split.

They wedged up the hill, carrying their changes of clothes, their weapons and their ropes. They arrived at the gate, and then located an arm about ten to fifteen feet up the steep embankment on the right where, by cover of bushes, they were able to climb over the fence. Sodin rappelled her skirt on the barbed wire. Tex, after they had crossed the fence, as they were descending down the embankment toward the driveway, lights appeared a car, racing down the driveway, parking lot. Tex said, "Lie down and be still." All six down.

Everlyne Steven Parent, who had been visiting Bill Garrison in the caretaker's cottage, spotted them coming up and he said, "Hey, what you doing down?" Parent must have just been slowing down to touch the exit button for the electric gate when Tex ran up in front of the white 1966 Nash Ambassador two-door sedan and pulled, "Stop! Hold!" It must have been around 12:30 a.m. Through the open driver's window, Tex jostled his formidable weapon against Parent's head. It was a weapon right out of the spirit of the American West: a 22-caliber, nine-shot, wooden-barrel, bone-stock, long-barreled, Ned Rattler to Wyatt Earp, longhorn, fifteen-inch revolver, loaded with 22 long rifle bullets. Parent said, "Please don't hurt me. I'm not armed."

Once Parent was shot in the upper chest, hung over the hook of the left shoulder, swinging on the other side. Shot in the left shoulder—will wound through the mouth. Shot in the lower chest.

Tex said, "Come on." On Watson's left shoulder were about seven coils of the white, three-quarter-inch, three-ply nylon line—a total of forty-three feet, eight inches. And why was this Texan carrying a rope?



Charles Manson, John Hinckley and their survivors of the *Times* the back of a fax letter during the Tate-LaBianca murder trial. The drawing now belongs to a California lawyer.



Seven days after the Tate murders fugitives from the Los Angeles Sheriff's office raided the Spahn Ranch and arrested (from left) Dennis DeCarlo, a member of the Straight Satans; Bob, a Straight Satan named Bob, and James Flynn—all for auto theft. The search warrant, however, was found to be invalid and the prisoners were free in seventy-two hours.

Part of the game plan, which later was abandoned in their haste, was to tie the victims up to the beams and drown and quarter them.

Tex ordered Linda Kasabian to go around the house to check for any open windows or doors. Linda walked around between the north edge of the house and the three-car garage and checked the back-porch door, looked into the kitchen windows and the back door into the living room, but there was nothing open. She came around front at the gate. Tex stood at the front-mounted window of the unextended master-story room, 10 feet from the back door, looking in the room. He was cutting the lower part of the screen, sitting it with his hands.

Tex told Linda to go down by the fence and keep a lookout for people coming. She complied, walking down hill to the gate and out of the property's parking area, by the fence, and she hunked down on her knee, waiting.

Tex crawled in through the window once he had slashed the screen and pulled it off the frame. There was the smell of fresh paint in the nursery being prepared for the late-August arrival of Sharon Tate Polanski's baby. The first coat of paint had been finished that very afternoon. Tex entered the kitchen, walked south through the dining room, into the entrance hall, then opened the front door and let the two girls in. They turned left out of the entrance hall into the large, white-walled, carpeted living room. In the southeast corner of the living room, facing east and looking at the fireplace, was a large, dark wooden piano with a chandelier on the left side. On the music holder of the piano stood two compositions. One on the left side: a song called "Straight Shooter" by John Phillips of The Mamas and The Papas; a song off their first album. The piece on the other side of the music stand was "Pompeii" by Edward Elgar.

The stereo inside the front-hall closet beneath the shelves of film and video tape was blaring, which may have prevented the four shots that killed Steven Parent from being heard.

On a high-backed chair next to a desk was Jay Sebring's blue leather jacket, with his wallet containing four twenty-dollar bills, and a tube of white powder. Nearby was Joy's braidsame, curling iron hair dryer, mirror, electric clippers and address book, some sort of pinkish soap, and miscellaneous bathing tools. The area of the living room which was to serve as the latrine for the women was a short, enclosed section near the large stone fireplace on the west-center wall, in front of which was a large rectangular rug. Piles of books and movie scripts lined the hearth, as well as several throw pillows. Facing the fireplace, a few feet from the sofa skin, was a large three-cushioned, beige-colored sofa.

Above the sofa and parallel to it, running the entire length of the living room, east to west, was an apparently solid four-inch by twelve-inch beam, painted white, over which the amateur Texan was soon to throw the tyline rope.

Draped over the back cushions of the beige sofa was a large American flag, turned upside down. Volodyk Flyntek lay on the couch, in front of the fireplace, dozing off, soaked under the pleasant influence of the moderate psychedelic, MDA. Past the desk and toward the back of the couch crept the death-sentenced butcher. Tex. With a wooden mallet in his hand, he hit the skin, his back to the fireplace, and leaped on the Wynd Eyes receiver at Volodyk's head. He retorted with his hands laid flat across and Radić to his up behind the couch, prepared to exact their killer-blister sacrifice. Volodyk woke up, scratched and asked, "What time is it?"

"Don't move or you're dead."

"Who are you?"

"The Devil. I'm here to do the Devil's business. Give me all your money," said Tex Watson, tall and heavy, knife in cashmere, gun in the other. Vojtyk went toward the door, but was held back at that point, smacking silent by the fog. The Devil, with her long, brown, magenta hair. The other. Sadie with her dark brown hair, now short closely, except for one small strand which hung over her left shoulder like wisps.

Elegant Abigail Folger was lying alone on the antiques bed in her bedroom in the extreme northeast corner of the house, clad in a full-length, white nightgown, reading, wearing her reading glasses, slightly closed on the euphoric H.D.A. Most of her and Vojtyk's personal belongings had been taken back to their house on Woodstock Road. But she and Vojtyk were returning with Sharon Tate until Roman Polanski should return from London.

In the living room, Vojtyk Frykowski kept asking the crazy questions who they were, what they wanted, over and over. "My money is in the wallet, on the desk," he said.

Sadie went over to the desk to look for it and announced she couldn't find it.

Tex told Sadie to go get a towel in the bathroom and went to the front porch. Sadie went looking for the bathroom. She took a towel back in the search by the fireplace and then Vojtyk's hands linked his back with a loose knot. Frykowski was then made to lie down on his back, trapping his hands behind him. Tex then told her to moist the house for other people. Sadie reluctantly cinched up the relaxedholder in his leg. And then she walked to the south, toward the hallway of which were the two main bedrooms of the house. In the one on the left, Abigail Folger lay reading. She looked up, saw the sadists, and Abigail waved? Waved and smiled and Sadie moved back and walked away.

Sadie turned, crossed the hallway, walking west, and glanced into Sharon's bedroom. Sharon, her stomach twisted and full of chills, was lying on her bed, propped up on pillows, her blonde hair down over her shoulders. She was watching matador-like, silent, fawn-patterned blouse and pants. Her bare green and orange striped socks pulled down. It was about 2:25 a.m. On the edge of the bed, where the beautiful Sharon Tate lay next to Jay Sebring, slouched in a blue shirt, black high-top boots and white pants with black vertical stripes. On her wrist was an opulent Cartier watch. They were talking.

On each side of the bed were semicircular, marble-topped tables. The one on the right held a Princess phone and an oval-framed wedding portrait of the Polanskis. On the right marble table sat a bottle of Heublein's beer, Jay Sebring's favorite drink.

There was a white, lowered, double French door leading out to the swimming pool on the north wall of Sharon Tate's bedroom. The windows looking out onto the pool area were shattered also with white levered blinds. It was cut off this door just in time that Abigail Folger would run for her life and Sadie Krueger would leave her Death House fingerprints.

Sadie returned to Watson in the living room and told him there were two more in the house. Tex was gone. When she came in, he told Sadie to go into the bedrooms and bring them out into the living room. Sadie unslashed her Stocking knapsack and walked into Abigail Folger's bedroom, waving her weapon: "Go out into the living room. Don't ask any questions." She

did the same thing on the other side of the hall in Sharon's bedroom. Sadie waved her knife at Jay and Sharon and they all walked out into the living room confused and angry. Jay Sebring said, "What's going on?"

"Get down!" Sebring refused to sit.

When Tex told everybody to lie down on the floor on their stomachs, the girls' faces were the frozen, Sebring could not stand for that. He said, "Let her sit down, isn't you see that's program?" Then Sebring lunged for the gun and Tex went nose-to-nose and shot Jay in the arm. Jay fell and Tex dropped-kicked him in the bridge of the nose. Abigail Folger screamed.

The bullet entered Sebring's left calf, puncturing

downward through the left fifth rib, through the left lung and exited out the left side of his mid-back. The bullet was found by the coroner several inches from the exit wound, trapped between skin and shirt.

The sight of Jay Sebring lying on his side gave the former action player, Charles Watson, instant credibility. "All right, where's the money?"

Abigail said that her money was in her purse on the couch in the bedroom. Sadie took her knife up to Miss Folger's back and inserted her knife into the bedroom that Vojtyk opened up with her black-nailed sheath bag and took on seventy-five or seventy-three dollars for ransom. Sadie refused to give off credit cards and then she took back the brown leather jacket.

She then tied them around and around their necks with the nylon rope and threw the end of it over the white curtain bases and told Sadie to choke the rope so that Abigail and Sharon had to stand up or else strangle Jay's unconscious body acted as a dead weight on the other end of the rope which was knotted around his neck. A large hemostat was swiveling on his left eye.

Tex was worried lest Vojtyk Frykowski should get loose, so he told Sadie to tie his hands with a bigger knot. She went into the bedrooms and got a larger towel, a beige forty-six-inch Marth bath towel, and tied his hands behind him more securely, then she pushed his back down onto the couch, standing guard over him.

Tex told Katie to turn out all the lights in the house. That was the old, according to Susan Atkins.

Kate removed stocks circles on the end of the rope. One of the ladies asked, "What are you going to do with me?"

Charles, the muscular boy from Copervia, had then trapped it in his over-phallic hamster universe. "You are all going to die!" And again he told them that he was the Devil. Immediately the maniacs and shrikies and haggings rose up from the traumized victims. They struggled to get free.

Tex ordered Sadie to kill Vojtyk Frykowski. Vojtyk lay quaking up and down, desperately trying to loosen the knot behind his back. Sadie raised her knife and, by her account, hesitated. Vojtyk wrenched his hands free and reached up from the couch and grabbed hold of her hair and pulled her down, grabbing her knife arms. He hit her on top of the head and then fled against the end table to the left of the sofa and rolled onto the scuffed chair.

Sadie got her arms free and stabilized himself, one, two, three, four times, paraded down the front of his left leg. He turned around the front half of it in five minutes, still had to drink blood but the upper levels needed in a scurvy cat, a chicken cat, and drinking man's meat, a scurvy cat, and drinking man's meat—when a scurvy cat was passed upon the formators.

Police found the knife lodged blade-up between the bone and the back of the hyperextended spine, severing the spinal canal from the front of the waist wall! Knifelike, she clung to his back and yelled.

Still, Vojtyk staggered onward. Tex ran up, wrestled Frykowski around and shot him below the left ankle, the bullet lodging in his muscle back. He shot him also through the front right thigh. Still he walked on. Tex shot again—the gun misfiring. Tex began to stab his face and scalp with the gun, holding it by the barrel. Vojtyk's blood type was found on the subject left gun grip and on the inside of the cracked hammer of the gun. The right walnut grip broke into three pieces, two pieces falling in the front hall, the remaining tiny piece slithering out onto the front porch.

When Tex ran up to the hall door to get Vojtyk, Sharon and Jay and Abigail struggled to get free from the knots on their necks. Sadie was holding the rope where it tended down on the other side of the beam. Abigail broke loose and headed for the back bedroom, where the door to the swimming pool led to freedom. Krueger dropped the rope and gave chase. Abigail, taller and stronger, fought her off. Meanwhile, Tex spotted the struggling Sebring and ran up, stab

stab stab stab, four times Wilson bashed him in the left back, into the lung. The wounds were one-and-a-half inches deep on the surface, penetrating deeply. Tex freed his foot, the knife, and the gun, and crawled by the pain from Katie, his black velvet beret-knife beginning to get bloody. He ran up to Abigail, who was wounded only externally at this point, in the hands and arms. Abigail surrendered. "Give up. Take one." He did, slicing her neck and smashing her head with the gun butt. He stabbed her in various parts of her chest and abdomen. She clutch'd a gaping tear in her lower right stomach. She fell.

Watson glanced up when he heard Vojtyk screaming near the front lawn. He ran to the front porch to see him rise up from the bush into which he had fallen and stagger across the grass toward the southeast, yelling. Sadie Bahns told her cell mate, Shirley Nadel, about it. "He got to the lawn and was shouting there, hollding, 'Help! Help!'"

Deep in flower-power knelt the young mother Linda Kasanoff by the dark fence. When she heard the screams, she raced toward the shrubbery, "to try to stop it"—as she later testified. "I saw Frykowski, struggling out the door—drenched in blood—it looked as his

The Influence of Satan

It was a continuing alarm of Moors that he was merely a reference of those whom he was. He was "dead" in the sense that he was another, another "Satan." But there was no doubt that he possessed his share of plenty of terror. He was over the evil lotus and he pealed banan on a vast scale of moral infestation.

But what was that caused Moors, death trap? That factors that seem to have had the voodoo freakshow shall be turned into a voodoo freakshow.

Gazing along Los Angeles, it is possible to discern at least three death-trap groups that have been provided powerful sheath-spirits into Moors and the family.

1. The Precious Church of the Final Judgment, a church espousing End of the World dogmatism.

2. The Sekor Lodge of the Ogdala Temple Orange, a singular cult specializing in blood-drinking, male-sode sex magic and lured of infants.

3. An obscurous cult group of forty or

so people who have left the Works Order of Dog Blood.

All three cults certainly were aware of one another, and the similarities and consistencies between them and the family cannot be avoided. It was the Precious that first came to Moors' attention.

The Precious Church of the Final Judgment is an English occult society dedicated to observing and saving the soul of the world by mystery, sacrifice and chaos, and dedicated to the proposition that they, the Precious, shall sacrifice the gods in the chosen people. It was formed by Harry and Robert de Gruyter. At one stage Precious had 100 members, and was engaged in prolonged worship of Satan, involving human sacrifices.

The Black-capped, black-clad Precious arrived on the Los Angeles scene in early 1969. One of their trademarks was

"These Stink Kill." They stayed in public till a few days after Robert Kennedy was assassinated, after which they dispersed from sight in Los Angeles.

The Precious was active in 1968 in the Santa Cruz Mountains, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, and New Orleans, as well as their home base, London.

According to Tex Watson, over most early 1969 Moors had moved and moved in his mother's basement under the Precious influence. The Precious group held outdoor ceremonies twice a month, on the new and full moon, perhaps on the roof of the basement. Los Angeles has many poor counties, where they sacrificed black dogs, black cats, black canaries and probably giant snakes. Animal sacrifice is apparently involved.

In the fall of 1969, police began investigating Moors' sacrificial practices on the eastern Santa Cruz wilderness. One theory has suggested the Moors were engaged in animal sacrifice on the roof of the basement. The Moors were accused of disposing of bodies in the basement.

The first two groups of the Moors Hollywood cult, the so-called Moors circles, didn't have to drink blood but the upper levels insisted in sacrificing cats, chickens and, drinking man's meat, sucking men's rectums and阳具.

The Precious Church of the Final Judgment is an English occult society dedicated to observing and saving the soul of the world by mystery, sacrifice and chaos, and dedicated to the proposition that they, the Precious, shall sacrifice the gods in the chosen people. It was formed by Harry and Robert de Gruyter. At one stage Precious had 100 members, and was engaged in prolonged worship of Satan, involving human sacrifices.

The group was called the Four Precious, and was dedicated to the "worship of evil." Later, the group moved concentrate to the Santa Ana Mountains south of Los Angeles, where they continued their horrific abominations. The leader of the Precious was Harry de Gruyter, a large man with a bald head and a goatee. He was Moors. However, at least one fan in this writer's presence Moors has been called the Great Chimp or the Head Chimp by members of his family.

The Kukis Order of Dog Blood is

up. He pulled off. Benedict left out Tortilla Draw, just a block north of the street where Jay Sabring lived.

A couple of hundred yards from the turnoff they spotted a garden hose hooked up to the hose of Rudy and Myra Weber. They turned the car around and parked the car toward the canyon road so they could get away from it. They walked to the house.

Ralph Weber was asleep but the sound of running water woke him up. Goddamn kids. He went over and turned the light on them. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

Tell Tex dialed his mind to sending psychopath and said, "B—-we're just getting a drink of water and we're sorry to have disturbed you." Benedict walked over and turned off the water, whereupon the girls started walking down to the car.

Weber followed the young folk and by this time his wife Myra was awake and by his side, wondering that her husband had come home so late at night. She measured Tex around the car for the girls and Weber was offended by the测量的尺寸. Tex got in and flooded the engine. Weber made as if he were trying to remove the keys from the car, reaching while Tex was trying to start it. Finally the engine caught and Tex peeled out, wrenching Mr. Weber's clutching hand. As the car sped away, Weber诅咒ed the number and later wrote it down, GTF 455.

During the remainder of the drive, the four teens seemed to relax, became even jovial. They were Hitler-Stalins' chosen brothers, and they began to chat.

To start it off, poor Tex had hurt his foot and it was killing him. Sadie's hair was hurting terribly where Frykowski had pulled it. Katie bubbled on about how the knife handle hurt her hand each time she pulled. All agreed that the knives were inadequate. Next time they would need heavier equipment. Sadie complained about the toughness of Vandy's legs when she attempted to stab them. They had quite a time describing the names of the members, how Sharon had called out to Sadie and Alaged to cry out.

"How come you guys had to say sorry?" Charlie asked when they arrived at the Sparta Ranch. Charlie was waiting in the driveway, sitting by the saloon. It was two in the morning.

Several family members were in the househouse when Katie and Linda arrived. They were totally exhausted. Pretty soon Tex and Charlie came into the househouse for a general discussion of the evening. Tex told Charlie that everything had been named; bodies were lying around, but all were dead. Charlie was happy.

Tex made several laugh when he revealed that he had lied to people in the house. "I'm the Devil. I'm here to see the Devil's house, where's your name?" Benedict then pulled the hammers to see if any old rust remained for what they had done. Katie: "No." Eddie: "No." Linda: "No."

People were sleepy. Benedict went to the back room to sleep. Sadie and Linda with the others. Benedict thinks it might have been Chen Gruber—the marked out.

There is considerable discrepancy between the scope of the massacre, as left by Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel, Tex Watson and Linda Kasabian, and the one found by the police the next morning. Neither Susan Atkins nor evidently any of the others had any facts lined over the head of Jay Sabring, yet the police found a towel over his head.

There was not enough slack in part of the rope sustaining from Sharon Tate to Jay Sabring for her to have been slapping and moving around, yet she moved around the room the ladies say. So the rope perhaps was affixed some time after her death.

There were two large pools of blood on the front porch, one to the left of the doorway, type C-M, Sharon Tate's, and the other on the north side of the porch, type C-M, Jay Sabring's. All the females involved, Linda, Katie and Sadie, have claimed that at no time was Sharon Tate or Jay Sabring near the front porch. How did the blood get there? A police report describing the homicide scene said, regarding the blood of Sharon Tate on the front porch, that: "From the amount of blood there it would appear that she remained there for at least minutes prior to assassination."

Manson stated one time that he had gone to the Polanski residence after the murders. "I went back to see what my children did," he is alleged to have said. Later, Manson denied that he had gone to the house. Whether he did or not, the crime scene was disturbed by someone during the night before the police arrived.

One of the Manson girls then reached out and piggied up on their panties and along their Perkin's or something. Tex got in and flooded the engine. Tate was carried out onto the porch to die just that, but there was nothing adequate to string the rope over, or through, to support the weight of the bodies. Then they may have decided, through pazar, to re-create the original scene and accordingly carried the bodies back inside, leaving splatters of blood behind. The white nylon rope was looped around their necks and the end proceeding from Mrs. Polanski's neck was thrown back over the white ceiling beams with the loops and past touching the floor on the other side. Suspects then took that long towel and banded it over the knot of Jay Sabring, tucking the towel ends under the rope loops. There is no war of knowing what else could have occurred.

It was over. Over for the sparks of the cameras, birthed by some new form of programmed minds-

I first heard of Charles Manson and his family, as I recall, around October 20, 1968, when I received in the mail an issue of an ecology newsletter titled Earth Read-Out. The situation had expanded a month earlier from the San Francisco Chronicle dated October 16, 1968.

The last sentence of the lead of mode and long-haired thrives who roamed over Devil's Valley is states: "dagger-happy ladies have cleaned up, the sheriff's office said yesterday. A sheriff's posse, guided by a systolic gun, arrested 27 men and women members of the weird band in two secret nests. Deputy and eight children, including two babies suffering from malnutrition, were also brought in. Some of the women were completely nude and others were only bikini bottoms, deputies said."

Six weeks after I read this dispatch, the front pages of newspapers were filled with gory-photograph pictures of Manson, the accused murderer. He had captured an entire crew of a hippie cultists, cult-leader and his various helpers. His victims were all young and seemed straight girls—girls depicted as "Satan's slaves," nothing to do excepting anything anywhere for him. Out of all of the bodies and stories no consistent set of facts seemed to emerge that explained in any depth how a group of young american culture could develop into a community of lunatics.

Assuming, in January of 1973, I began to gather data about the family, as a matter of personal curiosity. Then I decided to write about the family, thinking it would take only three or four months, after which I could return to a quiet life of poetry and peace. Almost at once, upon my (Continued on page 386)



The Art of Garbage Analysis

You are what you throw away

Before you can ask, let's tell you. Yes, that is the A. J. Weberman famous for his critical coverage of Bob Dylan. Yes, that is the A. J. Weberman who some thought Dylan's garage is teach of knowledge. Yes, we have been forced to look through the kitchen windows of the sensible Yes, we're about to share you who he is now. No, we're not.

In all, we'd had one Sunday night when me and my old lady Anne were walking past Bob Dylan's Greenwich Village brownstone and I recalled my way to "the king of folk rock" the week before. That dude had some nerve showing me and he knew I'd been studying his poetry for years. I had more insight than a man who sold rock music. The Johnsons, the Whitmans, the Whiteys, the Patti Smiths, the Garlands. The light bulb went on. I reached out and Dylan's plastic can and pushed out a crumpled sheet of paper. It was a cloth of meat in Johnson's Code. "Amen," I said, "you ain't no garbage pad, it's a goddam."

I was home. I had to check out Dylan's garbage at least once a day. Two weeks after my first visit the Edward Hopper of rock discovered he was rapping off his stash and he forced someone to keep eye on eye.

My article, Dylan's Garbage's Greatest Hits, appeared in an unopposed newspaper and my reputation as garbage collector to the mass press received respect. The next thing I knew I was writing for the New York Times and New York magazine. I was in Glass House Vassar, and I was a legend. And the point, but her garbage was kept behind bars. I returned at six a.m.—and locked up. Well, these was always Dennis Hopper's case, or, as they'd say in England, Dennis's chancery. I

would find out he was in England making a sick, feeling kind of dress, I walked hell's block to plumbig Ned's house house. Whew! A grocery bag brimming with establishmem trash—and trash in a cop, giving me the hairy eyeball, pointed out to the subway ride home.

My next victim, Alice and Anna Hoffman, live in a house off Bedford Avenue in a scruffy section of Manhattan's Lower East Side. The Hoffmans dump their refuse in a public trash bin on the dyke at their left building has an angular garbage pickup. I spin to Abbas and Anna's door, and there amongst their garbage was sitting there in a huge plastic bag. My mouth水了. I know it was cool to sit without a name. Alice and Anna work at the Steinway factory.

Washington, D.C., is a place where there's no parks and almost everything, including their trash. Neighbors of Representative Richard Lamm in Tantalus, Maryland, sold us his trash garbage compactor—the garbagehog's nightmare. While I checked out Harry Keener's place, I almost got buried for courage to knock on his front door. At the end of the day, I was rapping off his trash. When I walked into St. John's Catholic church let me go. On the way back me and Ann stopped at Muhammad Ali's in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. There's much laying around Ann taking the bell and ringing the buster if the could have the garbage, he said to me to me.

I admit that the image of a long-haired Virgin riding around the city with a trash can strapped to her back is a sort of weird flat psychology is a great way to find out what people are really like. I hope those who appreciate our patient work in the field will buy my upcoming book. You are What You Throw Away. And remember: Garbage Is Powerful!

—A. J. WEBERMAN



Bob Dylan

Dylan finally solved the garbage-snapping problem by having his trash delivered directly to the unscrupulous men. But while he was getting to it, I discovered such day-disposable ephemera (handing out of the bag), worn, I assume, by three of the live young Dylans. There was evidence that Grabs, the dog, was not housebroken, only paper trained, and that the Dylans had at least one cat. The many rock magazines wanted Bob's claim that he didn't follow the rock scene. It would be nice to say the family threw away half-eaten steaks and cans of truffles, but

actually their duff is modest. — Dog the frozen chicken and pie and French fries container. Blimpie's today-food-for-shopping-left-in-the-bag, worn. The most terribly valuable thing I found is the lump (middle), which I happen to like. The man telling him: the note to Johnny and June Cash (middle left) apologizing for not mailing it down to Memphis; the sketch of Jimi Hendrix (upper right), found lost in pieces the night after he died, and the card that accompanied candy ("To My Dear Ones") from Dylan's mother. Guess they liked it—didn't find even a negoti-



Neil Simon

On my first visit to Simon's pad early one Monday m. I found the following: a letter from a bank asking him to pay back \$10,000 he'd borrowed, a receipt from a typewriter repairman for \$395.36 (he'd been made to pay his bill); a receipt for funds from SANE (1 lb. of egg box); a receipt from "The Spence-Cheney Adoption Service" for a \$50 donation (plucked out of bag); a letter from The Damon School to "Damon Parents" (paper left); All this added up to decadent super-middle-class liberal to me. Yet it leaked to the Kluge Voice that I was exploring Simon's garage. When I returned to his car a week later, it was empty.

Photographed by Penny Wolf



Anita & Abbie Hoffman

The Hoffmans' garage was outright! Dog that ticket! (left) Abbie got for hitching in Connell last April on his way to the Bobty Sesia tree. I think and the rut sample can of Right Guard deodorant (upper right) just waits under the green paper). That green paper (the guest and shopping list for a party held after the 1970 election). To the left of the green paper (upper left) contained the phone numbers of the Andrus family, Karen Miller, Lorrie McLucas, yours truly A. J. Weisbman and others. On top of Ranglers and Ties are Yippie matches. The

inside is stamped, "If everyone built one little building what a bright world this would be," printed in illustrations for threats from local liarsmen. The "Dear Abbie" letter suggested he run for President but the Yippies are running Dick Gephardt. Dohm and J. Edwards are the guests and shopping list for a party held after the 1970 election. To the left of the green paper (upper left) contained the phone numbers of the Andrus family, Karen Miller, Lorrie McLucas, yours truly A. J. Weisbman and others. On top of Ranglers and Ties are Yippie matches. The



Muhammad Ali

The Ali's live in a yellow stucco house, surrounded by a well and a swimming pool and landscaped with palm trees. It's a bit compared to the colonial homes and landscaping of their neighbors. Their garage looks different too, and it's really great their garage Ali's worth still grooves on Shabazz bean pie (below, lower left) and corn bread (upper left). The cans of black-eyed peas and collards, made with pork, were discarded unopened. I guess because Masline wasn't supposed to eat pig. (Need to know his garbage is useful but nothing.) But the

cabbage rolls (reddish) aren't exactly soul food, neither is the chicken. (I mean the whole barbecue place. The dog was well too. I figure the outlined license plates come from one of Ali's three cars. The empty pack of R. J. Reynolds cigarette papers (lower right) suggests someone in the household is thrifty and sells his own. Yet the torn-up bill from the Redashore Inn in Cherry Hill which is stamped "Paid in full," says Ali never has guests and for himself swell. Overall, Ali's garage is sparse, needs cleaning up if no wants. It's to make my book

Mr. Staal

by James S. Reinhold

A place for everything and everything, dear God, at its place



tool was interested in clouds and watched them at different times during the day long as he used. In the morning he sat the lawn chair at the far corner of the tiny cement patio. In the early afternoon he moved across the lawn to the spot where his lawn chair stood. He enjoyed greatly such a view, he placed the chair further out on the lawn, slightly higher ground, so that the sun would be blocked by a line of distant grape vines.

The longest time Staal ever sat gazing at the clouds was about an hour. There were different reasons, corresponding to the time of day, that forced him to return to the house. In the morning the best made him distract. He scanned it there, even struck out at them with his stick, but gradually moved his chair back by fast back across the patio toward the French doors. In a short time the lawn chair was up against the French doors, and his view was blocked by the patio roof. He could not regain any of the lost ground, so he went inside and took a nap. I slept in his living room in the afternoon as he was bothered by the standing on his hands. The flies were not nearly as annoying, however, as the flies in the house, and he had to make the effort to protect the coffee in front of him from the insects. In the evenings he could nearly last out the evening. But Staal did not complain for morning and afternoon often in favor of a prolonged evening one. His main concern was to watch the changing patterns of the clouds—to follow the path of certain formations and to observe the dissolution of others.

For simplicity Staal referred to the yard as his yard. Actually it belonged to Mrs. Mink, an old woman who owned the house and who rented him the small basement apartment. The yard was large and the old woman kept a massive shower garden at the far end. She was constantly weeding, cutting, adding nutrients to the soil, pollinating the dead plants and watering the healthy ones. Genuinely she was a good woman, and she could be seen watching her garden from her window. She lived over at the water, as old women do, to review the tops of her stockings. She always wore the same faded dress and a large sun hat.

It had caused Staal's mind to offer to help Mrs. Mink with some of the more strenuous aspects of gardening, such as hoeing, packing the wheelbarrow filled with dead cuttings and dried leaves, or tending the burning of the robinia. The idea of helping Mrs. Mink was not born of any wish to make her task lighter, or to make himself feel better. He knew her to be strong and his feet fast. It was simply to fill out his day, to occupy himself with something more than his usual duties and pleasures. He understood that garden work might be enjoyable, providing the sun were not too hot nor the wheelbarrow too heavy.

Mrs. Mink refused any help. They were her flowers, she pointed out, and strange hands would detract them. Violate the name, she said.

It was all the better this way, if that was the way she wanted it. Staal thought. And now he watched with satisfaction every time dead flowers were dumped into the wheelbarrow or when he sped wheelbarrow or wheelbarrow. His lawn chair. When the noon weakened, Staal needed an extra nap and was very happy. He watched from his window as she usually fed the soil and sprayed the roses. Finally a man came.

The mannequin sat down on his heels and leaned over the rose. Holding the vase carefully by the stems, he moved them from side to side. Their heads dropped gradually and they shed their cup petals. After the mannequin had gone, Mrs. Mink kept on looking at the roses with separate and intense. Staal decided to go outside and talk with her.

"Was he the man from the nursery, Mrs. Mink?" Staal asked.

"They have some kind of rose bush, Mr. Staal," she replied coolly.

"Will they all die?"

"Certainly not!" the old woman cried indignantly. She passed for a moment, then added, "He thinks that the world is over."

"I hope he is right," Staal said, and smiled.

For dinner Staal made himself a balcony sandwich with hot mustard and dill. A Coke just before he was about to go outside for his evening observation the wind started blowing. Within minutes the sun had disappeared and heavy grey clouds rolled in. Soon the whole sky was uniformly grey. Large drops of rain fell on Mrs. Mink before she could reach the safety of her house. Staal knew that she would stand and watch her rose from the kitchen window, confident that the rain was the medicine they needed.

Staal hoped it would rain long and hard and drown the flowers.

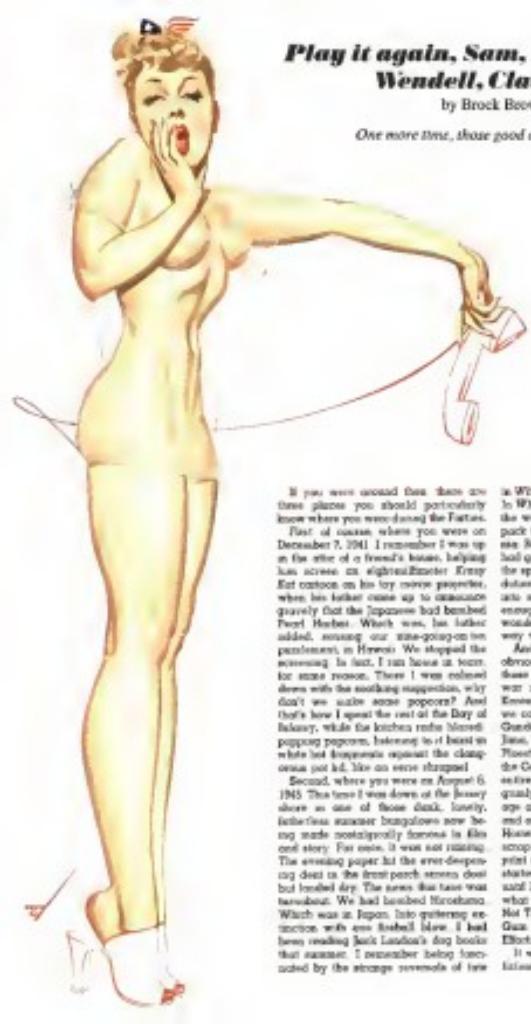
Later that evening the rain stopped but the sky stayed overcast. Staal prepared a can of chicken rice soup and ate it directly from the pan. He filled the empty pan with water and left it in the sun. He carried a cup of coffee with him into the living room and read the newspaper.

At nine o'clock he heard the doorbell ring upstairs. This was such a rare occurrence that Staal stood up and listened. He heard Mrs. Mink's voice and the voice of another, younger woman. Their voices were loud, but distorted, and Staal could not make out a single word. He heard Mrs. Mink and the visit. (Continued on page 198)

Play it again, Sam, Bogie, Harry, Wendell, Claude....

by Brock Bowler

One more time, those good old Forties' blues



If you were around then, there are three places you should particularly know where you were during the Forties.

First of course where you were on December 7, 1941. I remember I was up in the air at a friend's house, helping him across an eight-thousand-meter Krazy Kat cartoon on his toy movie projector, when his big brother came up and announced that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. Which was, his brother added, causing our state-of-war-in-on-penitentiary-in Hawaii. We stopped the screening. In fact, I can't remember for some reason. There I was relaxed down with the soothing suspicion, why don't we make some popcorn? And that's how I spent the rest of the Day of Infamy, while the kitchen radio blared popping popcorn, listening to it burst in white hot defiance against the clangorous pot lid. Like an eerie sharpness.

Second, where you were on August 6, 1945. This time it was down of the Jersey shore as one of those dead, lousy, fatherless summer bungalows now being made nostalgically famous in film and story. For once, it was not raining. The evening paper hit the ever-descending door to the front porch screen door but landed dry. The next day there was rainwater. We had bombarded Hiroshima. Which was at Japan's bitter parting encounter with the Redball Express. I had been reading Jack London's dog books that summer. I remember being fascinated by the strange reverence of how

White Fang and The Call of the Wild. In White Fang, the dog had made it all the way from a snarling Alaskan wolf pack to a crowned eagle in sunny California. But in The Call of the Wild, the dog had gone the other way, simplest, from the spruce forests to a dogged one-hundred-day-as-a-snowball horse soldier. Back and another Arctic prairie. I had enough dreams of dogs, however brief, to wonder, staring at that headline, which way we were headed.

And the third place you must know, obviously, is where you were between those two dates. During the war. The war many of us still know, despite Eros despite even Vietnam, whatever we casually say. "Since the war . . ." Gianfelice, Leyte Gulf Campaign, two Jews, Normandy Beach, Barrage, over Russell, over Berlin. "In the Corps," "in the Corps," are some of the answers an entire generation of older veterans can quickly give. But clearly I cannot. By age alone, not in memory nor sprightly and enthusiastic. I've kept back on the Home Front. To denote the time for the acres driven to be up graders of newsprint for the paper drives, to the desecrated and cut-up called Defense Shelters and I had enough pointed down to try what was by then called a War Bond. No Talking, Chant, just Cheering Texas Gays. Anything To Further The War Effort.

It was stiff, I realize, wordily insistent avowal. Nor was my family

touched that closely by any war loss. On D-Day his brother was wounded a cow fell on him in his hole Scrimmages. So I end up slightly apologetic when I examine my own feelings now about the Forties. My very good feelings. They may as of have them and not just those left behind on the Home Front. The first half of the Forties was indeed a terrible war, brokered mostly by two enemies. True enough. But please either half—both war and peace—the country seemed to have something it has not had since—and something that much to be admired: a fine grain of optimism.

The only way to hand to explain these elusive dates. We were still very far from being totally ennobled—here we are still on a people scale we began at that. Turn, one that rated, and another. Unfinished? — but we were somehow agreed. Fully solidly, and on a simple enough proposition that can be readily stated this way: in 1945, Sinclair Lewis wrote a novel that subsequently became a play for the Federal Theatre Project about the possible rise of an American totalitarianism in all of places. *Versus*. It was entitled *A Good Name*, with a possibly comic implication that, of course, It Could Happen Here. Throughout the Forties we were never so bold, or so foolish, as to take up the book. But we did, as very little in the decades, sit down and, gosh, to say it Now!

It's hard to imagine, or at least as we chose to believe, the country was full of Vim, Vigor and Vitality—to quote one of the most fond slogans of the day—just opened for all its growing downbrought power, out of a rough stabled Ranching Frequently democracy. George Orwell had it exactly right last month. We do ten back to Bogart for "I'll." For a revering sense of that damn you're decency that held us together during the Forties. In pictures after pictures, always outlasted him, but eventually caught up. Pictures after pictures, in the middle of others. He can the right grace finally in *To Have and Have Not*. We shot it out however handily with gangster contempt (*Double G*) and, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, of all else, bar tally of stellar principals. Cool.

Indeed. Everybody has his favorite times, best pictures, especially "Play It Again, Sam." We must remember that a star is still a star if it just is . . . But you must also remember the need Forties grit to the dross. For it is those that I think began some young filly from having to sleep with stern-shouldered Claude Rains for her to head a wise passage out of Valley Forge by taking the husband was at his own

crossing tables. And that that the other big song in the moon is the *Moscow* loss, which everybody losses out in Bogart's canon, including the coldblooded concert where who swaps produce French toast. And that even that Bogart, after helpless helped Bogart to escape with his snarling husband get Russia himself to stop crying and start the song. The film's last touch shows Bogart toasting a bottle into a trench at the airport as in a "Rosenthal" type cleavage, a handle of Valley water.

And this sort of the *Redoubt* or *the Moon*. Red golden in the manner, every wise contaminated by an almost imperial FDR, other half the same square actor Bogart in 1945. If We Wanted What We Wanted a movement that began officially on a loud cleave in the gallery of the Roosevelt Conference—demanded it was didn't get him, cost Toff and Dewey. A honest boy from Woll Street. Honest boys were here all, real Roosevelt usually recruited him for an unprecedeted third term, but he succeeded. Within their west all, to succeed at last, on a glabbed war to bring back what remained an embarrassing message to many Americans One World. And we believed him, the great majority of us, just as we believed Eisenhower, who gave him a chairman, leader of children and women and said Roosevelt taught him. On Herodotus' words, who was then the president government. Millions ever had his boy wonder. On Roosevelt himself, what had a place to bring the sun forever peacock. Or Gary Davis, who had descended himself a World Citizen. And countless like Austerlitz and Uncle and Norman Conquests. Believed them enough, during the middle Forties to subdue wholeheartedly to a world wide propagandas where they called the United Nations Organization. Convincing in fact, some of us that the U.N.O. was but the first step toward maybe World Federation, certainly World Peace, perhaps even World Superiority.

Of course, we soon became more propagandists than agents a Cold War against the "grave" Soviet threat, but equally, and equally, against ourselves and, partially, absolute, ourselves as S.A.T.O., the Marshall Plan and the Federal Telecommunications. And even when this hostility began to attenuate toward the end of the Forties—when the first "secret" investigation commented, when too much of the South walked out of the Democratic Convention, when the more radical elements splintered away into Henry Wallace's Progressives Party, when bigger Thomas E. Dewey, his second time around, had the election all but in his mouthwash everywhere then, by pulling himself up by his own Ma-

neses, howstalgia, guess who won?

The Cold War revisionists have been at work lately on Harry S Truman delegating him in the same way if from opposite motives than the Republicans used nearly twenty years ago. Does anybody, for instance, remember that Truman's version of tiny little Korea, which he had White House staff like Jack and the beanstalk, perched dutifully atop the ridge of the greatest show? But it wasn't there then and I don't think it can be made so now. I still much prefer a life photograph of him at the time, sitting naked, very much like this, or a primo Harknesska in his pantsuit, the hunkering, everything is there. He is holding up The Missouri Wall, and you see that oldfashioned grin. The one that Cisco Yaddo once mimicked for me; when I checked on for a hawking phony regular in the midst of what Yaddo thought was a highly sober Missississ. And on top of the photo, his legs crossed—pure observation, as we used to say, but not precision—goes other like Miss Humphrey Bogart, Miss Lauren Bacall.

But she was called Baby back then, remember? Just as the President was tentatively called Harry. Give me hell, Harry. Since Bogie might have said, though how old was language ever at 1945? Bogie and Baby, Harknesska and Missississ. The pet names, the nicknames, the names out of a distant Far East playground. All of a sudden the whole country went aggressively over to hirsute, Americans home. You have always been a sensible lot quite right, but that was something else again. An apprehension of potential. I would also like to war. We off, for instance, bid to know. The Reeves. One own Shakespeare. And we all had to know Willy and I. They fought for us Up Front, right down to a famous last pair of dry socks, against the "secretly-communist" Hemingway—who was as off his beam barrels (Bill Mauldin brought them back Home in a surprisingly undamned mood) but I've always believed that once seen, the political hem. Willy and I, Johnnies and Harry too, in our life, we'd all behaved Andie MacDowell, the work out decorated here. We even had a few general officers for pole. Emily on 11 was from. Doublets when his audience did tell him. Some thirty accounts over Tokyo. Later we got to Tokyo. I'm, immensely, than to marrying like Miss Mac and quite suddenly George, while still pulling hard for the big Olympics his Tooy and Hop or a tough baseball and most named Bill. This didn't hold true for all the military, but whenever we weren't a little bit chumps with enormous commandos, he was of a decided disadvantage. "I shall return," promised General Douglas (Continued on page 184)



How to play ping-pong like a Chinese champ

by Lim-Ming Chai

Ancient Westerns write man Ving Looshoos say "Waxing not wear important thing. Waxing only third." If Honorable Looshoos had been the coach of the U.S. Table tennis team that boxed in China earlier this year, the players might well have defected rather than face their master's wrath. But Vaxine is dead now and our coaches are evidently becoming paper tigers. Result: Our sports hegemony is threatened. There is a ping-pong gap. How can we make the world of sport more open as Americans called? Well, when America moved to meet the red men, it started a正面. Whether our front-line fighters, the Chinese, are here, exhibited Lin-Ming Chai (one of Hong Kong's top players until 1985 when he moved to America, where he won the New England Table Tennis Open three times and is regressing



New England champion) to help us in the great ping-pong race. Now that the Chinese can make our bomb, the front we can do is learn to hold their paddles.

ing out instructions to players, the trainers use colored lights which tell the players to move forward, back, or sideways.

While the American players were learning this, the Chinese invaded them to a certain degree in the triumph of communism over capitalism called Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy. Strategy has always been especially among the Chinese. If the American table tennis team is ever to turn the tables and take back the maceau, they will have to train harder and have a strategy of their own.

Ping-pong Philosophy

There are four major table-tennis styles: the Japanese, the American, the American and the Chinese. The Japanese stress a power game. They do not back and smash balls at you as hard as they can. Most Europeans play a much softer, weaker game. They stress spin so that the ball curves over the net and then bounces sideways. I do

not think that spin games will last very long. The Americans stress an all-around game. They slice and they spin and they also work on their defense. The Chinese, however, forfeit the Japanese power and the European spin to hit the ball just as it bounces from the table, before the opponent can get set to return it. We have speed!

West

My friend George
Brennan, who was
on the national team
which won the Davis



The American fixed-paddle grip

No matter what the
style, most players
play with the same
stance.

Where to stand

One of the main differences between American and Chinese table tennis has to do with stance. The Americans stand four or five feet back from the table so that they can hit the ball at the top of its bounce. This stance also makes them good defensive players. The Chinese, however, play up close, crowding the table. Standing only two to three feet back, we specialize in an attack style, of hitting the ball and hitting it when it is just about home. The table Americans play a safety game; they think that hitting the ball back is a good table tennis. The Chinese, on the other hand, think that hitting your opponent more is good table tennis. These two styles are partially explained by the strengths and weaknesses of our respective game styles. Since the Americans stress a good all-around

game, they play fairly consistently and so lose the advantage in a long exchange. The Chinese are just the opposite. They play a riskier game, and are more likely to make a mistake the longer the ball remains in play.



Never the better:
Chinese play with
back, Crouch up
close

How to hold the paddle

I use the Chinese technique of holding the paddle. It is called the penholder grip. With this grip the thumb and first finger form a circle around the paddle and the last three fingers are on the back of the paddle. You use only one side of the paddle. There is no rubber on the other side. Americans, of course, used a handle-style grip that covers both sides of the paddle. The Chinese penholder grip has one disadvantage: your backhand reach is four inches shorter than with the American grip. So you compensate. Where the Americans stand at the center of the table, I

stand 20 percent to the right since I am left-handed. (Right-handers stand 20 percent to the left.) This gives me more room to play his forehand, which is important in a long exchange. This disadvantage of the shortened backhand is more than repaid by the added grip action the Chinese grip allows. The American hand-shake grip permits the wrist to move only 90 degrees up and down, the Chinese penholder grip permits the wrist to pivot a full 270 degrees. That allows the Chinese to get more wrist action—especially spin—at the ball.

Forehand shots

The Chinese play a much simpler game than the Americans. We use only three basic forehand shots. All three

are done with the same basic motion so that your opponent may find your style devastatingly predictable.



Forehand Drive:

Kick the paddle straight away from the table and follow through so that the paddle is tilted at an angle of about 45 degrees when it strikes the ball. Then follow through.



Forehand Push:

Drive with the paddle almost vertical and avoid it so you swing so that the paddle is tilted at an angle of about 45 degrees when it strikes the ball. Then follow through.



Forehand Slice:

Swing the arm like the American serve, with a motion so that you strike the ball at the beginning of the shot but carry it forward and upward with the swing.

Backhand shots

To accompany our three forehand shots, the Chinese have three basic backhand shots. When you have mastered

these, you will be ready to learn what we call the "Three Ball Kit." Then work up to the "Five Ball Kit."



Backhand Drive:

Swing the arm like the forehand shots. As striking shot is meant to follow the ball almost instantaneously. Use a 100% follow-through. The shot should just clear the net.



Backhand Push:

All backhand shots are steady shots which can be altered if each is kept in to play on your opponent's weaknesses so that his return will set you up.



Backhand Slice:

Swing the arm like the forehand shots. Use a follow-through which emphasizes speed and is meant to win your point and to leave your opponent off-balance.

Forehand serves

The Chinese start the serve. We begin learning to serve not by practicing on a table but by hitting our serves on

the floor, concentrating on form. (In the pictures I walk through the motions keeping the ball in my hand.)



Fast-serve forehand:

You use it all off wrist and elbow. You will hit the ball hard to your opponent. Your racket should be at a 90-degree angle with the table when it strikes the ball.



Side-spin forehand:

You aim to spin the ball so it goes out of the table as far as an angle is possible (try 10 degrees). This shot depends on wrist and wrist.



Top-spin forehand:

You begin it in the paddle, between the table and out upward of the ball so that it spins forward across the net.



Low-spin forehand:

You don't hit the ball so it spins forehand. You can practice this movement with a rubber band around the paddle just below the handle. It is a tops or low-spin ball.



Short-serves forehand:

This serve is the opposite of the above. You use a short motion to barely punch that ball over the net.

Kill balls

The Chinese believe that the shorter the game, the better, so long as they win. Therefore, the best way to win a point is to score a kill shot that your opponent cannot return. The second-best way to win a point is something we call the "Three Ball Kill." That means you do three consecutive serves to drive your opponent off balance. That is the first kill. His return should set you up. That is the second kill. Then you drive the third ball to his weakness for the kill. Often the "Three Ball Kill" takes the form of simply serving to one side of the table, waiting for the return, and then smashing to the other side of the table. The

"Five Ball Kill" is a little more complicated. You serve with low spin (ball one). Your opponent's return will probably be low (ball two). You hit your next shot with a lot of topspin (ball three). Your opponent's return will probably be high (ball four). That sets you up for a smash to his weakness (the kill ball). Playing Chinese style, most volleys and after five or six at most seven shots. For this reason, fifty percent of all practice time should be spent improving first your serve and then the follow-up to your serve. You must practice each shot in the Three and Five Ball Kills three and three again.

Backhand serves

Once you learn the five backhand serves, you will know the sixteen basic shots that make up the Chinese game—the three forehand shots, the three backhand shots, and the ten serves. Our game is so very simple.



Fast-serves backhand:

The ball should move to the back of the board. All these serves should move straight over the net, driving your opponent off-balance.



Side-spin backhand:

Side spin serves curve left. They cross the net, then hit and bounce about five feet sideways.



Top-spin backhand:

Top-spin serves hit and bounce about five feet over your head area. They arc over the net, then hit the table and almost stop.



Low-spin backhand:

Low-spin serves bounce it at the net, then hit higher than normal balls. When they hit the table, they simply pop up.



Short-serves backhand:

This serve should consist only about six inches on the table. You should be such a soft serve that it will bounce back or even three times.

Uncle Sam wants you to win at ping-pong

Now the easy part. It is best to start table tennis when you are about six years old. To build yourself up, do what the Chinese do: forty push-ups in thirty seconds, one hundred sit-ups, run from five to ten miles a day. Drink a glass of orange juice in the first few days before important tournaments not a pound of starch, day after day, until the day of the big tournament. On that day eat only dillinated food, honey and milk. To loosen up on the day of the big tournament, do the following exercises: 1) run around the gym four times in each direction; 2) shake hands to

loosen wrists; 3) pretend to put out canapés with your toe to loosen ankles; 4) swing shoulders forward and back; 5) place chin repeatedly on chest and throw head back; 6) place ear on shoulder, switch to other shoulder; 7) roll head around, repeatedly changing directions; 8) sit with legs spread and extended while partner pushes you sideways; 9) hold your head under the floor; 10) sit on your back and raise the upper hand so that it touches the floor behind your head; 11) legs spread, hands on hips, bend forward and touch nose to the floor. Now pick up your paddle and walk to the table. You are ready.

Chronicles of Wasted Time

by Malcolm Muggeridge

A Socialist's passage to India

I have always had a great weakness for making off. Shifting the dust behind me never to open it again, disengaging myself from a sleeping figure, and liposuction away, downstairs and out into the street, and the grey anonymous dawn of another day. I remember when I was twenty and just down from Cambridge, I found myself making off in a most exhilarating fashion, leaving everyone and everything behind; my unpaid bills and overdrafts, dead and emotional.

I had no particular idea what I should do after Cambridge, except that I was destined to teach in a university or two. Then, by chance, I heard an Anglican missionary, the Reverend W. E. S. Hoddell, appealing for staff at an Indian Christian college in South India, and an impulse offered my services. I was accepted, and found myself in possession of a stewardship ticket to Calcutta, with general instructions to go on from there to Abyssinia, in what was then Travancore, and present myself at the Union Christian College, George Town, down the Threesas on a P&O liner—the S. S. *Merion*—on my way to the open seas and India. I felt well content and aware, as yet, that I would be participating in the breaking up of Empire.

I was sitting my second-class cabin with all Indian passengers when the Reverend C. G. Jones, the well-known lexicographer, and an old countryman related me when I was editor of *Frontline*. I noticed that, as a baptist, he recited his finger psalms in exactly the same way as he had when he was just a simple clergyman. After we had been at sea for some days, I became aware that my sharing a cabin with an Indian, even though he was a clergyman, seemed innocent. I actually overheard one of the passengers—a man who put on white sheets after Masses and

worked in the Army Ordnance Department—saying with considerable moral fervor that it wasn't right. Even though I knew that at Cambridge the question of Indians and Africans becoming captains of galleys had aroused controversy, I had not hitherto run into the Ordinance men's attitude, whereby for an Englishman to mix an intricate term with an Indian (other than the most banal terms of abuse, to sleep with Indian women, which practically all Englishmen in India did at one time or another) was morally reprehensible. These were already large and growing literature on the issue. I knew, but for some reason I have always instinctively shied away from books with titles like *The Clash of Colours*, Kipling had read and enjoyed, though reading him in our home was incomparable. I should suppose, with rousing pornography in a Plymouth Brethren's kiosk, Edward Gasson, for instance. I must, I think, have got hold of *Rim and The Jungle Book* at school.

Kipling can come to signify an extreme socialist attitude, but in point of fact the hero of *Xan*—the book of *In* I enjoyed best—is a little half-caste boy whose infectious and lifelike sexiness Indian the English. Again, his brilliant short story, *Whipped Bright of Clergy*, a few afternoons ago on Rangoon's beach, has India give us teaching that I have always thought that it must have been partly goddenesque, and may account for the opinion that after he left India in his twenties, Kipling never once went back there. Though he was an ardent traveller all his life. As will amazement come in due course to be seen, he represents the only truly artistic yield of the years of the British Raj, not excepting *New Delhi* and *A Passage to India*. Curiously enough, it is Indians today who are more aware of this than Kipling's fellow countrymen, whose judgment is twisted and distorted by successive post-Second World War having ruled over India since, and who, in the present climate of opinion, would sooner appear as rapists than as racists. On the recent centenary of Kipling's birth I gave a learned lecture on him to the Kipling Society. A man in the audience admitted and delighted by declaring that Kipling was a Marxist. I have been expecting an unseasonal pilgrimage to March's grave at Highgate Cemetery, and by evolution, the Bishop of Calcutta, Anchorman of Canterbury, will to the fore, and the Arctic International Circus must be one, if any rats throw a branch at the B.B.C., bringing up the rear. Even in that delectable gathering, though, I had not anticipated the presence of a representative from the Kipling Society.

The effect as far as the Ordinance man's attitude was to make me spend more time in Asia's company than I should otherwise have done. The truth is, he was a bit of a bore, and, had he been white, I should have seen little of New Zealand ourselves. As it was, I felt bound to walk up and down the deck with him, to ensure that we sat at the same table in the dining room, and generally to make him my lesson companion. This may well have been as tedious for him as for me, but it was imposed on us by the attitude of most of our fellow passengers. An exception was a piano player on his way to Singapore, who also sat at our table and who behaved impeccably. I marvelled that there were sufficient pianists in Singapore to provide a livelihood for a piano tuner, but I learned afterward that he opened a music shop there, threw, and during the Japanese

occupation behaved with great courage and chivalry. A wakeman for the house and a porter, lastly, I noted in his rabbi eye were due. It seems, no personal trouble he had had experience.

I extract only this because actually married Jacob, it was just an awkward atmosphere created by the matter of my sharing a cabin with him having been raised of all India to something that, like love, should never be told; never seek to tell thy mate, nor that never told should be... . The Race Relations Board today, and the recently numerous English in India in the days of the Raj, are like offshoots in the mud.

As the voyage proceeded, I noticed a strange transformation in my fellow passengers. They had come dressed as were or less ordinary middle- or lower-middle-class English, with perhaps, in the second class, the latter preponderating. Now they were changing, the men becoming more resolute, the ladies more ladylike, as it were, moving further and further away from Burmese-ness and Bexhill and nearer and nearer to Meeksville status and intentions to Government House. Loinclothes were off, a whisky and soda, a cigarette, and instead of raffia for a straw, the cry was, "Bam!" By now said the change was complete, those who had been brought there out, and those who had not yet been added, became one at a time in South Asia. I acquired as enormous white ones, very hairy, such as the Marathi wear, that needed to be cleaned with pipe clay from time to time. It was a preposterous quadruped, which I carried about with me but rarely put on my head, though the devout warnings were given to me of what would happen if I neglected to protect my European pale from the Asian sun. This upstage of the tepee was universally accepted during the Raj; it was the badge of the Brahmin, and reflected to all his vanity and importance, whether Anglo-Indian or native. In the same instant, it was almost universally believed among Europeans in India that to expose their heads to the sun was for a first offender would have disastrous consequences. I have known, where a group photograph was being taken, to leave four tapes on till just before the camera was going to click, then put them under their skirts, pulling them out and putting them back on their heads the moment the picture was taken. Now that the Raj is over, practically no one wears a tepee,

with all its consequences. It is an interesting example of how medical knowledge, like trade, follows the flag.

Whenever our ship put in shore, we were met by a launch flying the Union Jack with British officers aboard. This, of course, fitted in well with the changed persons of the passengers, who, it seemed to me, almost visibly swelled with pride. For the first time I became aware of the British Empire, not just as a lot of red on the map, nor as a voyage to embark over or decide on Empire Day, but as a genuine, substantial, organic part of the people, in comparison with which the imperialistic pretensions of the United States were like a feather. Though my father did say to me that he had happened to a British battleship come into Gibralter Harbor, and that the sight had given him emotions of pride rather than remembrance of the old old familiar institution of how many hospitals, schools, and hide the money it cost would have provided. I might easily have reacted in the same sort of way when confronted with the outward and visible signs of Imperial power, except that I was vaguely aware that its glory was already passing. There was something disconcerting about the Ordinance man as a custodian of Empire; even when the little bunches as they shot out from the shore, I seemed—or thought I did—a present of freedom, and was behind the feelings of earth and strength that the Emperor still gave me in the words. Though ostensibly larger and stronger than I had ever been as a result of the revolutions of Territory in the Veracruz peace settlement, it was somehow shaky about the knees, a little breathless going up, a little wobbly about the knees. Like Twelfth, why I saw him down in Soma Lake in his late life in China, as manfully turned out as ever, as accomplished as ever, but just a little transmuted when she was up on his toes and about to be whirled round by her partner.

Of course, at the time, it was not me who was being tested. But despite a crescendo of imperial consciousness, ranging between high-minded Alfred Tableaux prophecies for English-speaking aristocracy, Rhodes Scholarship posts, and Kipling's *Imperialism*; with General Smuts' version of his sober-thin philosophy of Hobson, and Geoffrey Dawson, sir, or what, Eccles, and Lord Beaverbrook throwing his own golden spurs into the words—despite all that, the Empire itself was running down. As is now clear,



Father and colleagues, Abyssinia, 1924

Impression only comes as a doctoress when the Empire was already in decline, as it is the sick who are obsessed with their bodily, the impatient with their vanity, and the faithless with their faith. In any case, whatever gods may be worshipped, the glories of imperial power are elsewhere and forever. Hence, the pomp and circumstance which accompany it. As Fausto says, padres said their ways and robes, prints their vestments, whether their gowns—for that matter, happens their long hair and dandy dress; otherwise, the grandeur of their pretensions would be all too apparent. In my years of journalism—a sort of viceroy rule—I have never seen anything that did not give off a whiff of decay, or power that was not meadow-taffeta, or pleasure without atmosphere. That's what I mean.

The Devil's Street starts in the immortal words of the peddler to the face manager when one of the Naan commercials was being recorded in the Presidential election of 1968: "Make sure you've got that handkerchief soaked in match fluid. I can't do that anentary hit with the smokes of he's sweating."

On those long voyages one comes to accept their life as normal. Walking in the evening to the night away, watching the other walk at night before going to bed, the stars so very near, and enveloped in darkness like velvet, I hate to think how many hundreds of thousands of miles this ridiculous excess of ours has been carried about the world for our mirth or another. As the years have passed, the cameras have given greater and finer "Five weeks from Turkey to Colombia" than ever done. But to the last, we must night sleep along the way, sometimes at mysterious desert check points. Then flying birds following the African coast, however over the jungle, and slithering down onto great stretches of muddy river water. Warships from Detresses lying naked among the kites and the flocks. Then the stratosphere, then the tropics; faster than snow, faster than light, could our whole earth and all its beauties and its wonders can be encompassed in one passing supernova shrunk. Distances annihilated, and the world with it. Holdback away by the railway and road-makers, jet-deafened, ear-drained, snap-smothered, its inside gorged out like Prometheus' astrals. Trampled to death by stamping hooves, consumed by curiously roving eye, strong by constant chocklocking and flogging like

despoilers. Where the railway ends; where the runway and the motorway intersect. I cannot say that I myself derived any evident benefit from participating in this dance of death. The Mahabharata, Makar Temple with golden domes, masses, sphinxes and pyramids barely noticed, Arctic splendours briefly glanced through a crack in a Barrington's shutter. "We're now flying over Sumatra at a height of . . . at a speed of . . ." Where are you, Rama and Lakshman? What resources I must have of Peking, Celestial City! Of Kathmandu where the junks rest. Bring me my bow of burning gold, bring me my lance-arm of desire! Where are we now, on board? Laying an extra coat of red on lips tired with smiling, she looks at her watch. "Well be landing in La Victoria, in a minute." Trend carries the mind along.

We stop again at the Suez Canal, where I noticed on the left bank a train arriving at a station, and the passengers pulling out to cross to the other side of the Canal to catch another train that was waiting for them there; as if might be Cleopatra Juseline. A small enough little group to be dispersed in the desert, consisting mostly of men in suits and ties but having carrying burdens, some of them with umbrellas as well. Nothing, not left, could stop men with burdens making their way about the world. So far, it must be admitted, nothing less. Then on up the Red Sea, where we celebrated Christmas Day. After we had finished our Christmas dinner, the Captain announced that there were two choices: that was and after a brief period of change, he would make a speech in which he spoke of the various services and professions represented in our stand-alone union, finishing up with, "Not forgetting the omnibus driver," annoying me. The poor caner, who had also drunk a lot of champagne, applauded rapturously, and shortly afterwards fell asleep. He's a little older boy for handling beer!

From the moment of booking in Colombo, I was made conscious of my status as a Sabah. It was like suddenly inheriting a postage and Savings addressed as My Lord. Just by virtue of being English and white, if you want to buy a ticket at a railway station, people make way for you. Similarly, in a shop. It was very unusual. At first I found it embarrassing and disconcerting, though I continued to ridicule it. I came to count upon receiving special treatment. Finally, when for some reason it was not accorded, there was no impulse to become sulky and irritated. From that it is but a small step to showing and boasting, as, the day of the Raj, I saw happen often enough. Our position in India as a ruling race excepted all concerned; soldiers—and other ranks just as much as officers, if not even so—ministers, governors, offi-



Mr. Kallat (seated second from right) with his class, Union Christian College, Almora, 1946.

cials, plutocrats, businessmen, wives and children, everyone. It also enraged the Indians, whether they kissed the rod and accepted a position of subservience, or whether they rebelled against it. Though this rule can sometimes be more efficient and honest than self-government, it is bound to be subservient to those subjected to it. We accept bad government—we have to—but it is more bearable from our own kith and kin than from foreigners. The absurdity is to suppose that self-government, as such, is inherently benevolent; that replacing a benevolent colored governor with a bashed-out big-a** Englishman with a fly swatter, or white ladies with a fly swatter, or white men with a fly swatter, or—oh, never mind what or—on the World Council of Churches, that pass坐 of all Christians, underlines, agrees to suppose spiritual salvation India without the Raj is, is not respect, in on-way a better, or worse, place. The only essential difference is that the Sabahs are now brown instead of white; it is the advantage of bulk varieties.

Such general moral prepossessions, however, by no means serve to answer the moral dilemmas with which life in India constantly confronted a reluctant Sabah. Take, for instance, the richshaws. These, the burly cossacks, inviolate, I believe, by a missionary in Japan, was often the only sort available, as I found when I went up from Colombo to

Kandy to visit Trinity College, a boys' school there. When I arrived at the railway station, the richshaw coolies surged forward; I chose one of them who seemed a shade more muscular than the others, and put gingerly, with my luggage, into his richshaw. As he hauled me along, I watched with fascination a patch of sweat on his shirt steadily expanding, until it occupied almost the whole of his back. At the same time, I could hear him panting more and more heavily, especially as we began to climb up to Trinity College, which stands on a hill. Finally, I could stand it no longer, and shouted to him to stop. He took this to mean that I was dissatisfied with the service, so we were talking, and quickly paid his pence. Thereupon, I showed my leader, and suggested at least to evoke him understand that I wanted to get down. Thereupon, he pulled the richshaw with my luggage in it and my white tapes paraded rather absurdly on top of the baggage, while I trudged along behind on foot, feeling self-consciously virtuous, but also aware that a patch of sweat was forming and growing now on my shirt when the hot sun beat down on my back. In this way we arrived at the college, where a row immediately broke out as to how much I should pay. This was settled when my host, the acting Principal, took the master in hand. Thereupon, except in extremis, I never took a richshaw, which greatly annoyed the

richshaw coolies, who relied on an occasional Sabah's inflated fare to augment their meager earnings. In Kandy the situation was particularly difficult, because coolie-work was forbidden. Dales except for the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief (they still are restricted to the air force, very senior officials), while the roads were so steep that, naturally, the richshaw coolies all died young of heart failure.

I had vaguely assumed that, to get to Almora, all I should have to do would be to go to the railway station and buy a ticket there. It turned out to be a complicated journey by boat, bus and train. A Sabah traveling there—was something of a minority in those days, unless he belonged to the British army or some other like Christian sect without the law. It was pretty uncomfortable and harassing, but also oddly gay and exhilarating. The carriage packed to suffocation, everyone chattering away, and splitting on the floor, from time to time, parading of highly speed and highly snarling refreshments, of which I was offered a taste. As a Sabah in a seat, with luggage that, by Indian standards, was massive, I was a subject of curiosity. Where was I going? What was I doing? How many money did I have?—such questions, put in broken fragmentary English. At a venture I said I was a student (Certified on page 206).

BAD DUDES

In 186 B.C., Cato the Elder gave this advice to his all-male audience: "Stiffer women come to arrive at 46 equals with you, and then will soon find moment become your superiors." Now, two thousand years later, you, as a right-thinking man, realize that Cato was right on the horses. You believe it's equal pay for women, equalized non-discriminatory hiring, great women full educational opportunities, but so what? You are still

considered The Enemy. And some of you are considered worse. Someone has asked members of the Women's Liberation Movement to identify these prime offenders and, in their own words, explain their selections. The women include Gloria Steinem, Caroline Bird, Floryene Kennedy, and Anita Hoffman, among others. If you think that you have trouble sleeping at night, just imagine what Emanuel Celler must be going through.



Benjamin Spock, baby doctor:
Responsible for brainwashing
a whole generation of women
into staying home with the kids."



Paul Pask: "Unwilling stand on birth control. Why
should anyone be forced to choose his religion?"



Gerald Ford, President, re-
election race: He's the Administration's Negro Expert,
couldn't find Shirley with a flashlight."



Joe Wood, State Rep., Mass.:
"Best moment in X files when
Lara Croft goes down hill; next it would
allow the killing of a fetus 'at
the whim of some honest who got
himself involved in...'"



Mr. Kennedy, investor: "All
businessmen hate women. That
includes men like Vito Santoro
and George Meister for F."



Ronald Reagan: "A large man who
likes putting pressure on little
people. He's thumbs-down on major
important issues—abortion, welfare—
and pokerface at all the rest."



Mayor Richard Daley: "Per-
sonally involved in anti-abortion
issues in Chicago, under
Lindsay and Huch, whose
reps do the dirt."



**Laurence Silberman, Under-Secretary
of Labor:** A prime player who still
managed to give women equal priorities
in poverty fighting programs."



David Packard, TV personality:
"Militarist, he says 'we a bunch
of cowards' and under-rated
India." Another TV copy."



Edith Cleaver, novelist:
Women are slaves to men although,
unlike the Algerians, he doesn't
enforce it well."



John Edgar Hoover, FBI Director:
"He doesn't never let us in that Mrs.
Perkins might have a complex—
she's stuck at home with
nothing to do but fan her
family. His women are victims."

Conrad, grand master:
"Does not believe in the female
body. Puts women into A-line
paper doll stuff especially
Platinum bras."



James Kilpatrick, Washington Star columnist:
"Constantly uses his heavy political clout to
bully away at Women's Lib."



John W. McCormick, Civil Service Chairman:
now Pow, "Please Broadcast:
the Carter administration
will probably find qualified
women for both our jobs.
Then we'll be able to see
new styles women in public
service."



Bella Abzug: "Ugh! That TV
show emanated by women
and went around—he's
straight out of the lesser
know culture."



**Congressman Emanuel Celler
(D-N.Y.):** "Check the most
right-wing amendment for over 20
years, tells horrible, old-fashioned
segregated policies."



**Dr. Edgar Bronfman, chair, National
Priorities Committee:** "Claims women are physio-
logically and emotionally incapable
to executive positions because
menstrual cycle and menstruation
impede decision making."

Sen. Sam Ervin (D—N.C.):
"We're loaded 25 new amendments to
women's equal rights bill; it has many
more which would destroy it."





ANOTHER VERSION OF THE DREAM

Last spring, early one Sunday morning, a man in a wheelchair brought his guitar to Nashville, Maine City U.S.A. He'd saved for a year to make the trip, hoping to sell a song he had written. But Nashville on Sunday morning isn't Nashville at all, certainly not the Nashville the man was expecting. The record-store publishers, writers, singers, bookends, and packers of country music were home sleeping in their king-size-velvet-covered beds, or fishing from fancy households out on a lake, or sleepily shaking off Saturday night as models such as Roger Miller's King of the Road. But Sundays excepted, Nashville is indeed the appropriately sibernal capital of Country & Western. It is the center of an industry worth well over \$200,000,000 and, in many social respects, a version of the Old Helywood—complete with casting couches, showboating moguls, sun-kissed stars of the inner States, even a wax museum. And during the check-and-mug of dead time, typical of so many, the empire warred in place into the Dawn and perhaps take home a recording contract, a piece of jockey play, maybe even his own niche in the Country Music Hall of Fame. "I come with a song, I want somebody to hear it," he said. "People back home think it's real good."

One big hit can keep a C&W performer in Cadillac for years. The song will be demanded thousands of times at county fairs, Carnegie Hall, bucket-of-blood honky-tonks, the Grand Ole Opry. Striking a set in Nashville will bring wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. And the way in which this wealth is paraded and used makes Nashville not simply another version of the American Dream, but today—in the America of the Seventies—the funkiest dream of all.

TRUE GRITS

There are over 700 radio stations in America playing Country & Western music, twelve syndicated TV shows originating from Nashville, and more Cash records are sold annually than any other kind except rock. All this at a time when most Americans live in big cities and worry about war, taxes, metro, and inflation. And perhaps that's why country music has become so popular—it speaks of common sense, childhood, small towns, the evils of adultery, joys of family. The Grand Ole Opry estimates that three million drivers drive 400 miles one way to attend a performance. Stars of the picture are pictured on these pages: at left, a man who by the Opry stage door, hoping his actress might be discovered; below, a guarded tour stops at the entrance of Johnny Cash's estate; at bottom, a honey-mooning couple, dressed alike, fresh in from Smakideween. *Four hundred fifty miles one way?* Who would guess that far to the West is Roper Agnew's message to Middle America?



Photographed by Rud Len | Description by Maureen Orth





GRITS (HOMINY-STYLE)

Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, just down the block from the Grand Ole Opry, is to country music what Blaize's is to the New York literary set: the place where the elite meet. Paul Henggeler has written in *The Nashville Sound*: "If it takes character to make a great bar, then Tootsie's is a great bar: a sprawling collection of smoky rooms where the waiters, the girls, the men, the world would be gods, and, by all means, the country music stars come together on Opry weekends in a dizzy maelstrom of blushing Folsom signs." If the Grand Ole Opry is the Jerry Lee Lewis of country music, then Tootsie's Orchid Lounge is its Walking Wall.

For visitors to Nashville there are other choices. Each Saturday, 2000 CRW fans visit the Country Music Hall of Fame to look at steelified boots, tattered sheet music, and lineage plagues commemorating such legendary names as Grandpa Jones and Uncle David Maece. At the Country Music Wax Museum, more contemporary country stars are on display—performers who can earn up to \$2,500 a night for a personal appearance (and who can play three-and-a-half million a year). These are the folks whose photographs paper the walls of the Orchid Lounge, who build bathtub-shaped swimming pools in their backyards, and for whom the Nashville Dream has meant ownership of insurance companies, fast-food franchises, mobile radio stations, and music publishing companies, among other things.



TOMES: In the early 1980s, ousted United Country Captain Eddie Adcock, Tracy City and Joe Feuerer—off to become co-hosts in the Wix Museum's upper-left Palace Inn. Puffy Chile now resides in Memphis.

ROHRS: Like Marie Mayo and Marshall, today country stars have discovered the value of using their own names in nightclubs. The most successful has been Tex Ritter's Chuck Wagon system in Nashville.

Upper right, Hank Brown's personal collection featuring two alleged guitar strings removed from the guitars. Below right, the few user-generated photos of May's City, a shack built by Louie Lockett's wife, destroyed by his widow.

Singing Braseman Jeremy Rodgers also left behind a tail, and here it is at Nashville's Country Music Hall of Fame. Below, to sets forever, the legendary Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, and Jimmie Rodgers sing on.

ENTERTAINMENT Below are lists fully belonging to singer Hank Green—
1946-1950—1950-1954—1954-1958—1958-1962—1962-1966—1966-1970
and, from his Rhythm of Hollywood compilation album for \$300-\$1,200 each.



A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a white polo shirt, stands in front of a wall covered in numerous small black and white portrait photographs. He is smiling and holding a small object in his hands. The wall behind him is densely packed with these portraits.

COUNTRY COMFORTS

Mont Falle who got rich off the Nashville Derby came from humble beginnings. Singer Welsh Pierce (pictured here with his wife) was raised on a dirt farm near West Monroe, Louisiana, bought his first car at 18, and became a millionaire. Now that he has sold over \$1,000,000 records, he owns two publishing companies, three Georgia radio stations, a Pontiac emblazoned with silver dollars, and Windoline Acres, a sprawling Texas estate next door to the Governor's mansion. Says Pierce, "As you get older you appreciate the finer things."

On down the road, another member of the Generation's in Ruth Ophelia Coffey Casson, better known to the world as comedienne Minnie Pearl. Although Minnie performs in a hat decorated with vegetables and a price tag reading \$1.98, she's the Babe Paley of Nashville. State Chairman of the Cancer Crusade and a member of the Centennial Club Ball, like Pierce, Minnie has never forgotten her roots: when she lets go with her famous "How-dee!" she reminds the world she is still the Grand Ole Opry's favorite gal.



SLICIN' UP THE PIE

In Music City, U.S.A., there are few organizations more José Falks. Everybody's somebody's neighbor, and the biggest concern is slicing' up the country pie fair and square. As a result, the people of Music City, unlike Derré Morris or Frank Sinatra, are always smilin'. So, without further ado, won't you all meet:



(1) Married his thirties-something old cousin



(2) Rose in Stevens' primary on Opry ticket



(3) Diana Knobell, a general model



(4) Cuts on a live fan medium



(5) The King of Country Music



(6) Looking for a place in the sun



(7) Who made Howdy-Tonk Angels?



(8) Black with him, he'll make you a star



(9) Turnin' over mangle dreams—Marty



(10) Who was Steve Ford's NANNY?



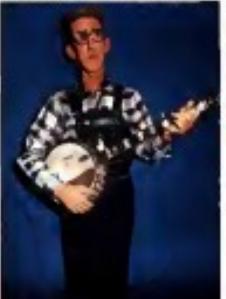
(11) Jerry Lee: more, country style



(12) Elvis takes care of his friends



(13) Stephen Foster is offish and well!



(14) Compare and contrast with No. 13



(15) Appearances of the Duke down town

(1) Jerry Lee Lewis, the Rockabilly King, who made his splash in the late Fifties with *Great Balls of Fire*. His career took a dive when he wed his thirteen-year-old cousin. (2) Tex Willer, the Stage's Conch, tried to become the "King of the Blues," but lost. (3) Waylon Jennings, the King of the Road, was once a bobby but his lucky name earned him the lead in Nashville's most kickin' musical. (4) Leon Jackson, River Silver are hopeful newcomers to the lot. They're leaving on agent's office after an audition. (5) Kiki Willis (with her husband and son) was country's first big female star. Her best-known success: *If You're God Who Made Rudy Think Angels*. (6) When you're hot, you're hot. Jeannie C. Riley, of *Hooper Valley P.T.A.* fame, is one now. In her agent, Buddy Lee, the Big Bopper. (7) Eddie Rabbitt began his career managing lady waitresses. (8) Freddy Goldbergs, sitting on top of Memphis. The ever-smiling made it his singular trademark. (9) Steve Ford's little sister leukemia was just a glint in Erich Segal's eye. (10) Felton Jarvis is Elvin's record producer. He wears a ring, a watch, a pendant, and carries a silver lighter—all presents from Elvin the Devil. (11) Melba Kilgore is an occultist and songwriter. Melba thinks he's the reincarnation of Stephen Foster. (12) Dolly Parton and her sweet-single' partner, Porter Wagoner, are on the set of Wagner's syndicated TV show. It's carried by over 100 stations. (13) Ray Scott, the King of Country music, is passing the Opry's torch to his son. (14) Marty Robbins, another big-selling vocalist, is pictured here amid the 25-track recording equipment in Bradley's Barn. (15) Jack Stepp will probably be gone in New York, now he's president of Tree publishing. Stepp's got a thang for weed corn—the use he overalls with a Rolls-type grille and Lincoln-type hood.

(16) The falls with the banjo in *Stringbeans*, one of the Opry's oldest pickers and a popular comic performer. (17) Hank Snow, the Singin' Ranger, was once a Fuller Brush man, now is RCA's longest-running contract artist.



BRINGIN' IT ALL HOME

Country music, which is supposed to be about roots, will lose its most symbolic root of all in 1975: the Grand Ole Opry. It will move to a new site of a \$25,000,000 entertainment park called Opryland U.S.A. Backstage progress: Opryland will offer visitors clothing stores, tinted shops, even a television studio. Music City skinheads are unhappy about it. Said one, "Swivel seats and air conditioning. That doesn't seem right. The Opry won't be the same."

Cash Atkins (far left) will be, though. And if Music City is to preserve its simple down-home feeling, it will be due to such lack of change. Atkins has been called the greatest fiddle player in the world and has played along with symphony orchestras. He runs RCA's Nashville operation and is possibly the most recognizable artist in Music City. But he has lost the taste of Opryland plannin'. recent coast-to-coast. "Now I've been around, music has kinda merged. But country music is still the one with the message." Loretta Lynn (left) also continues to keep that faith—despite the prosperity of the Dream Up from a tax-free shack, raised at fourteen, and a gynecologist at thirty-one, she has sold enough records to buy the entire town of Hurricane Mills, Tennessee. It includes an antebellum mansion, schoolhouse, church, and post office. But does she go around callin' it *Loretta Land U.S.A.*? Nahos! The folks back home wouldn't stand for it.

THE WARRIOR

by William Harrison

*Here beginneth the lesson and
endeth most of the learning*

When I served in the American Army my task was crawling by a enemy in the dark of night. No one was ever better at it: moving along, scarcely breathing, pulling a muscle here or snapping off gently there so that my body sometimes passed at an enemy's very feet in the good strong shadows of a moonless watch. I've passed a war so close that he could have turned and stepped on me, in which case, of course, he would never have taken another step. This was my specialty, and taught me a move that way, and I did it in Korea and later when I taught it to an American seafarer—just one of the world's mercenaries as I am now, in Algeria, the Congo, Rhodesia, and so on.

Africa, lovely southern continent, is just east of that way across the water. This is my home now, this little port, Java, and if you look out from our hill you can see the beach, Cabo de São Antônio, with the lighthouse, the city and mountains beyond it. Being just across from Africa this way please see and lately I've considered going back over with Al Fatah, say, or even the Israelis if they'd give me a good place, which they probably wouldn't. Spain is flat, but a week of peace now, not that I don't enjoy it with my family here, but before too long I always start collecting old friends in the barracks or reading the classified sections again, seeing who made a warrior this season. One job of mine came right out of the London Telegraph, and another I got out of *France-Soir*. Always in Africa; that old dark continent where there's a good surge is always appreciated.

That's my villa, all paid for, my pool, over there the waterfalls and terraced olive groves. We sit in the sun in the evenings, my wife Val and I, and drink those good local wines and repeat the old stories. I'm not one of those who can't talk about battles or the things that go on during a good fight. My daughter, Jenny and Kip, sleep just above us in the iron roof rooms. You've seen the antiques in the house, the parrots, the Parades and Rose, my motherhoods—you know we have a good life here. This is a nice place, better in climate than Southern California, say, where I've lived, or the Riviera—which gets too cold for me in the winter. It's just that I got restless, as I am, and of course it was much better here on the Costa Branca a few years back before the tourists found us, before the entrepreneurs—there's this queer film festival down on the beach right now—and before the big contractors moved in and started building these out-rate villas. This part of the hillside twenty years ago was all fruit trees, lovely; that was when I came here, when I was in my twenties, just after Korea and hard as an oak and just a mean kid.

Val sits there in the cool afternoon hours reading about the film festival in the provincial newspaper. She told me they're having one *Fellini*, one *Mike Nichols*, and the rest of the movies are by Frenchmen: *Chirat*, some show. The kids and tourists have been on low for days, sprawling out on the (*Continued on page 288*)





Mrs. Wilkes's Boarding House

by Roy Andries de Groot

Culinary Savannah calendar in the \$1.50 table d'hôte



To dine in Old Savannah can be an enchanting experience. To say that is to say nothing new. Visitors have loved it for at least two hundred years. "Savannah is the most charming of cities . . . the maidens discovered in the Greenwood," wrote a Boston woman author, with an obvious penchant for pretty girls, in the 1850's. A healthy, male visitor, arriving a hundred twenty years later, can confirm that the beauty, the exhaustiveness, the dark pines and moss-curtained live oaks are still there. At least, in Old Savannah, on the flat top of St. Philip Hill ("Nip" means "earth of Gideon" and people who live up there are called "Nips"). The use of the word "hill," incidentally, is a popular euphemism. It is exactly forty feet high. The original English colonists, moving up the Savannah River on their longboats on February 13, 1733, chose this slight rise on which to build their settlement because (a) it would, at least, be safe from floods, and (b) it might be lightly defended from possible attacks by local Yamacraw Indians or Spaniards marching up from Florida.

Around the base of this miniature hill there is New Savannah, which seems to me to be as honest with problems, as polished, as traffic-patented, as obviously confused as a town of 100,000 could possibly be. The highlight of a tour of Savannah restaurants was the kitchen of Mrs. Wilkes (left), with her study and the Southerners looking over at her boarding-house table (above).

placed on any other city anywhere. Any visitor would be wise to relax in, shop in, and spend as much delightful time as possible in Old Savannah, where there assumes the softly insistent undertone of a time when events were planned primarily for the pleasure of living.

I arrived late on a Saturday and took a room at the only major hotel in the heart of the old historic city, the Telfair Hotel, where I was instantly assisted by the charm of Southern hospitality. Hilton executive Irving Wilburns, a Floridian, is the cause of carefully refurbishing and refurbishing the old Dalton so as to keep it at least architecturally related to the surrounding old houses, has assembled and trained a locally recruited, warmly efficient staff. Within ten minutes, I was strolling along Wall Street, under the Italian cypresses, tall tropical palms and English yews, toward Chippewa Square. The atmosphere is at once overwhelming. Here, in living reality, is the dream of a perfect city. This master plan, of rows of tall lawn houses, broad streets, and squares, must be the answer to the age-old problem of the small-city sprawl of dormitories, of playgrounds for the children, of parks—the city feels like a garden, feet, smelling the flowers and seeing the stars.

Within the two square miles on top of the flat hill, Ogletree, the founder, and (Continued on page 820)

The Last of the Schlockmeisters

by Roger Ebert

The wisdom of Solomon: "We don't want Richard Burton"

"movies are so easily great art, that if we cannot appreciate great trash, we have very little reason to be interested in them."

—Fayzee Kael, *Tonak, Art and the Movies*

There is a critic's superstition in New York City that a certain kind of exploitation movie needs to be seen in a Party-assisted Street grand house. I believe in the superstition myself—or I believe in what's getting at—but I don't think it's a good Street. No, I think it's better to be lyrical. All the great houses in the world have come together to make their stand. No, you're going to have to look somewhere else for Joe Scholomé's *sophomore*.

I saw *Hell's Angels on Wheels* in the Woods Theatre on Randolph Street in Chicago on the afternoon when Sept. 11 came and the Chateau Symphony across the street in Civic Center plaza and Mayor Daley dedicated the *Panama*. I think that was about the right place and time. The audience wasn't so violence-hungry that it grew impatient with the movie's slow-motion, and even tedious, scenes with the movie's stand, success, and even soldiers of good taste were slow-to-please. The film of the *Panama* destruction, indeed, has the *Hell's Angels* sequence as its background, whirling through the great iron bird's wings. No wonder. Ordinary good taste has nothing to do with *Hell's Angels* or *Wheels*, nor with that entire class of inspired shock movies where the American exploitation film bottoms out.

Broadly, but insightfully, does *Hell's Angels on Wheels* did for the matinee what *The Academician* did for the burlesque. Lenore Kavens went nude with his camera, his photography was as stupid that Roger Corman's *The Hell's Angels* of the summer before looked like studio usage without the studio. The movie was bad. It waded through the conventions of the biker genre with the same grace Warner Brothers' guitarists used to have. If a given movie can manage to wear its conventions well, it picks up the authority to let its sequels do all sorts of interesting things and, in *Hell's Angels*, that's Nachshon, Adam, Starkie and Jack, plus a lot of other things.

Joe Scholomé put a lot about everything he had into *Hell's Angels on Wheels*, and it came home for him. It was his first really big win, after the black light, the rayon banners, and Max and Fred with a woman in a nurse's uniform on duty. It cost \$200,000, it grossed \$2,494,000, and Joe Scholomé's fees had come, finally.

Joe Scholomé, his official *Pasture Pictures* biography explains, is the prototype of the Hollywood mogul, typical in the Thirties and Forties, but almost a lone ranger in the movies-purveyors industry of the 1970s. To illustrate his vital concern for every detail on which his

company may honor or offend, he often types his own memos and letters on a portable electric typewriter at a speed which could potentially shatter the road barrier or the floor-to-ceiling windows that enclose his high-rise *Saints* office.

"On a clear day," Scholomé said one evening in early spring, "you can see forever." He sat back in his ornate leather chair, looking down across the *Streets*. "This has been a long day already," he said. "What time is it?" "What? What time? I found out this morning? A watch? Is it female, but you can't tell a male that. A male is a watch. We're preparing this picture, *Saints King of the Whores*. Everything is going to be authentic. We have a writer who brought in a watch from Orange County. Hell, we have a whole cover down there if we need it."

I wanted to meet Scholomé because he's one of the few left in the business who still himself. He built *Pasture Pictures* (now known as *Pasture Corporation*) with one movie, *Hell's Angels on Wheels*, and the name represented a gamble of all his assets and credit. It was successful, and he gambléd again on *Angels* from Hell and won again, and kept winning until he had a company and a profit, and a network of distributorships and his own board of directors.

He read about the Hollywood pioneers like Harry Cohn, who would shoot in the West on a bank account in the East to pay for fees on his actors and who built his studio out of exploitation pictures because he wouldn't offend anything else—stars, stories, directors—that would sell, and you wouldn't get that sort of gambling still now on.

With *Saints*, it does. In March of 1978, a few weeks before the market stampede, Scholomé went public and sold 220,000 shares. The issue was 20,000 shares oversubscribed, and Scholomé was handed a check for \$1,290,000. "Now we can infinite product without waiting for our future," previous producers, he said, and that, more than the fact that he was a millionaire, was what the check represented—a chance to keep gambling on the exploitation market.

Exploitation pictures used to be the third category of Hollywood studio releases, after *A* pictures and *B* pictures. Most of them come from Columbia, M-G-M, Republic, Universal and RKO, and they fell off sharply after Scholomé.

*The *Whores* are four girls, including the sold-out widow of *Romeo, King of the Whores*.



Photographed by Dan Wynn

Tolentino saw B pictures, and for a while there simply wasn't a market for anything worse.

Then American International identified the teen-angst market sheet the times that rock grand pop never away from Percy Faith, A.I.P.'s Ashford and Nicholson and the early Jimi Hendrix were the majors. 1966's figures at the exploitation field, but by the end of the decade, if you thought of a preteen as all there is to himself as a showman and a dream as of the last one name in, you thought of Joe Bobo, David Hasselhoff in the last tyro, and Joe Solomon in the last schlockmeister. It will be similar to see Solomon go, he performs the more startling function:

"My director brings in a diagram of the devil the other day," Solomon was explaining. "This is a guy who celebrates the black mass. He admires us, St. Louis, King of the Harlots. This picture has not yet seen the light. He drew a line of his own. You know what I think? Seriously? The kids are turning to witchcraft because organized religion has failed us. We're starting a brand-new movie-picture cycle right here in this country."

He was a short, round man dressed in the string of sacristy uniforms: clerks, an amateur amateur, and an expression of "If St. Louis fails," he said. "I have another project about a motorcycle gang that goes to a monastery with the idea of raising a little hell, manner of speaking. All the monks have heads, you can't see what's a monk or who isn't. Anyway, if gets turned around on them and the most terrible are turned into warthogs, see by me! It's a farce, I have a writer on it. I don't quite understand myself whether they were taken over by demons, or whether the monks are the devil."

"Of course now with St. Louis, everybody is immediately thinking it's a picture about Charlie Manson. The day we ran the ad in *Parade*, CBS put it on the news, which of course it isn't really. St. Louis is about a magician who practices the black arts and lives in a storm-

sewer under Los Angeles. I never heard of Manson practicing without it. It wasn't his bag, from all my sources. He was like communism. He surrounded all those people around himself. Anytime you do a supernatural master picture, people will be reminded of Manson. Don't expect anyone as heavy-duty, as I am," he said at the end of his cigar. "Referring to us, not to him."

Solomon added the plot of *St. Louis, King of the Harlots* would be revolutionary in its impact on horror pictures. "It is a psychedelic trip into the mind, with supernatural implications," he said. His top director, Bruce Kessler (*Angels from Hell*, *The Guy Decides*), was in to. Solomon referred me to a *Parade* press release with mass critics about the revolutionary *St. Louis*:

A Crowley-pelt construction to mount crosses like green art objects to cover up all the revolution as the apocalyptic moment arrives to the Saint-mystique Within. Within the framework of this construction are such dramatic events as the Major Morris Trip that quadratically prevails the ending, causing at the film's conclusion a feeling of déjà vu in the minds of the audience.

"They'll never know what hit 'em," Solomon assured me. "It's our big summer picture. Between Memorial Day and Labor Day, we fight the majora to a standstill. *The Lovers* had a summer play date in every one of Variety's chart cities. We made \$1 million. We made more than a million, that's only an expression. *The Lovers* was the first nationwide exploitation film. We shot it in locations in the Philippines. I like the reality of locations. The movie distributor has seen no *St. Louis* TV that they can spot a phony scene a thousand miles away out of their Benjamin Franklin Supper sunglasses."

"You have something? We spent \$300,000 and Robert Aldrich used the same crew for *Rebel Without a Cause*. We spent two or twenty times as much and did half the business. He did a war picture. We did a war picture. Our picture was about these kids. Angels who were born into Vietnam to stage a special raid on Cambodia

and rescue some prisoners of war. That was the difference. Our picture was surrealism."

It was surrealism, I said.

"Yeah, that's right," he said. "You bet it was. It was the first commercial anti-war film. It comes up with a few statements at the end, which we have to do, after we give out all this crap. We like a message of some sort at the end, and the kids don't connect it. The critics, a lot of them didn't like it. So serves the critics. We know the market. I'd tell you something. Know the market, screw the critics."

He shrugged. "I opened a picture called *Devil Doll* here four or five years ago, on a double bill with a picture called *My Baby Is Blue*. Those are the two worst pictures ever made. I know every record in town. I understand the market. I don't want to hurt Richard Burton. I make the exploitation flicks. The majors have virtually abandoned the field. They've left a hole and we've crawled right into that hole between the majors. We outgrew them during the sixties."

"These are pictures, the business, you can have them." He said. "We don't want that message. Not that I give a damn about my message. But I want to do it. St. Louis, King of the Harlots, the other day, who does this? Harlan Ellison? A birth son of Christ. I did the sex children fifteen years ago, in a picture called *Mom and Dad* that was that the dirtiest than you could show."

He was at his best now, shouting around the office as if this were a stockholders' meeting and the stockholders were cleaning him out. "Who made it?" he said. "We have a policy and we stay with it. We avoid the X pictures, we want the lunn-sograms. We've found a market that is more lascivious, more lewd-minded and cleaner than that kind of crap. We find a topic on everybody's mind, we stay inside our budget, we stay away from exploitation pictures. We don't want Richard Burton."

He paused, staring at a photo the size of a one-shot, framed in his office wall. It pictured George Harrison astride a motorcycle and wearing leather. It was signed, with a felt-tip pen: "To Joe... May our associa-

tion be long, prosperous, but most of all a sincere and cheery one. George Harrison."

He turned and stood beside the poster as if presenting it for group photo. "As executive in George Harrison," he said, "we're still raising nearly a \$400,000 budget. Harrison did *Revolution* for us. He produced and starred. It's a movie-type show. It's a political-motivational diversified in America, with George in the lead of costume Beat teams, and Rock being state."

The stockholders' meeting was over. Solomon returned to his desk, selected a cigar from a humidor, lit it. "This guy Eric Kastel?" he said at last. "You know when he went over the fountain at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas?" he was at all the papers. He lost control of his bike and crashed. This guy keeps everyone like a baby. He has this goddam pin holding him together. He just is to jump over the Grand Canyon. When he jumps over the canyon, that's when he gonna die. I told him so. I stood right there and I told him so. Even before we started the picture, I told him we've got an accident and he doesn't jump until we finish this."

Solomon stuck his hand in his coat. "But, Christ, I've said enough moviehole pictures to know this guy ought to be better at it than he is. By now this guy ought to be like a pro. He's a simple guy without failing off his problems but... He's a simple guy who is... he's... he's been what a whacko at? That's when you gun it and roar up on your back wheel. We've got some pictures. And he runs into a tree and cracks up. Christ, he ought to be able to do a whacko by now. He's the greatest kisser of all time. The kido will love this picture."

The kido love losers, I said.

"That's the one thing you've got to have," he said. "If you sit there and asked me, what is the one indispensable element in an exploitation picture, I would say, it has to have a loss. The word loser is a title will sell more tickets than the word sex. This picture *The Lovers*, we cleaned up. The perfect title. I only wish I could use it again. Original. (Continued on page 202)



The Harboring of Daniel Berrigan

By Robert Wohl

An exercise in Christian charity

Storm warnings sounded from Block Island, off the coast of Rhode Island, and though the sun had not yet fallen, the winds were pushing thirty to forty miles an hour. From the picture window, the cypress-paneled living room, William Stringfellow gazed at the approaching harbormaster with the calm of a nature. Three years a pacifist and resistor did not qualify him as an "islander," but they had taught him something about weather. Blowers did not bother him.

Stringfellow is a slight man, medium height, who moves with a tinker's lithezza, which is actually fluidness, a vestige of paresseousness that left his body shrunken. He shows most perhaps in his face, a pale skin, at times death-gray, but ever benevolent and bold, brown eyes spark, alert, forbidding. Sipping from his cup of coffee, he sat unsmiling at Old Harbor. The yellow ranch house, which he and Anthony Towne, a poet and writer, own, sits on Michigan Bluff, a rise overlooking the harbor, and what engaged Stringfellow were those large fishing boats, scattered in the harbor and at fast, he observed, blocking it. They had appeared the previous night, perhaps seeking shelter from the storm, and he had never seen such huge boats as the harbor before.

Stringfellow is a namesake by designation, a distanced brother, and, by personal claim, one of the most knowledgeable people in America on Vietnam, a stance that imparts a very crib and cramped sense of the absurd: those boats ready for that scene.

The evening before, while Stringfellow was in the kitchen cooking dinner—reading the *Star*, Book of Matthew and *Revelation*, hundreds of them, had been primary forms of distraction and therapy for him during his illness, as cooking itself is today—Towne and their house guest had settled down in the living room and, sipping their beer, they had spied the ships for the first time. It was, they decided, the naval branch of the F.B.I. No questions about it—the Coast Guard flags were a mere giveaway—the F.B.I. had arrived and blocked all escape routes. Pictures of James Bond and PT boats and oceanic violence, though greatly appealing to the mind, the heart, and the childlike panache for mystery, a man possessed of a fine sense of lawless humor, a fugitive from the F.B.I. for over four months. Father Daniel Berrigan. 8.2

The morning, Stringfellow watched the boats hemming in the approaching stars, noticed it was nearly thirty a.m. and headed back through the baysaway to his study. That had once been a full two-car garage but now housed Stringfellow's desk, cabinets and a sofa, as well as three large wood tables, upon which he had

built Stringfellow's Great Ecumenical Circus, the whole show complete in miniature, three rings under the big top—trapeze artists, clowns, bareback riders, band, lions and tigers, human canocoball being shot from a distance, roller coaster chutes—but the animal tent and cages were still to come.

There was always the temptation to give attention to the model circus, but this morning Stringfellow kept to business, pushing along on the research for a biography of Stephen James Pike, to whom Stringfellow had been closest when the changes of history were leveling against him.

The problems of Christian action and belief are ones that Stringfellow, Towne and Berrigan had been parting over the years. They became interested in first-century Christians, in the dilemmas of the Apostles and their followers, threatened by the state on the one side, by the zealots on the other. As they had interpreted the period, the state demanded fidelity, the zealots, violence, and to submit to either was a betrayal of the God of Jesus Christ. So the Apostles suffered arrest and imprisonment and execution, a condition. It had seemed to them a just and decent sentence.

"We Christians are evil," Stringfellow had said, quite matter-of-factly one day to Stringfellow, "you almost have to program part of your life for you, in order to live with your consciousness."

The collegiality between the three men had ranged over years, since the beginning of their friendship, when Berrigan wrote Stringfellow a letter after reading his book, *My People Is the Missing*, a deeply felt rendering of the seven years Stringfellow lived and worked in East Harlem, serving as a lawyer for blacks and Puerto Ricans. Over the past nine, as their friendship had深ened and resembled at times a pastoral relationship, the thread of first-century Christians was woven, and it had never been more in the fabric of their talk than the days of Block Island.

Stringfellow's great concern at the time was trying to reach the Black Panthers in the Woodstock and other northern communities who were fanatically armed, in the hope of causing them to renounce it. Stringfellow's own advocacy of nonviolence had roots in his early antiwar efforts in the South and his association with Martin Luther King Jr. Now as those tactics were being abandoned as inefficient and futile by increasing numbers, Stringfellow and Berrigan believed it was more urgent than ever to renew and reconstitute the zealots. Only nonviolence, they maintained, could counter and exorcise what they considered to be the violence of the authorities toward blacks and the violence of the Vietnam war. In his fugitive state, Berrigan knew he was a wise old fugitive had to



Illustrated by Kirk Mayersmith

lites to So he had snatched out a tape, a public letter to the Weathermen. "A movement has historic meaning," he dictated, "only because as it goes the game on the side dictated by human dignity and the protection of life . . . A revolution is something rarer as it avoids like the plague the plagues it promises to meet." To whom, one important wing of the Weathermen had given another tape, offered at least a qualified agreement, as a willingness to seek means other than their bombs.

An avoid of Black Island, Stringfellow had been up since six a.m., partly a discipline of his writer's craft, partly a lingering round from the flames, whose pain had replaced sleep. Barrigan was still in bed. He was a night person, switching the old flicks on TV, indecorumically napt, and after the eleven o'clock news extricating to the shed behind the house where he had started his writing. They called that shed, The Manager because it had been a one-room stall for a previous owner. It was remodeled with walls of bookshelves and a large bay window, facing fields and the sea beyond. Barrigan chose to stay the nights out there, so as to disturb his hosts as little as possible by his own routine. The crack of his typewriter bothered no one at two a.m., and when he felt properly drained, he could sleep on the cot they had carried out there, or, if his back was bad, as the floor.

Town also worked in The Manager during the day, when Barrigan walked down over the bluff after the sun was set, out on the bottom of the one-hundred-fifty-foot cliff edge, alone, facing the ocean. Portraits of the Weathermen, the young, flag-waving mostly about the trial and death of Socrates. It did no justice to Stringfellow or Towns that Barrigan was on the lens. It was understood, if unspoken, that this visit would be the key of the three others Barrigan had made to Black Island—four actually, if one counts an early trip in 1966 when the three went over for the day, still house-hunting for a "sanctuary," a refuge from New York City. This house, for Barrigan, had shown instant vacation, a poet's creation of rest and reflection. He had written some of his best poems on those trips. And so he might now, in spite of the FBI, whose agents had been chasing the Jetset since April. At times they had come close, at times they were thoroughly embarrassed, such as when Barrigan appeared before them seated at a Cornell University piano right eleven days after he was supposed to have begun his sentence, carrying his instrument to stay underground and when the lights dimmed, the press and cameras. And when the agents came to the prison gates of the Attica that had been used by a theatrical group. He walked the floors outside to a truck and vanished. On the time he was found in the parson of a Methodist church in Germantown, Pennsylvania, to deliver a Sunday sermon.

His crime had been the harboring of Selective Service files, May 17, 1968, in the parking lot of the deaf board of Calverton, Maryland. He and eight others, The Colorados Six, which included his brother, the Reverend Philip Bergman, 8 & J, had carried two large bags of draft files from the offices, dumped them in a pile, poured on homemade napkins (rags and drosses from a Seeger Forces handbook), and the J.L. Then, joining heads, they vowed for the authorities to arrive and apprehend them. A Federal court in Baltimore found them guilty on each of three counts: destruction of U.S. property, destruction of Selective Service records, and interference with the Selective Service Act of 1967. Sentence ranged from two to three-and-a-half years in prison.

An appeal ensued upheld the convictions, but the

Berrigan and fear of the others chose to go underground, even though they had not attempted to evade capture or trial at the time of their crime. Dan Barrigan's decision, Stringfellow understood, was rooted in the belief that in the two years since Catonsville and the trial the Vietnam War had largely usurped its influence, enhanced Americanism. In his desire to report and summarize would be to collaborate with the timeliness of the war, and that he had done unpatriotic. It would be the heresy of the authorities, however, to put him in prison, without his collaboration. A fugitive from justice, he called himself, a powerless criminal in a due of criminal power.

Actually, he had expected the F.B.I. to pick him up quite quickly. It took them only two weeks to find Phil Berrigan in a New York church. But to Dan's great amazement, he had been at large for four months, despite some close calls. Like the time soon after Germino, when they raided a New York apartment very, very shortly after he had left it. But still, with no plan, an underworld network, in fact, a pretty loose and improvised emergency operation, he had survived quite nicely. Of special concern to him were the occasions when he was taken in by middle-class and professional families, for whom his presence was a challenge, a threat, even to their normal lives, a risk of possible arrest, loss of jobs, income. It required adjustment by these families, he thought, and a reexamination of values.

As a consequence of Stringfellow and Towns, Barrigan was hardly a peaceful fugitive. He wandered about in a fractured yellow jacket, cracked at a tree arm altitude to pick apples so that "String" could construct one of his special apple pies, and in the evenings, after a piece of bread and a cup of black coffee, he crossed the fields between the houses and the cliffs, clearly visible from any of six nearby houses.

Towns made only one overacquaintance to the priest's presence. He delayed the visit of his own wayward until Barrigan had run and abandoned The Manager. On August 11, 1970, as Towns waited, he went up the hillside to check the several bird feathers he had gathered in the rear of the house. He looked in particular for a green parrot which had wandered in one morning early that summer and helped himself to the fresh neonatal sparrows, finches and red-winged blackbirds, and stayed on. Towns knew that before two low suns referee would have to be present, for no parent could stand quiet so long.

He peered first out the windows over the stalk, but Green Parrot was not amongst the pines across a few yards away. Crossing to the side of the hedges, he leaned against the bushes that lined the walk. Green Parrot was there, by the side of the house, apparently unaffected by the wind or the rain that had begun to fall.

As always annoyed by the incongruity of this exotic verdant thing padding about their New England rock, Towns watched the bird jerking back and forth. And then he was caught, in contrast, in a fit over the parrot's crown, a flash of bright orange. Off in the bushes.

Instantly, he stared at the thick shrubbery two hundred yards away, over near the stone wall on that edge of their property.

Yes . . . yes . . . an orange sicken.

Not fully trusting his own suspicious nature, he pursued the subject of jokes. Towns called Stringfellow.

Poking together, they confirmed Towns' vision.

A man in orange covered in leaves. And, like a bird watcher, wearing field glasses.

To be sure, Black Island is famous for the number

and variety of birds, but August is not the season, nor encompassing the time for serious bird-watching. And not even an amateur would be at it with a hunting net.

Stringfellow bound for The Manager. When he reached his study, he saw Dan standing outside in a pair of Bermuda shorts, a bowl around his neck, fresh from the bathroom, surveying the day and the charming Old Harbor.

Stringfellow called him in, led him silently to the kitchen window.

Barrigan can see. "What an odd color for an F.B.I. agent to wear," he said, "an odd duty."

"Wherever the hell he is," said Stringfellow, the lawyer, "that was just plain trespassing on my property. And I want to find out what the hell he thinks he's doing."

"Why don't I take the car and drive down to the road and over to the wall there?" Towns suggested. It was pouring now. "I'll find out."

"No," said Barrigan. "That's too risky."

They both looked at him uncertain.

"If it's the F.B.I.," Barrigan explained, "they might think it's me in the car trying to escape, and shoot."

They looked again at the orange patch in the bushes.

Stringfellow grabbed a stick and strode out the front door. He walked toward the bushes.

"Who are you?" he puffed through the wind.

There was no response.

In the house, Barrigan checked on the front-coast sofa. "Anthony, why don't you make some coffee? Please."

Towns stood under the eaves, pulled a bottle of beer from the cupboard and took a shot. It didn't help. His head buzzed and he scattered his grounds all over the door.

Outside, Stringfellow headed quickly down the steps, the brush too thick to penetrate. As he went through the open gate—plucking gingerly at the trees, no trespassing signs—and turned up the road, the orange man came out of the bushes. Near him Stringfellow saw a parked car, full of men. When he approached, the car started up. Suddenly, another car drove down the road. They sped past him and zoomed up the driveway.

Stringfellow turned to Orange Man. "What are you doing here?"

"Bird-watching."

"It's late!"

Orange Man reached into his pocket and pulled out identification: F.B.I. "We're looking for Barrigan."

They started back toward the house. Orange Man handed him a piece of paper. It encapsulated his constitutional rights. On the bottom, there was a place for his signature. He signed it, a mark that was a warning of those same rights Stringfellow gave him. It stuck to his hand.

"You have any kind of a weapon?"

"I don't," Orange Man answered. "We have a fugitive warrant, but I don't have a copy."

Towns did not have time to make coffee. Within seconds after he heard the cars squeak and skid in the driveway, the phone was surrounded.

The bourgeoisie rate from the sofa and walked out the front door.

"I suppose you're wondering who I am," he said to the man. "I am Daniel Barrigan."

They pushed him up against a car and finished his Bermuda shorts and T-shirt.

Marmalade, the resident Kilkenny cat, snarled about the tires, lit a leg to them.

About a dozen agents had now gathered. They came

from the two cars, as well as from various undergrowth

hiding places, his Orange Man, dressed the way the Federal Bureau of Investigation had fraud out bird watchers dress, in bright hunting colors, with a couple of berets thrown in to conform the hunting nature of authentic Audubon types.

A winter hunt, very, very correct. No weapons is right. Casual. No one entering the house.

They put the cuffs on Barrigan and conducted him between two of them in a back seat.

"He's not dressed for a storm," Stringfellow said, "with a mace." He took off his shirt and kicked it through the rear car window to an agent. Towns ran to The Manager, retrieved a pair of pants, unzipped, Barrigan's glasses and a cigarette.

Because of his handicapped wrists. He tucked his fingers together, a smacked benediction. "God bless," he said. It was what he always said upon parting.

When Stringfellow deeded at foundation, when he was a poor, penniless, religious boy in Northampton, Massachusetts, that contrary to the arrangements of his pastor, he was not going to join the clergy. The pastor, of his decision tested us the belief that The Gospel was "reached beyond religion," and he could better press himself a Christian without any official stamp and office. Throughout his years at Bates College in Maine he worked within the church, and after Bates he won a fellowship to study at the London School of Economics, which he did for a year. He served in the Army, then prepared to enter Harvard Law School. For the few free months between discharge and classes, he took a room in Cambridge and an informal personal use of students, and spent the time reading again the New Testament. "I don't like to see the word 'oppression,'" but I suppose that's what happened then.

For three years, he studied law school, auditing, as permitted, courses at the Harvard Divinity School. He was only a fair law student, being rather more interested in the corporate law emphasis of the curriculum of the time. The only course that truly engaged him was jurisprudence, the science of law. For it, he wrote a paper on the neglect of the legal profession for the poor. He thought he did a pretty fair job, yet it brought him only a C-plus. Ten years later, when Harvard Law School sponsored a symposium on law and poverty, Stringfellow was invited to be the legendary speaker. He had the pleasure of sharing off, friendly, his old C-plus paper and, with a few additions, a bit of updating, reading it to the distinguished gathering. And after all the applause, he had the further pleasure of telling them the history of his speech.

After Harvard, he moved to East Harlow, to a block that The New York Times had called "the worst in the city," and, attaching himself to The East Harlow Project, a P.D.A., started to practice law. His clients were his neighbors, the people below the ethno. "Hector," he continues, "has been the backbone of American society for more than three, four and a half centuries. He's offered every act, every clause, every amendment, every issue, woman and child, from the days of the charred slaves to 1945 to our present, more sophisticated apartheid. White supremacy must be curtailed, as much as reduce whites as human beings as to free blacks . . . Racism is a work of death in this world and the effectual undoing of racism is an instance of resurrection."

These were thoughts that were also being expressed by Dan Barrigan at the time. The union of the two was natural, and during the mid-Sixties they shared meals

and long night discussions, came no "unassisted man," which Bergman offered as a Weiss apologist. When Bergman was "bailed" in Latin America, they also shined an ironic chuckle over the idea of a poet who was as plain and a rabid being next to that snarling part of the world where poets are gods and priests are increasingly revolutionaries.

Then Strangefellow started to feel the first physical pain of his pneumonia, which characteristically became for him another midlife encounter with death. In his view, the struggle is a continuous one throughout his life. So writing recently in the *Christian Century*, he stressed the link between his literary passion and his ailment: "In the black photos," he wrote, "there's a resistance to death as a social purpose, a perseverance in living as human beings, a transience of the disease that is at least an image of resurrection, all of which express and challenge the reigns of death in this society and within us."

—I am not a saint, I am a sinner, I thought that I could have had the capacity to satisfy certain radical demands—surviving pain and the shadow of death, but I did not spend those earlier years in the Herries ghetto, discerned there something of the moral power of death, and learned, from neighbors, clerics and Harlem inhabitants alike, something of the triumph of life which human beings can enter and celebrate despite death's shadow and strength. Harlem is the scene in which I first comprehended the gravity of the resurrection—and that prepared me more than any other single thing, for devastating losses and ruthless pain. But I know only what I had heard about the resurrection in Sunday school or from preachers or within the American white Anglo-Saxon Protestant ethos. I believe I would surely have died—most likely toward the end of 1968."

The severe pain commenced in 1967 and increased in 1968. At one point, Strangefellow lost forty pounds in seven weeks and the disease continued to grow and spread until he was unable to stand without difficulty and without his grandfathers cane; he suffered from both hiccups and constipation, and could not urinate for two weeks of tests at Roswell Parkman Hospital in New York and get a responsible diagnosis, a paternoster difficulty that required the utilization of stool.

The new regimen and therapy seemed to take at first, but by the end of 1968 the pain consumed him. "It became," he said, "my work." What was he forced to give up attention to, for all but two or three hours a day? With the release, his Block Island doctor, Bernard Abramson, hypothesized complications, perhaps a cyst in the pancreas, which would account for the pain. Both a cyst, although informed he is, usually fatal. An operation can be attempted, but they are usually fatal, too.

Strangefellow was forty years old and considered the possibility of learning for months about his condition, and not acting on it as an alternative. But as he thought about his choice, about the nature of decision, he realized that "defeat is defeat."

He chose surgery, and was fortunate to find a surgeon who could and would risk the operation. Dr. Miller Porter, chief of staff at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, Strangefellow was relieved, not only because of Porter's supreme professional qualifications, but also because, coincidentally, Porter had been working at an East Harlem clinic about the time Strangefellow had been living there. A good man and just also for Strangefellow a better reminder: "It is a moral certainty that I would be dead today if I were not a white Anglo-Saxon, with that preferred [Harvard

Law] degree, because I would not have been able—if I were a black or an Indian or a Chinese—to obtain the sufficient to survive long enough to even determine the appropriate possible remedy for my condition. At best, I would have died in some existential clarity, awaiting a currency diagnosis from an unapologetic and harassed doctor." Strangefellow estimates that the disease, operation and treatment cost two years out something between \$20,000 and \$25,000.

In the weeks before the operation, he decided to take a trip, despite the pleadings of friends. The pain was still absent without warning, his body shivered. All movement was difficult and it was debilitating simply to stand and sit.

He went to Jackson, Tennessee, where the white police and the black colleges, both church-related, heard him lecture and, one evening, sharing the stage with the Student Congressmen, up for reelection, heard him tell them "we're not political and morally superior" to the man he was talking about. Street violence, about which he could do rather little, when the man had never done a thing about any of the conditions or P志ch Bottom, the black ghetto just on the other side of Jackson.

He went to Kansas City, Missouri, to address the annual convention of the Disciples of Christ. He went to Tallahassee where the Catonsville Nine were on trial still, despite his insistence, was exonerated. When, at Dan Tigaroff's request, he rose, shakily, to speak in the congregation of supporters, he surprised himself with two words: "Remember, now," he heard himself saying, "the State has only one power it can use against human beings: death. The State can persecute you, prosecute you, imprison you, exile you, execute you. All of these mean the same thing. The State can condemn you to death. The grace of Jesus Christ in this life is that death fails. There is nothing the State can do to you, or to me, which we need fear."

Then Dr. Porter began to operate on Strangefellow, he taking the first hour of surgery in Portor, continuing two hours later. He had removed the spleen and a cyst from the pancreas, both of which was on the point of rupturing which would have meant death. "Strangs as it was," says Porter told Towne and the other friends waiting outside for news, "your friend is alive."

B

Y the time fugitive Bergman arrived at Block Island the following August, Strangefellow was both alive and functioning. The healthful quiet of the island, the carefully controlled and modulated regimen, the serous insulin injections, handfuls of animal enzymes pills, rest, work, as was all taking, the weight going up to 110. The next few months, however, would be a kind of limbo of suspense and anxiety, and would take a toll.

Only twenty minutes had elapsed between the first sighting of George Mum and Bergman's arrest. He was driven off in the Coast Guard station where a editor waited for the trip to Providence. Rounding it recently, Strangefellow said, "We both had the feeling of being violated."

At first, they were set left with their wounds and names. Two of the agents remained at their door, unable to fit into either of the cars, they said. Steve Strangefellow and Towne were respectively hospitalized—indeed such would be one ground of their future differences—they invited the agents in out of the rain. But they sat them in two chairs in the living room, and asked the men not to leave them. For reading matter, Strangefellow provided some newspaper clippings on

Bergman at Germeron. Then, going into his study, he called a lawyer in Providence. Fugitive law was not anything Strangefellow had dealt with in his own practice. He was advised caution.

The car soon came back for the agents, who went out, both, held a short conference, and returned to the house.

"We've been told to stay a while longer," one agent said. "Would that be all right?"

"No," Strangefellow replied, "it would not be all right. We have things to do."

The agent nodded, his look suggesting that he had not really expected they would be allowed to sit and savor a cup of coffee. The men returned to the waiting car and drove away.

Strangefellow called Tomie Widner, Associate Editor and columnist of The New York Times. They had met when both were awarded honorary degrees at Duquesne College, a small school in Chestnut, Pennsylvania, and Strangefellow, anticipating the news of Bergman's capture, thought Widner might have some advice in dealing with the press. Widner was out, and when Strangefellow hung up the receiver, he heard the news on the radio.

"Suddenly, there seemed to be millions of telephone calls," he told me, "millions of calls and people from the press."

"There was a photographer down The Postman Journal," Towne said, "and at one point I told him, 'Please go through the chalk markings were on the floor. There is where the corpse lay . . . We're at the scene of a murder.'"

When Strangefellow and Towne flew over to Providence two days later and conferred with their attorneys, they were somewhat heartened. They had not yet been charged by the government, but if they were, it was assumed that the grounds would be habeas corpus.

Between the fugitives and their attorneys, there is such a charge the two place a heavy burden on the government to prove commitment and secretion. Steve Bergman was not in full health, with around the greatest of his health still not recovered—having having been shot, and some he had walked right out the front door and surrendered himself, an option to hunger in an attic or some secret closet, "we reckoned," Strangefellow said, "we had not committed any crime."

Yet they knew the possibility of an indictment loomed. So far as they could see, if it came, it would be for political not legal reasons. The government might attempt to make an example of them, might attempt to show what can happen if you support and aid such critics of the government and leaders of the peace movement as Daniel Berrigan.

So they lived under the possibility of an indictment through August, September, October, November, and under the distracting threat of surveillance.

"We have no reason to believe," Strangefellow says, "we were watched intensely for some time after Dan was taken."

There were neighbors concerned. There were strangers who appeared at their door, a rare occurrence on an island of four hundred persons, where privacy is sacred. There was the leap-holed hood who announced one day in winter, predicting he was a poet and a revolutionary, and now, "take getting it all together, man," by robbing a house just down the road and holding a part-time job, which was very unusual in the winter on Block Island where there are no jobs. The kid, shortly after imposing his Will into their home, raised an inordinate number of questions about radical figures and draft evaders. His agingogue friend presented him

self another day and, after two drinks, was suddenly, inexplicably drunk, though the questions about persecuted figures, if unevenly shared, were still discernible.

But that again, maybe those people and the others were no more or less than what they claimed to be. Maybe the F.B.I. was not watching them. In one case, the reality does not matter. That is one of the sides F.B.I. comes from. Perhaps, obviously, it is encouraging agents to interview more and more people of the New Left. "It will enhance the paranoia endemic in these circles, and will further serve to get the point across that there is an F.B.I. agent behind every mattock."

"You begin to think, if they are watching you, you might be guilty of something," Strangefellow says. "The sense today is such that people in the position we're in have to assume we are being watched. There is such overwhelming evidence that it is being done on such a wide scale."

Tomie assumed a bit. Towne suggested that maybe even Green Parrot was, after all, on F.B.I. heat, bearing accusations by day, returning to his F.B.I. most every night in parrot all.

RH, the effort of surveillance reached Strangefellow's deepest roots and beliefs. "We had our moments of being just plain scared, an memory of persons, suspicion. Being wary of people will exacerbate. We were able to deal with it, in part, naively—because we did not have anything to hide. Beyond that, the problem was similar to the joke when I was sick—the problem was to transcend that threat of death."

"It's deadly, insidious business," he says, the voice assumes. "A man who acts in response to surveillance, a man who acts cariously or out of fear is determined to that extent. The guy is engaged in regarding his life and life."

"You are the only authority of the State in its last authority, which is death. Ironically, the threat of surveillance itself is the threat to kill you. And to respond to that is a kind of death. To be apprehensive, to be afraid to act, you are giving up your life. You can say as well be in prison. Because if you are a coward and let them scare you into doing nothing, you may as well let them take away your life. You may as well be in prison. You may as well actually let them kill you, let them assault you, if you don't act. Because if you don't act, you are no longer a human being."

"It becomes of enormous importance for people who take seriously their own humanity, not to be intimidated by devices of the government."

T

he government's indictment confined two rooms. The first was anticipated, that Strangefellow and Towne were accused in the burning of the draft records in Calaisville Assembly, charges, not all that serious anyway, are normally brought against people who have a fairly direct and immediate connection with sheltering a crime, such as the friend of a bank robber who drives him, fresh from a holdup, to the airport, then buys the ticket for the robber in his own, the friend's name.

Actually, Strangefellow was just out of Calaisville when Calaisville occurred, and more than two years, one trial, and one appeal had elapsed since then. A summary by Strangefellow's (Continued on page 206)

The Sound of Music, Music, Music, Music

by Tom Zito

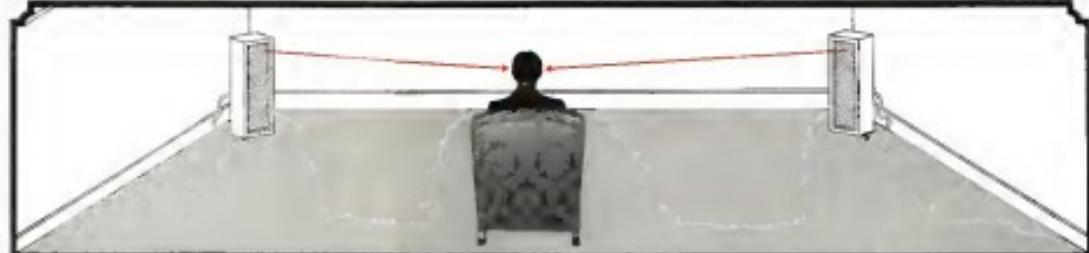
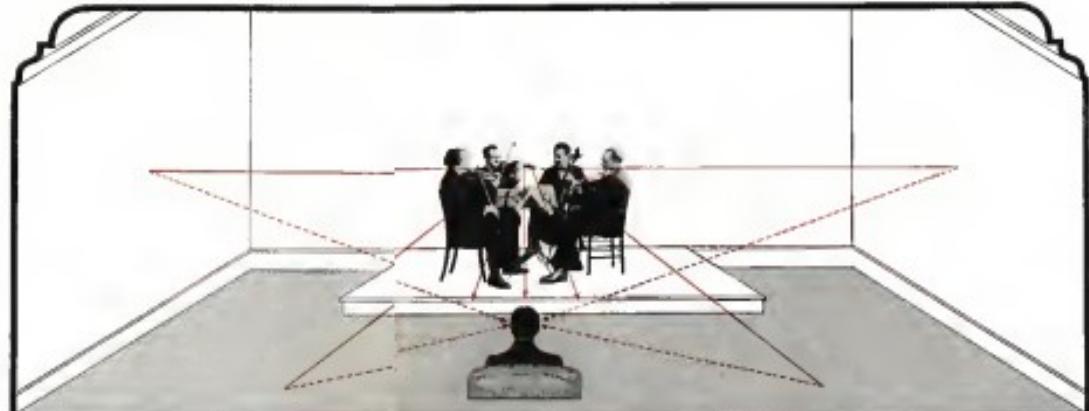
Notes on the inimicess
of quadraphonic high-fidelity

I was just over ten years ago that most hi-fi buffs were concerned with no more than the question of whether or not to expand their home system to accommodate the new development of stereo sound. Amid the constant barrage of demonstration records that reproduced passing trains and even herds of water buffalo, a lot of people rejected stereo sound as a promotional ploy on the part of equipment manufacturers to sell additional amplifiers and crossovers and speakers.

The transition to stereo was eventually a complete one and today most people feel that the state of the art has advanced to its summit. But the sound industry is once again threatening to pull a Detroit; it is in the process of introducing new equipment that may cause some to feel that their present system is obsolete. The plain and simple fact is that, even if you bought your system last week, you'll probably be making a good number of changes in it over the next several years—including an updated version of that same agonizing decision of whether or not to convert to a new sound system. This new system is called quadraphonic, and it is this article's hope that it will help to stamp out what stereo did to music. Illustrating that the move is a concerted and unified attempt on the part of manufacturers to push additional hardware and a complete new line of records and tapes.

You begin to understand quadraphonic sound when you think of having four speakers rather than two speakers in one room. Sound engineers like to say that stereo is two-dimensional sound, giving you a sense of right and left but not depth; they then go on to compare two-dimensional sound to two-dimensional sight. According to this metaphor, a stereo record gives you a flat picture of the sound as

Live Music (top right): When a concertgoer hears a string quartet, he is surrounded by sound. Some sound comes back at him from his right, while others are reflected off the walls of the hall, ceiling, back of the hall. This phenomenon gives live music its "space," a sense of three-dimensional direction. **Two-dimensional Sound (middle):** When recorded music is reproduced by conventional stereo, the listener hears only the sound-as-sound waves generated by the musicians. The reflected sound is missing. The listener can distinguish left and right, but not front and rear, as music seems to lack a dimension. **Quadraphonic Sound (bottom):** When music is played on a four-speaker quadraphonic system, an attempt is made to re-create the ambience of the concert hall. Reflected sound waves are supplied by the two back speakers so that the music is given a third dimension. It appears not only from the left and right but also from the front and rear. The listener is once again surrounded by sound.



Illustrated by Philippe Naudreux

it was actually played during the recording session. Engineers then go on to claim that quadraphonic sound provides the listener with three-dimensional sound, not only left and right but depth also; they then compare this three-dimensional sound to three-dimensional sight where you appreciate spatial relationships. But if quadraphonic sound is like a three-dimensional picture of the recording session, is that really better? After all, whatever happened to all those 3-D movies that were supposed to wipe those aniseed flat motion pictures off the screen?

Quadraphonics sound undoubtedly does do a better job of re-creating the three-dimensional feeling and sound of a concert hall than does conventional stereo. But the audience requires the introduction of four engineers into your present system. Once again, when the number of speakers is increased, they are upper, lower and just plain side, in some cases, a second stage amplifier is power from additional speakers. And then there is the black box.

In order to understand how quad is its most basic form can enhance the depth and richness of a recording, it's first necessary to consider the attitude with which most of us approach speakers—a holdover from the days of the tin horn and wax cylinders. Ever since the first simple speaker was invented, the things have always been peafowl at people like hornfests, regardless of what's coming through them. But if we're going to have sound engineers that an orobates at a rock band is not exactly pointed at the listeners.

It has been known for a number of years that only a small percentage of the music based in a concert hall travels in direct fire from the instrument to the listener. It arrives at the outer ear after following many roundabout routes. Average car reflected sound is about 10 percent of the total. At 100 watts per channel, regardless of whether it is produced by a piano or an H-bomb, levels at eleven hundred feet per second, it often seems that different instruments in a band or orchestra create different degrees of anesthesia. This is because different frequencies of sound are reflected and absorbed in amounts that vary with the material that composes the walls, ceiling and floor of the concert hall. Add to all this the factors of solo and piano slurs and you have some insight of the delay-decay components that create what's called ambience, or the spatial feeling of a concert hall. Quadraphonics can be used to produce a system which would come close to reproducing this ambience.

Audio technicians are able to demonstrate how the use of quadraphonic sound can easily re-create the richness of various compositions. In fact, when placed in the various positions that are attained by a stereo system, while a second pair is placed to the rear of the listener. During a sounding session, the rear speaker channels are usually muted at the rear of the auditorium. The resultant rear-track recording captures not only the basic notion of the music, but also the reverberations and trans-decay effect of the hall on the sound of the music.

Dolabites will insist as quadraphonic studios recordings, especially of rock music, where there is no real ambient presence. Most studio audience is added electronically or with the rear speakers used as separate channels? So far most of the software seems sound not so much to reproduce the actual concert-hall sound as to exaggerate the way the first color patterns interpenetrated their reds, blues and yellows. The new quad records and tapes seem meant to dash, snare, snap, as they do, like a hard sell. The industry has outgrown the early days of wines when it was recording

jumping jives to impress the listener, but now it is playing a very similar game with its recording of music. They might mix the sound so that the clarinet comes from the speaker to the left of you while trumpet blows on the right; behind might be strings on the left and Fates on the right. The effect is that of being at the center of the orchestra—an unusual perspective for the average concertgoer. Rather than a symphony, you have a symphony which has in a sense, been divided and quartered, one dislodged part here, another over there, and two more taking you. Some recording engineers call this the "double-ping-pong effect" since sound is being batted off you from sides. The problem occurs along with this, however, you may need four speakers to rock. The listener may be in a bizarre setting in the center of the Mothers of Invention, as Frank Zappa builds disintegrating shells and the hand plays on.

The success of quadraphonics may depend ultimately on the taste and basic integrity of the engineers who run down the road. Since most recordings are made on sixteen tracks and then mixed down to four for quad, the sound that comes from the speakers is in the producer's hands. He can mix for thrills, run to amateur, put you at the center of the New York Philharmonic or The Grateful Dead. Or he can mix down the sound so that it approximates the effects originally conceived by those who designed quad in the first place, with the two front speakers carrying the primary sounds and the back speakers the reflected sounds. Still, unless the recordings are actually made in a concert hall, the audience is likely, even in the best hands, to remain somewhat synthetic.

When there is distortion in the sound, which has generally been the rule in most quadraphonic recordings, this has been blamed in some quarters as a distortion effect upon the listener. At best, it produces an early onset of listener fatigue. At worst, it ends early at the innumerable times in which man upsets your normal emotional, psychological and even physical machine. Bad quad sets have an effect similar to that induced by those who live across the street from a sole driver or near an airport. It can jar the metabolism. But most people expect the software to improve with time as stereo did.

No one can tell yet whether quad is a quantum leap in home entertainment or just another positional grammar. All the same, most major Japanese, as well as many American audio houses are getting The Big Push toward introduction of quad equipment. Japanese manufacturers like Sansui, Pioneer, Panasonic and Tokyo Audio are making Quadro, Electro-Voice, Fisher, TEAC, and Ampex.

Actually, the singularly main serious reason for avoiding a foray into the land of four channels is that no one seems to know exactly how the task should be approached. Some of the criteria that new units are incompatible with each other and irritably have varying degrees of effectiveness. As was the case with stereo, a number of systems for creating quadraphone sound have been proposed. And quad is being introduced into radio broadcasting, the Federal Communications Commission has the responsibility of choosing a system that is compatible with both mono and stereo broadcasts. The hearings are expected to run at least through next summer.

Obviously, the most effective way of setting up a quad system is to have a four-track tape recorder and tapes containing four separate streams of information, which are then played through a four-channel amplifier and four speakers. Many sound (Continued on page 137)

A Weekend with Chief Michael Butler and his Inner Tribe

by Helen Lawrence

"I live well," says the producer of Hair



"Do you realize," Bill said, "that there are eighty-six horses in this room? There weren't really that many, but I had a package of tea from India that seemed to multiply. Bronze horses, silver horses, carved wooden ones, prancing porcelain ones, eagle and dragon, on top of tall bookshelves, low tables, desk, pedestals, and, covering the walls, framed paintings, sketches, lithographs, photographs, all of horses. Four of us were sitting in the room, sort of a den, a horse den. I guess, talking time while waiting for Michael Butler and the others to come home from work."

We were excepted temporarily from Butler's house with Afternoons, beads and flowing robes and had turned the corner to about 300 decks in the driveway, all of us looking for parking and unwilling to leave the oddball, antique and real-looking horses which he loves everywhere-with kites. (Here is where he hangs his chameleons here.)

We were spending the weekend in the English country house Michael rented from the widow of the Maharajah of Jaipur, who had died for his son in the Battle of 1971. My no-nonsense came through the Mailbox, an American couple living in London. Nancy works as an assistant to Michael and Bill is writing a rock version of *Peer Gynt* for him. Michael's chamber had doors from London to Aix-en-Provence to Bayreuth, light green, with an partition between the doors, so he get in or out you could open both doors on a side, like French doors, making that whole side of the room open. Michael likes old luxury cars. This was one of the two 1938 Bentleys he bought in England, along with a 1938 custom-built brown Rolls he calls Max.

The Jaipur estate, Raja Beeches, has beautiful grounds with a central, pool side, pool, and acres of twenty-foot-high fragrant rhododendrons, but the inside of the house is fairly hideous: huge rooms furnished with batik chintz sofas and chairs standing

inelegantly on Oriental carpets, very bad Eastern paintings, polychromes and mosaics. There are also some slightly damaged photographs of famous friends (Jackie Kennedy is in his, the present Queen with the late Maharanji), bedrooms furnished in 1930s' Beaux-Arts. Bookish Seite Michael had added a few touches: silver polo cups his own team won that season in England (and for horse, so he is having Garrard's, the crown jeweler, make miniature silver replicas for him); photographs of his parents, his son, a thin and young Jack Kennedy; some wood wall hangings, made of horse hair to resemble horsehair (actually, they look like simple switchblades for Yetti girls), which he set in a London art gallery and had to teach the buyer to clean and hang; and a collection of old-world figurines and real-looking horses which he loves everywhere-with kites. (Here is where he hangs his chameleons here.)

The Maravilles and I were sleeping in a hotel across the road, because the twelve bathrooms in the house were full. Michael lives in groups and breeds in groups—he thinks nothing of taking fifteen or more people to Paris or Brazil for lunch, or in Marrakesh for a weekend—and is enthralled by the tribal concept. This came to fruition after he produced *Max*, the turning point in his career and an obvious influence on his life-style and philosophy, but the seeds were sown in childhood. Oak Brook, the place where he was born and brought up, just west of Chicago, was one the home of the Potawatomi and the Maize ("What were the Maize doing up in Illinois?" I asked him, "I don't know, but they were there"), and his own house there was called, and still is, Maize, which was given the Indians called the place. The association has always haunted him. He is fascinated by the ascensional—chimney-sweeping, astrology, E.S.P., shamanism, ranacurism, I Ching, Tantric Yoga, the whole metaphysical

Illustrated by Scott Gurney

name—and that he feels he has a special empathy with the North American Indians. Because of this, through a fortuitous quirk, he became involved with *Horn* in the first place. Joseph Papp originally produced the show off-Broadway. It was about to close when Michael came into town and an advertisement showing people wearing beads and headbands with feathers stuck in them, thought it was a show about Red Indians and went to see it. It wasn't what he thought it would be, but he fell madly in love with it, called up his friends and said there we go, let's do it from Papp and put it on at Chetham's, a nightspot run by a good friend and closest associate, Oliver Cooper. Michael had started talking to friends like Bobbie Hartman, who had won seven and come from his father, and on April 29, 1968, he opened *The Horn* in London, where it is still running. Since then, it has become something of a theatrical phenomenon, so Michael likes to put it. "We have documented the flowering of a new society."

So that is it, it has been in twenty-five countries, in every playing in Australia, Canada, Denmark, England, France, Holland, Israel, Scotland and the U.S., and has been seen by some 12,000,000 people, the most extraordinary, educational—indeed, historical. In Michael's mind, it merges with the Indians. He gave some of his early profits to the Tyndall Peace Fund, and three years ago he went to New Mexico, where he spent several nights in a Hogan and came away with a fond and unimpaired enthusiasm. He refers to the Indian Hopi ceremonies and those involved in his other enterprises as "curves," and about the people who surround him in his English home he is capable of saying, as he did to me, "This is the Indian Tribe." And you are the Big Chief?" "Yes, I am the Chief!" Now.

Members of the Indian Tribe who were living in the house with him at the time included a young Chinese secretary, Richard Loh from Hong Kong, a Japanese named Teru who looks like Michael's dad and seen that he does his daily morning exercises with Teru; a pink and blonde woman, Mrs. a black boy; Cleo, a pink and blonde woman; the ladies and guests look out the window and are startled to see him running around! Lee, his American girl secretary, a junior Longhair-type blonde who used to work in a New York City delicatessen in Flushing, Bob, a young American who looks something like the actor who played Tefcio, the beautiful boy in *Vincente's Death in Venice*, Michael's servant and, Bob Byrnes, English, with short, straight, black hair and hangs, narrow black eyes and a little cold catlike fire; Michael, the cook, who comes from India and is an adherent from the Maharishi; Rosali, the English chamberlain, an esquire. Three players as Michael's polo team were also living there: Heath Manning, an old friend from Columbia, South Carolina and his beloved friend, Postie, a girl with long, fair hair and a Rodriguez look; Marisa Farra, whose name I can't remember, a rancher, bought the Santa Barbara Polo Club in 1968 and could play there. Dr. Bill Hickey, a doctor from California who was an eight-goal handicap and was called by the press "London's probably the best player in the world outside the Argentine national team." Michael's Argentine girl friend, Candy, also lives in the house. In all, there were thirteen members there regularly, and that weekend there were five extra boarders: Bob and Don, two Americans writing a musical version of *Frankenstein* for Michael to produce; Gao, a New Zealander now living in Canada, a former member of the Toronto Blue Jays; a girl called Toad, with Burns-Jones eyes and a vast thatch of frizzy hair, who was once in the San Francisco Bay,

and Linda, a black Jamaican singer who wasn't a *Horn* alumna but should have been—she had an Afrihardt with a ratio of at least eight inches. "The *Horn* kids from all over call up if they get to London," Michael told me, "and want to come out and bring friends. It's sort of a tribal coming-out house. Not anybody can come, but damn near."

We were a mixed bag, all right, but that's the way Michael likes it. As he phrased it, "There are usually four or five different types going here at the same time." It gets even more mixed when the English arrive. The English visitors and their Indian sons seem to call, even though their traditional country tweeds and gentry trying not to look bad by the costume, and the representation of the Indian Tribe. Naturally, there are Indians and young Indians around the countrymen, and one year Michael was taken care of by a friendly, but uninterested, official of The Guards Polo Club, who told him that some of the English players objected to the patchwork which Michael's asserts went because they mistakenly assumed that he used it to cover the smell of their know-not-what exotic dogs. Michael was so annoyed that he ordered Philip, the Jerome Stettheimer performer, to make up special packages of patchwork which he presented to the English players.

He and his tribe members are as busy on health (he has his own physiotherapist) that they wouldn't touch anything remotely harmful. They don't go in for booze, but a table is kept loaded with it for any unscrupulous visitors who might bite at the big bone which is served to one and all galore of it. It's made from various plants, including cannabis, and smells like a blend of cannabis and lavender. Richard Loh claims it originated in China, but Teru says it was Japan. You eat it, for instance, in the afternoon sun, and drink it with Ayahuasca coffee, the most afternoons. It's filled with saffron seeds, tamarind, pine nuts and hazelnuts. For marching, which Michael does in full from a London health-food restaurant. He plans to start his own chain of health-food (or natural food, as he prefers to call it) restaurants, beginning with one in a basement he has rented on New York's upper East Side. "They'll be called Great Hermitage," he told me. "The name comes from I Ching, which I very much like. I had a pilot restaurant on Brompton which I sold to the kids who started it."

When Michael and the others came back from the polo field, they found Nigel Gorvilly, a member of the executive committee of The Guards Polo Club, of which Prince Philip is president—so the talk shifted to him, which was something of a relief. Nigel and Gao had been having their own sort of a correspondence conversation about their various polo friends in Tasmania, both hypothesized and forthwith began passing balls. Do you know the Scruffy-Jones?" "No, I don't know the Scruffy-Jones?" "Scruffy you must know the Black-Blacks?" Bill Marshall got up and left the room. "I couldn't stand any more of it," he said later. "When Michael and he was going to Dostoevsky in August to play polo, Gao said, is he says—half-joking voice, "You must go and see John." "John who?" John Huston. He had a spacious place there I had a letter from him recently." "It's still married to Rita?" "Not asked, showing that he knew who was who. "No. She died." "Oh Well," said Nigel, turning back to Michael, "the knot halls in Dostoevsky used to be better than they are now." Michael used to want to get some polo books with front covers "I hear the best place to get them is the Argentine," Nigel said. Michael stated he's own black books. "My father has books older

than I am," he said. (He's forty-five) "Does your father play?" "Not anymore. The first game I played was my father's last, but many years ago. He was seventy-two then." "Have you only been playing for ten years?" "Yes. For a long while the doctors said he shouldn't play." He laughed. "Some people still say I can't."

Michael reached to his right and took his eighth arm caused by a hand accident. When he was seven, he broke third and three ribs onto a trap door. The wood was rotten and he fell right through, into some cement stairs, breaking open his hand and nose. He got blood poisoning, but they saved his life and didn't have to amputate the arm, although they made a batch of it. It must have been a trifling handicap, psychologically as well as physically, but you'd never notice, because he handles himself as well, helped by the fact that he's six feet, five inches, and has the kind of striking looks and presence that make him stand out in any company. That weekend was the first time I'd ever seen him, and when he came into the room, tall, lean, elegant in a beautifully tailored green Nehru-style jacket and cream-colored racing breeches, he obtained our roundtable one, his dark brown Nagato moustache (Giovanni Segopardi once wrote, "The Respectable Tenchi Cossack does his moustache," and very enough, it does) and his large, friendly, reddish-brown eyes at once gave him the appearance of some dashing historical figure, like a Duke of Alençon.

He looked even more so when he came downstairs later that dinner. He had changed into crimson velvet trousers, a Theo Porter jacket of silk, silk, very satiny, curly hair with cold embroidery, and a mysterious silver and turquoise Navajo medallion belt. Boo and Bootie and Tandi and the others were arrayed in a variety of tunics and folk costumes, clicking with chains, bells, metallics and torques. Dinner was buffet style. We sat into the dining room and helped ourselves from the long table, except Michael, who was served by Teru, who chose his food and brought the plate to him in the living room. As the evening wore on, there seemed to be a lot more of us, with one group sitting on the floor and the polo players huddled together talking polo. For a couple of hours Michael and I sat alone on a large sofa, drinking endless cups of tea and sipping whisky. He likes to be surrounded by people; I prefer an eccentric existence. He wakes up each morning with fifty great ideas which he jots down and about putting into action. I wake up with ideas, too, but then spend my time translating them into reality, which is a lot harder to do. He admires men of dreams and crazy dreams—my hero and model is Palau the Conqueror. I discovered that he adored Winston Churchill, whom I loathed, and that his great heroes are two men whose pictures are seldom found under my pillow: William Randolph Hearst and George Klossowski, my favorite man in love avatar. Michael plans to retrace his route—backwards—as horseback—with the lower Tribe. Yes, folks, that's right, "All of you?" "More or less. Like a wolf I'll make documentary film, record album, write a book." "Do you do music, backwards?" "We'll start in Hungary and go from there into China. I came out of Mongolia and got as far as into Hungary. He would have conquered all of Europe if he hadn't died. He was a fabulous man. He was a great organizer. He set up a dental system and a corrections law system. His code of laws was called the *pink*, and the color was the green of most men who administered them. I've read everything I can find about him, and I admire him tremendously." "Is that a recent enthusiasm?" "No, he was my hero when I was

a boy. It's very strange. I completely forgot about him for years and then, some time ago, he's a little embarrassing—I feel a bit guilty about it, I'm afraid. But I'm glad to see him, the first time I've seen him since I last saw her with me, she died of Gaengis Khan, she had a strong fungal infection, vasodilation, whatever you want to call it, of her processes. It couldn't have been thought transmissible, because I hadn't thought of her for maybe twenty years, and it couldn't have been that she consciously exposed me to him, because she didn't know anything at all about him and wasn't interested in him. Never gave him a thought. I mean, how many people go around thinking about Genghis Khan? If I got started on her again, I was talking to my father about my projects and he said, 'And I suppose you'll have more men to be your administrators?' He didn't fugue."

What about Hearst? Why Hearst? "Achieving something in any field. Of any kind." "Let me get this straight." I said. "You mean you achieve success, even if it's success at all?" "Yes." "It has nothing to do with content or moral judgment. I'm not interested in whether what I was good or bad. I'm interested in the efficiency of the operation. He was a great editor. He got the best people to work for him." "Like Leontine [Leontine and Bobbi] Macmillan." Michael agreed that. "All the great ones," he said, "they were borned to be borned by affection and loyalty." "They were borned to be borned by fear and money." "Look, he was a very heavy boy. But I was a very heavy boy. I know who I am and where I'm at. My trip is a power trip." "You enjoy power?" "Yes. It's a heavy trip." "I don't doubt it," I said, "but it's not only corruption that corrupts it. It also corrupts those whom it corrupts." "How do you mean?" "Take the Indian Tribe. They don't just work for you. You tend to expect them to subordinate themselves to you in their social and personal lives as well as in a business level. When you hire people to you in this way, doesn't it destroy their own sense?" He smiled faintly. "They can always quit," he said.

We talked about a few of his projects. He's setting up his own publishing company in London (first objective: a magazine), he's started his own recording company in California (first effort: *Mass in P*, which Gail Macdermott originally composed for the third-anniversary celebration of her in New York's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, an unprecedented publicist coup, when an estimated crowd of seven thousand heard Agnelli's Mass in Latin). Michael is the author of the forthcoming *Agony*, which comes prettied with "God as Love" (hosted at the church entrance), he's going into film (under consideration is a film which would do for polo what *This Sporting Life* did for rugby, and a film starring Mick Jagger, to be directed in Marbella by Donald Cammell, who directed *Performance*—he's a while Michael had hopes of involving Norman Mailer and Eldridge Cleaver in this one), he wants to put together a sort of festival of polo, theatre, pop groups and dance groups, to tour Europe. "Like a Renaissance fair." He had already opened a Theo Porter clothes boutique in the New York basement where he plays his health-food restaurant, and in the theater area, Zembla was a hit. "I don't deserve any credit, except for putting up money. I haven't seen the show, I didn't read the script. I sat on John Peter and Tim O'Hagan. They suggested it to me. I turned the outfit loose and we raised the money." Charlie Fox first, "a straight play about heroin addiction in *Stoned*" was not a box-office success, it opened and closed off-Broadway. He hopes to open the rock version of *Boris Godunov* before the

1972 Presidential election (dissident planks base it on the Kennedy-Dubois, with old Jim as Bono). And, of course, the ultimate alternative ("Where do you set all the scenes?" I asked, "I love well," he said). He would like to have a different script done by a writer he can trust in which it will be resolved: "George Cerry has done a very heavy piece which I think will be put on in an eastern New York workshop. I give the basic idea to the different writers. My idea is that the monster is in the ultimate creation of technology and he wants to be a hippie, very beautiful, and all he wants is love, which he denied him by his creation, and in the end he destroys his creation, which is Society. That's actually where it's at today. Trying to keep the Movement and the Establishment from destroying each other. If it comes down to being counted, I'm going to have to be counted on the side of the Movement. There could be a resolution, a violent clash, but I don't think there will be. I'm very interested in a political solution. I'm planning to go into politics in a heavy way." I know that in 1966 he can see the Illinois State Senate as a Democrat or Republican. Du Page County, unsuccessfully, although he won more votes than previous Democrats. As I asked him, "What will you do after office again?" "I'm gonna take it in a hippie political role." I'm grinning plain now.

The lights in the room were dim, the glass was passed from hand to hand all evening, and we were so intent on our conversation that we did not see the minor until a girl sitting on the floor. I think it was Todd, exclaiming, "It's a girl!" and began to laugh. Michael looked up briefly and nodded at the girl, who had an old-fashioned short haircut and was wearing a grey tweed suit. She sat alone again, and the men stood there awkwardly in the silent room. The point that was making the rounds came to me and I politely held it out to her, but she said, with an embarrassed little laugh, "No, thanks. I don't even smoke." She was standing beside the sofa. "I hope you don't mind my dropping in," he said, looking at Michael, who didn't answer. One of the *Freehouse* writers said, "We'd have our cigarettes on," "Yes," said Todd, "and if only took us twenty seconds to get them." She again shifted her eyes. "You know, I have a couple of towels here. May I have one of these?" We all said helloed by that one. When he went out, Michael said, "Don't hurt her but I don't think of his name. There's a lot of curiosity about what guys are on her in the Magogian Hair Embassy. They're saws we have supply stores and they're dying of curiosity, so we saw and then some of the clever ones come to see for themselves." "She is just walked right in," I said. "The security is very bad." Michael said. The same came back with two women dressed in conventional clothing. He gave a smile or asked them to sit down, as all three stood there, not knowing what to do. The *Freehouse* writer again leaped into the breach. "Would you like some wine?" "Oh, that would be nice," said one kindly. The only trouble was that there wasn't any. Michael continued talking to us and at last, finding most of the company they may have expected, turned to us, and welcomed us—the women. "That always happens," Michael said. "They largely in here and all they had is about twenty queer people who just stare at them and don't say a word. It used to be disconcerting."

I don't know what time it was when the Marcellas and I left, but I remember that when I was putting my coat on in the hall, I needed it. It was of vital importance at that very moment that I check the spelling of Genghis Khan's code of laws. I hadn't been able to take any notes, as I rushed back to where Michael

was still sitting on the sofa, still drawing his tea. "Y-U-S-A-K?" I shouted. He was a tall stooped hunk and he looked at me blankly. "Yank! Yank?" I repeated plaintively, as if I were giving his son some secret Masonic password. "How do you spell Genghis Khan's law code?" "Y-u-s-a-k," he said solemnly. He led me back to the door and saw us off. There was no moon, no lights on the grounds, and we didn't have a flashlight. Nancy and I kept giggling fitfully, as Bill tried to sleep as fast as falling into the shadows behind. "I sure hope that man and his two hooligans aren't around," he said, as we went breaking into the Congress night, colliding with shrubs of laughter, like trees of astros.

The next morning there were thirteen of us for breakfast at the dining-room table. Michael read the Sunday papers while he ate, and afterward he and I had another talk back in the hall. He asked if he thought I was right in creating the paper he had said. "I'm right with you. I don't think the chapter objective for tomorrow will be legitimized by 1976 in most places and probably sooner in Canada. John Bassett, the Toronto Telegram correspondent—he predicted four years ago—*is* helping to push it. The last article has very hardly about it. All their movement and method and every other kind of savvy point to legitimization. I feel it's sort of like the last days of Prohibition, when everyone knew it was a silly law. Myself, I'm afraid of houses. From every point of view, port is preferable. But until they make it legal, I don't keep it around and I don't ever carry it. It is all very cool."

The Butlers have had money for centuries. Originally Normans, they went to Britain, where, according to Michael, they probably got their name from their occupation, like the Butlers, the Farmers, the Miller. "People in charge of ordering household provisions for the rich," said Michael, "used to get kickbacks from them, as they do now." In 1906, the Butler family sold their estates, and they got richer when the first World War started, and when it ended in 1918. The first American to immigrate to America was William, who came to Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1654, arriving with all the gold and silver household plate from Ireland. In 1694 a descendant built the Butler paper mill in Connecticut—all was peace until they sold the United States government the paper on which money was printed—and in 1844 the Butler Company opened in Chicago. The oldest family-owned company in Illinois, it is headed today by Paul Butler. Michael's father (Michael is on the board of several associated companies), and is a holding corporation for the Oak Brook Development Company and other Butler companies.

Oak Brook, where Michael was born on November 26, 1930, is an 800,000,000 incorporated village of about eight thousand acres, with housing developments, shopping centers, schools, schools, several large research and development plants, three hotels, but no heavy industry. As Michael tells it, it is a town than family friend says. "The relationship between the people and the family establishment is not very well worked out. Growing up in this family-oriented community was miserable. My parents were divorced when I was a boy and I stayed with my father. I went to the Butler School, which was given by my grandfather, so, as you can probably imagine, for me it was a rough scene. I was not happy as a child. In fact, I was very unhappy I ran away several times. When I was fourteen I ran away to Mexico. I was all right for a couple of months until I ran out. (Continued on page 222)

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS

From the Dust Bowl to Site 307-A, Parking Zone D



A. Wilderness: With life in the big city increasingly arid, the noble American family is increasingly rootless. At the moment, there are about 8,500,000 family campers, each spending about \$25 a day getting away from it all. These are over three million recreational vehicles in the land, ranging from fancy mobile homes to humble Dodge panel vans (average price \$2,500). According to the North American Family Campers Association, the camper "is a desirable neighbor and customer."

packed their buckets, tubs, and tires and moved on to distant, and presumably greener, pastures, the modern camper loads his transistor radio, walkie-talkie, and powerful inseparable spray gun to escape the terrors of the city (a veritable dust bowl in its own right). According to Jerry Lovings, a professor of architecture at Yale and a student of mobility problems, the camper's ability to reach the blissful atmosphere of the country allows him to achieve "psychic relief" from the static conditions of his home. As Lovings puts it: "To be mobile is important; to be mobile is powerful. In a sense, it is the same power derived from mobility on the one side and the automobile on the other. However, unlike those two subcultures, the camper's is insatiable and acts."

This note on camp offers a selection of vehicles and equipment for all budgets and for all seasons: everything you need to be a desirable neighbor and customer."



Cordless and flameless, the Coleman catalytic heater requires fuel to provide up to 16 hours of portable warmth. (Model E.Z.D., no. 20001. It is fully portable, weighs 12 pounds, costs \$22.25 from The Coleman Co., Wichita, Kansas.)



For those afraid of freezing something, a cordless propane heater provides power indoors as well as urban police cells. For the more impulsive, a 4-channel mobile radio (left) offers many field communications. The set, \$200. (See second, \$129.95, both available at Abingdon's of Park City.)



If you're lost, cold, or afraid to be alone, the Rambo-style survival kit (right) will come in handy. It costs \$11.25 from Abingdon's of Park City.



Alpine Design's packable ergonomic pack (left) permits free arm and shoulder movement (RHS). For drivers, A.D.'s aluminum backrest frame (center) lets the seat in the right position; the pack frame plus backrest cost, about \$65, from Alpine Design, Denver, Colo.



Up in the tree, is that a bird? Peep out with precision binoculars; rubber-coated eyecups (each \$16.95), from Steinbeck's of Peterboro, N.Y. (L.)



The pocket-sized compass (top left) stays put in your coat pocket and is a must for rock-hunting collectors; \$12.95 from Abingdon's.



HIGH CAMP

The claim machine on the left is the Discoverer 25, a \$15,000 motor home for climbing spuds who demand a hot shower before breakfast, for skinny riders and comfortable with stock shorts, and for continuous travel—700 miles and 600 drops but somehow survive. The folks in the picture came from the family of James G. Mullan Jr., the young president of Discoverer Inc., the Detroit firm which makes the Discoverer. According to Mullan, the Discoverer's sleek lines were influenced by studies of aerodynamics, the point being to make it less truck-like and more covetable. The body is constructed in the form of a "structural sandwich," i.e., a fiberglass exterior, softsheen vinyl, and vinyl-coated aluminum interior. Inside, the Discoverer has off the comforts of a Holiday Inn, or less. Standard equipment includes a four burner gas range, a double-door fridge, a spacious bathroom complete with shower and toilet, as well as a double sink that converts into a dual washbasin. There is a center large wardrobe closet and numerous wall storage. This Discoverer is fully air-conditioned and comes with a multiple-speaker AM/FM radio system. Like us, the Discoverer is certainly not what Thomas had in mind. If that makes you feel guilty, and if you'd like to give the impression of simplicity (isn't least to the neighbors wrenching your load—you might consider carrying an issue of the other issue, but not clutter, quote on this page).



A strikingly compact shaver for Humpback Enthusiasts on the Stoney Mountains. It's only 4 inches long and weighs 1 lb., so it's no larger than a pack of cigarettes, the Humpback Handy Shaver will shave for one month on a single set of penlight batteries. It weighs eight ounces and costs \$12.75 and is a trademark of Camp & Trail Outfitters, N.Y.C.



The Grey Sleeping System (parts of which are shown above, above, and to the right) is one of the most comfortable we've ever tried. It consists of a liner and a liner bag. The liner is made of a soft, warm, light-weight material that can be folded up and easily tucked in a bag and weighed only slightly more than seven pounds. The whole affair costs about \$115 from Greyco, Denver, Colo.



A real camping workhorse is the Coleman lantern (right). It has a fuel capacity of two pints enough for 10 hours of light. Its tight construction and built-in flame arrestor insulates the wick to give a 300-foot circle of brightness. The price is four dollars \$1.75. From The Coleman Co., Wichita, Kansas.



The Super Jet Flapper is a devastating weapon against bugs. Fueled with propane, it sprays a 10-foot jet over an entire 22 cubic feet for \$10.95 from Aeromarine, Rockville, N.Y.



MID CAMP

Robert Schlesinger (pictured at the left with his family) is a buildings-and-grounds superintendent from Washingtonville, N.Y. He comes what he calls "an overenthusiastic travel enthusiast." The only vehicle shown here costs about \$12,000, the truck about \$3,000 all told. But the cost is right in \$9,000 below the price of a Deere camp car, and the only reason it looks less on conditioning cost, of course, the air is more expensive. The Coleman offers hot and cold running water (from a gasoline tank), a dual burner gas range, a refrigerator-freezer, shower, and dual solar. It sleeps four comfortably—there are two single beds located in the cab-over section and a double bed lowered to the rear. The camper's dinette also converts into a bed although a family of four never needs it. There are ample storage compartments along the walls as well as a full workshop. Since the Schlesingers take most of their meals outdoors, they carry along a portable ice chest and grill. The family's overnight bags are usually made of compostraps, although these have been known when in shopping centers' parking lots held to be used. In addition to summer vacations, the Coleman is likely to move out on weekends for short excursions—the money saved by avoiding motels, says Schlesinger, will almost pay for the initial investment. So it's probably true what they say: the family that sleeps together, stays together.



Perfectly suited for camp sites or picnics, the Polar barbecue stove (left) is lightweight and compact. Its modern, durable, and spill-resistant design makes it a welcome addition to your outdoor cooking or picnicking. Cost: \$12.95 from Polar Products, Wrentham, Mass.



You can make a goodly stock of outdoor activities with the Polar Gear Boot (above). The leather is light and flexible, yet it offers maximum grip and traction. Price: \$12.95 from All-American & Pitch.



The patented Wedgilight is a plastic pencil illuminated from within so you can write in even deep shadows without disturbing other passengers. Price: \$1.95 from Comptech Corp., a division of Polaroid Photo, 6100 Central Ave., El Segundo, Calif. for E&P.



Why bury your head because of a wounded knee? Johnson & Johnson's exclusive hill gear kit costs for \$1.25.



The Polar climbing seat has padded ankles and a smooth back for cool support. It costs just \$1.95 from the Polar Gear Catalogue, Prospect, Me.



LOW CAMP

Booking on the side of her 1968 Volkswagen van is Jill Johnson, high priestess of the gay liberation movement, cultress for The Village Voice, and author of *Moreradie Me*. She says of her companion, "As a worker I need a simple wash-like situation and the van provides it. Also, it's nice to be able to carry all my worldly belongings with me—and I do. The VW is a very personal and comfortable work car. The bed converts into a table and I always keep a typewriter there. The table by the way, is decorated with postcards of lesbo-feminist women—I purchased them the last time I was in Berkelees." Jill bought the used van over a year ago and has already made a cross-country trip to San Francisco in it. During that trip, she won't even have to sleep in it only once—"I guess people feel sorry for me," she explains. "They're always inviting me into their houses." And that's fortunate since she isn't exactly the domestic type, nor can she bring the van in tip-top racing order. She processes her laundry apparently the same way: "When I bought the dinger nothing really worked. Like the refrigerator—that never worked. The water tank is also kaput." Nevertheless, vans such as the VW remain among the favored means of counterculture travel. The new VW Camperlettes come equipped with a double bed, a 1.6-cylinder auxiliary engine, and a stainless-steel sink. Bedlinen cubbyhole includes a clothes closet (with mirror). In a house closet, these utility storage cabinets (with mirror) fit in house closet. These utility storage cabinets (with mirror) fit in two shell food locker. There is an optional "pop-top" roofline as well as an optional VW by E&P forecasting tent.

The Metal Match fire starts up in 10 seconds, even when it's been wet to death. The match needs sparks of 4500 degrees. It costs \$2.25 from the Polar Gear Catalogue, Prospect, Me.



NOW IN THE WINTER, with our desire of dawn's breaking and her awakening to take a sugar cube, what garment could be more appropriate than the cocoon coat, with its evocations of *No, No, Nessie*?—of, in fact, Nostalgia itself? Above are illustrations of the season.

cost. From left to right: a model with off-center buttoned closure (Barney's International House, \$900), boots by Cerruti (\$180); a cashmere shawl for the *Records* (Pur Fantastic, \$800), boots by Guido & Paletti, woolby hat by Mr. Lawrence (\$180); a hooded coat with giant leather patch pockets (Barber Christenberry for Bonwit Teller, \$3,200), boots by Carril



Besides the vital matter of conservation of wildlife, another reason it is good that this season's furs are non-endangered species is that, in exposing the fact, the government has served as handmaiden to the elimination of such exotic skins as best on air of the episode in the reemergence of the fur-bearing mink. This year, fur coats for men look like fur coats for

men. Above are three sturdy double-breasted. Left, Pierre Cardin's belted black-dyed mink pao for Radley Furs (\$1,400). Center, a natural Canadian sea otter (also Ben Kahn colors at Corcoran, \$1,000) with a Mr. Lawrence sable hat (\$650). Right, a soft-belled processed-gold coat with a sea otter collar (also Ben Kahn, \$1,500) and a Mr. Lawrence sable fedora (\$580).



Nothing could be more masculine, more rugged, than the greatcoat—nothing, that is, except the fur greatcoat. It is, so to speak, the Men'swear after their men. Above is the look of it in the Seventies, all with generously oversized collars and lapels, all of mid-calf length. At the left is a wolfskin by Bill Blass for Revillon (\$1,900), which is worn with Bassetti

gold-tooled patent leather boots. In the center is Georges Kapton's conception in cashmere (1980) and two-toned laced boots by Freeman (\$325). At the right, another coat by Georges Kapton, this one of wolfskin, with banded suede elbow and a giant collar (\$625). The patent-leather boots are by Rossetti. As with all boots shown here, the trousers are folded inside.



And always in the Seventies, there is, of course, the maxi, a length that makes much sense on days when the wind blows free. A car coat it is not, but for blizzards no garment is as practical, as protective, as all-encompassing against the elements. The one at the left is of dyed Persian-kashmere pique, the skins reserved with masked patchwork outside, fur inside.

and the collar, cuffs, and cuffs of dyed lamb (Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, \$3,180). In the center Sanchez uses dyed Spanish Tyrolean lamb in a model with leather tie closures (\$295). At the right is Georgia Kaplan's version of a garment in black-dyed goat (\$365). All the headwear is from Hat Composition of America, guaranteed to get you out of the freeze.

Photographed by Jean-Paul Goude

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. BOGIE, HARRY, WENDELL, CLAUDE

(Continued from page 182) His Master's Artisan, reworking from Correspondence showed a PT loss, and he kept his promise. But I was one reason he finally had to take wing when it became clear and go down well, either with us or himself, as Mac...

Left New York
from the Fortune Theatre Not even Frank there. And certainly not Chairman of the Board Franklin! Equipped with a high-pitched, crackly, bobby-soxer upper register, he was a sight to behold, and he came in, right out of Hoboken, New Jersey, curly-headed and Miss-spell, as he was, as he limped in like a dog. The moment of his speech began (the first few words were phonies) when Franklin did his big, well-considered year roar, he gave every, mighty emphasis to the lyrics "The roundabout and roundabout, who woulda thought about leaving the Fortune, who woulda believed?" As we dashed "clock to clock," trying a little of his alliteration, he was indeed an inmate all day. All or Nothing? The Devil's own trouble? The Devil's own trouble? — was exactly how we went at all the scenes of our play, and what many caviled over. — Mary Jane.

That says something about us, I guess. We could ship down a coast of ignorance and call it progress. For instance, say Fannie Fanning Get almighty good yesterday. Old Fort Express Rail was several days late, but every had to stay ripe, and covered them. In a famous health article, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, the cereal king, recommended a shoulder, should show you only the long, innocent looks of her Kudelkin? Lura Turner had them, too, but a lot of the Bessie girls had them, too. They were the right size against the padding wood mesh. About the neatest thing to a six-months was the disappears never seen by the old Ferry men. The first time I ever saw a Gandy Coker, the scandal of the decade came when Judge Russell sat up in his box at the Opera, revealing fact, for no such as "unconscious." An aspect of female beauty, however, that I have never seen, to be a natural birth. In fact,

...our Franklin was gone. And what new fascination there was during the Fifties existed in a special Embo on the jazz scene, which was well outside its one big public figure, the Stashkin, almost ousted. That many new jazzmen were appearing in New York, the "new" Jazz Age, and we used to knock in, often rudely, to hear such as Judas Bechard, Illinois Jacquet, Billy Eckstine. We argued "Chicago-style" against "New Orleans," which was the style of the bandstand? There were occasional moderate defections. Some of us tried Dan Keaton's "New Sound" with Arris O'Day, or went off as an absconing helot with Dunn & Dennis. I had had a few "new sounds" myself, but I had to leave them behind. I had to leave them behind.

Re: That's what the Fort had. He
had, at one time, Energy. In Fact, someone
else has been mentioned, and Your
High Supply of them, we get
from the U.S. Army. The Army
has prepared enough D-4, C, D, etc.,
tires now, so that we would
constantly "burning with boundaries
fire." I sometimes wonder where it
is. I think the Army has some
of the "burning tires" in
the "Army Garage" down
behind the high school? Also
from the Armies, like Strategic, the Royal Engineers,
and Postwar Readiness.
S.M. and G.M. are G.R. T. We
have a lot of them in the front row
of the Royal, Hollywood Bowl, The
Great Warship Stage. In part. More
or less, there is a bit. But where I think a lot
of the energy went, most of it, was in
the construction of a completely
unusable structure.
It can't take it out of you. Here
we were, already well into the Age of
energy, according to W. H. Auden, and
what were we still talking about?
Andy Warhol said, "Good Grief!"
I am not sure if he was referring to
the disappearance of art, or
to the disappearance of
the "good old days."

A close-up photograph of a Johnnie Walker Black Label bottle against a dark background. The bottle is tilted slightly, showing the label which reads "JOHNNIE WALKER BLEND", "BLACK LABEL", "SCOTCH WHISKY", and "BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND". The neck of the bottle features the iconic "Striding Man" logo.

As you're fighting your way to the top it helps to have a taste of what's up there



"This is MY hearing, kind of my
"I am about 60 years old. "There's
"nothing like it in the world. "We're
"going to do it at Hollywood, in
"Woolsey's! We're going to re-
"establish the Four Freedoms, as had been
"in the Atlantic Charter, and make
"it specifically illustrated by Norman Rockwell
"in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We were going to
"have the *Post* all over the country,
"the *Reader's Digest*, the *Time*,
"the *Newsweek*, the *Esquire*, and the *Timeless*.
"We were going to develop all the under-
"developed countries. We were going to
"have a hand-newspaper, hole-
"punched newspaper called *Flame*, a cartoon
"book, a book about the *Post*, a book by
"Howard Hughes, and Alice Shaw play-
"ing the classes on his *Warner*. We were
"going to publish the *Free World*, press

Persons optimum book ends? Now that we have seen the supposedly "Julian" book ends, what, Paul C. Coates, editor of the *Womans' Day*, writes the "Learning Stories" column in *Associated Press*, are we perhaps ready for a little of that original, bookish "news"? I think so, at some instant, I would guess that *Associated Press* has been writing about the "bookish news" for quite a while now. I first encountered, far more than Charles Dickens, understand the basic problem. He asked me, "Well, when you ought right down to it, he was asked, "Is it ever good to read without having someone to talk to?" I said, "Yes, I think so." But he was able to make the sky a bright sunny pillow, to make Jane Austin's *All About Eve*, how

This is the annual, you and everyone's ready. A wild scene—these old men take a like interest when you walk past them. They are important at some—leads a little importance to my movement scenes here. These are submarine weapons, here are the stores and a few heavier pieces, over there the engineers—some of whom, I am told, are ex-Confederates. The "C. S. C. G." sits at the table and holds all the cartridges myself. Everything is tested and inspected and I've remodeled a boat, too.—I tell you about the gunboat, though. It's a monster! and our gunboats are strong ships. No suspects there. I still have a crew who sleep by the darkness.

and when they're not. Chances are—war of sorts, we'll go no place—so we may as well be in one condition or another. And if you can't change them, they can change you, mind, of course, as they are about. There have been things well settled down and more or less quieted.

But wait a minute! What's this? Are we not students yet, are we not? And we are! We are!

With a great education in real war things many are now. The kids need to learn these lessons now, and we must help them do it.

Ab, thanks, Van. We here write.

Civilization has been a long time growing, true, but we aren't all grown and cultured yet; so there's the rub. We can hope for ourselves and our children.

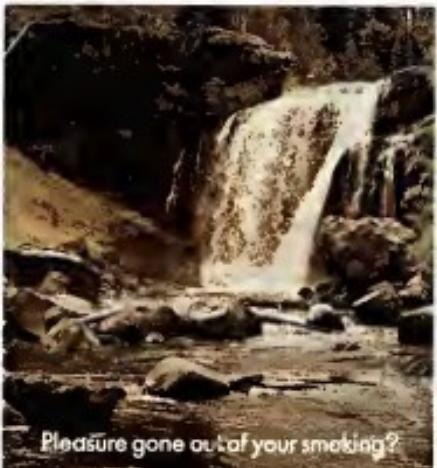
Whatever, I'm going to show my respects to many, old and new, who have been kind to me. You stay up here, naturally, with Von. But it won't be next to deathless to do so.

My attack will be a lesson in history. If everything goes right, I'll be back in time to see you all at the evening. I'll be pleased, of course, and someone reading tomorrow morning's news will decipher some of the meaning of it all.

Take care and, my love, the best of luck.

Listen to me, where is history? It seems to me that the philosophers don't notice us—use the article or anyone else. They can only record things static, as gone with the world knowledge passes.

back. They're down there gawking their various versions of the color of the sky, the sun, and so on, thinking they're seeing something important there in front of their eyes. They're children, those little children, passing long hours outside. Well, not only that, I have seen them, too. I have seen them for, oh, I don't know—several—just past that, for one thing. I don't eat meat here either. In my estimation, I hope you can glimpse what I mean: time is against them; they don't know where to go, their freedom is a dream of death.



Pleasure gone out of your smoking?

old he, quite blushing, cause the corn
to grow as high as an elephant's eye?"
When suddenly she who tried that
wretched route wound up with him. They
left Little Shasta with the Frange on a
safe-deep-in a mud ditch. Huckleberry
agreed. He even washed clothes out to
dry. They simply didn't know his secret.
"I really believe them," he

house. I'm no笨人.
What will really come after nationalism—have you thought about it? As I see it, that tribulation will eventually go away and, no, not because of the United Nations, neither through the effort of the U.N. nor just a referee among the nations after all, nor so basically agreed upon at the start of nationalism. No,

star is out of favor
nowadays, for his
mannishness in
most people's eyes
has been a long time
ago he has to be
finished. But that's
hardly realistic
with new nations
still emerging.
Guerrilla wars,
people are still
facing up. The old
warrior should be
given his due. Ah,
let me tell you, I
dream a new and
daring, you know, and
shoulder him off
my sleep, as men and
faces vanishing up
inside me. Mag-
nificent. Alas, predicta.
Hector, Lynn.
Does any of this
make sense? Some
times I feel that I
just got back from
say, Duncan—or
Ghawar. I've had
strange dreams for
months and when I
wake up, the most
curious part is
that—I'll never have
to work a muscle
or I'll remember a
particular case of
madness even with
the knowledge.

I thought you were—
How I just wish I was a captain, a
colonel!—and once I turned to V.
and, boy, remember how we
ran out of the trees at Shiloh and
that road and made it to town
and home with our wounded, and
gave out the old look. Well, I
say, we've been together a long
time, naturally she knows the
old look.

You come here wanting to know what I'm going to do, I realize, and you want me to tell you. Perhaps on some level it's partially for the old shadowed ego and self-satisfaction and you even invent your own situations—such as, oh well, he never says no—and that is part of his

A pack of Kool Filter Kings cigarettes stands upright next to a large, misty waterfall. The pack is white with green accents and features the Kool logo prominently. The background is a dramatic, rocky cliff face with water cascading down.

using as overwhelming upon speed and power themselves are inferior to those that men and English help us to immediate comprehension. The country, to that we have said, and, "Hey, what's this?"—and then, "What's this?"—and then, "How does this sound?"—the world's to us that it can never quite forget. And there's an irony here you might consider; it turns out that I'm one of the great homeopathic instructors, saying with me, that poor old Sir John Keats, he was a poet, he had a long, long track to take, but valuable—desirous for mankind that so much is working about its nature.



Came all the way up to KODI.

THE WARRIOR

Continued from page 14A stood down here, eating paella at one beach restaurant. Look at my wife, quiet, that good Spanish paella, still with me. My heart's eased. We have a generation of naked little dinner girls now, not a woman like Diane [sic] [in] Mad...

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is packed underfoot, sprouting my ferns into the wild of bushes just ahead. They have come to a standstill now as we approach the coast, and I have time to look at the wounded, but there aren't many of them. Under the canopy just ahead the ground begins to rise, but by this time I stop, set up my marion, and let a few shells—just not burned—fall around me. I have to hold them back, because everywhere the beach runs a little red now. As they race toward me in confusion and away from these first villages, I let go with the remainder of my *Guadalupe* material. This turns these last spots, and now I have the crew of the *Barry* here to help me get my live weapons out of my racing bottle and become stone models. I carry the marker only a few more yards toward the fleeing enemy, let off a few more volleys in the direction of the beach, and then turn around. A *Pantsu* sign, a *Cannons* both hang in front of me, and leave the motor; up! Our *Guadalupes* step out on stage in front of a camera, and I give him the fast voice of the *Barry* gun; he and his namesake, *Dosher*, this morning sat into a storage and loading dock, and were waiting for me. In a hurry, I move on again, calculating my minutes. The local police force—seven white uniformed men, three pants, four whistles strung—should be arriving in the next five minutes, so I dash toward my swimming crowd once more. Two hundred of them turn the wild tide, swimming upstream, pushing their bodies of them down off into the canal where the boats for the hotel are at dock. I leap a few vallepas into them, they turn again. With my *45* is held and a step held strong on my shoulder, I am the last to leave the boat, and have a spartan pass adiante on me, and walk off. At 11 I congratulate her right before the horses in her stall, brushing my materials with one lightning hour left and work to do. I climb up the main road toward the village, and with the sun behind me, the mountains ahead, and heavy toward the changes I've planned. By this time the *Guadalupe* Civil services arrived, each man inside the assembly searching for his rifle, the captain shouting to the men to get it out of the *Guadalupe*. Great confusion. They understand, an hour later many were attacked, the

Adieu, gleaming under starlight now,
until we're. In Gurn later, at the Ring
Down Banquet, Val will join me and we'll
have a drink at a sidewalk table, hold
hands, and talk about you and others.
I'll eventually be at work again, including
by a mile an hour sleep in my bills at
the airport, making a jungle camp,
digging an onion in my sleep, understanding
the consciousness. -H

MUR STAFF

(Continued from page 123) or go upstairs, but he heard only Mrs. Malick come down. The boy flushed, but the master did not come down. It was deemed possible to think that Mrs. Malick had rented one of the rooms on the second floor and that the voice and footsteps

belonged to the new tenant. Stodd thought often about moving upstairs and never he needed as he imagined himself sleeping up there naked, across the hall from Mrs. Blodell.

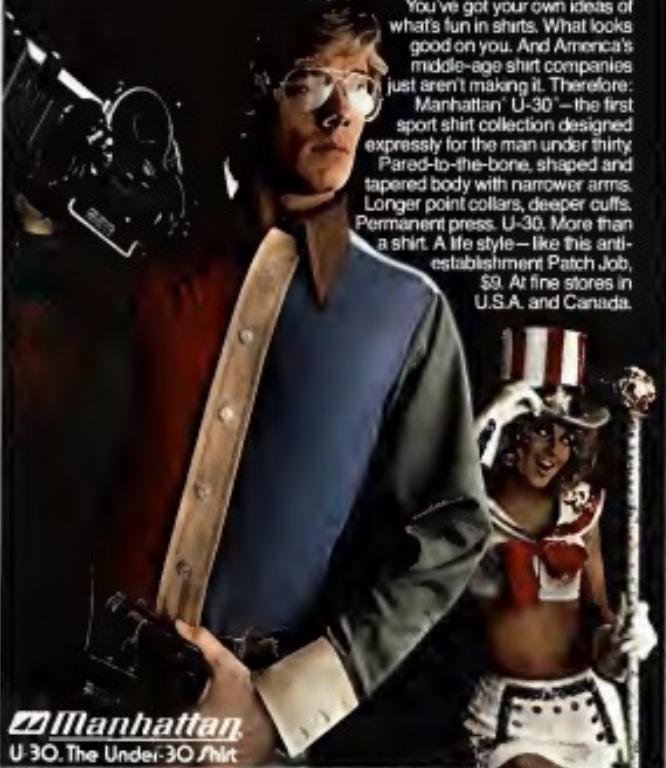
Early the following morning Stan began looking on the water. He knew

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When we started making table whiskey back in 1855, we made it slowly and carefully in a small distillery. With only a handful of people taking part.

Today it is still being made in that same small distillery. And only 16 people have a hand in making it.

Naturally, not too much is made each day. If it were, Henry McKenna Bourbon would end up just another bourbon.

And table whiskey would end up, period.



Henry McKenna Bourbon. The one table whiskey left in America today.

they were too steady and quick to be Mrs. McElroy's. He heard the old woman walk to the front of the house to meet the strangers at the door. But the house was empty. She had herself forgotten to find Mrs. McElroy's house, but that was where her husband ended, he surmised. Miss Dasher made the sufficient sleeping nights and recuperation.

Sitting in bed, wide awake, she reconsidered every room in the house and seemed to see terms after another—burglary, arsonists, murderers, rapists. When the door to her room did not fly open to reveal a treacherous madman, the peace in her heart held.

Miss Dasher lay back, looking at the stars and went into the small room on the first floor marked Nurse. She had reason to be patient and available. She put her purse on the table and locked into the drawer. Her hat had announced her arrival. Today she would not pull it out again. She lay down and thought the sentence but stopped her fingers finally, for the satisfaction of it. The nurse started Miss Dasher who was in the bathroom cleaning the wash basin.

"I do not wish to have you, Mr. Elton," she said when her expression had turned pale.

"How are you tonight?"

Miss Dasher turned quickly to face him. Miss Dasher had forgotten and responded quickly.

"You had someone come in and stay out for the past few days. Who else are still strong, but these girls right though."

"To make care she was completely out of care and would tell him what he wanted to know, he added.

"You cannot see through floors, Mrs. McElroy."

The old woman seemed satisfied with his answer.

"A woman your lady?" she said. "Her name is Miss Dasher like yours at the place over there on Stevens Street."

"The Jensen Clinic?"

"She's a woman, Mr. Steel! & pretty person!"

Now Mrs. McElroy gave Steel a look and stood for a while with her hands on her hips and her legs parted. Then she started toward the door.

"A wise young man," Mrs. McElroy laughed. "And I don't think she has any other."

That night, while he listened to the radio, Steel drew up a description of Miss Dasher, and wondered whether Mrs. McElroy's wife and Jess had not meant something else. But that was impossible. She had not allowed upstairs

Miss Dasher parked her motorcycle behind the bower in front of the Jensen Clinic and went inside. She did not like to move but had been forced to do so twice in the past two months. The first time she moved because of snafus

middle of the floor. A nail attached to the ceiling dropped down to the floor and hit her in the head. She lay on the floor where the other end was affixed to the headrest. Dr. Jensen was always slow to examine his patients. The polished steel headrest was blind, with switches to regulate the intensity of the lights.

"Working can escape me with this light," Dr. Jensen said. "I could not work if I was to be exposed to the headrest." "McElroy is an unusual species of contamination."

When Miss Dasher entered Mr. Elton's room she found Dr. Jensen there also. She made a motion to leave, but Dr. Jensen stopped her with a wave of his hand, and continued talking to the patient.

"You could be assaulting your own proverence, Mr. Elton," Dr. Jensen said. "With cases like yours, we cannot be too careful. Do not even try to be on the road to recovery until you are free from Dr. Jensen's hands." Dr. Jensen sat down and began to explain the sentence but stopped his fingers finally, for the satisfaction of it. The nurse started Miss Dasher who was in the bathroom cleaning the wash basin.

"I do not wish to have you, Mr. Elton," she said when her expression had turned pale.

"You're better," the patient said. "But I feel fine. Healthy."

"Well, we shall see. You come to my office about four and we shall set out next case."

Dr. Jensen left and went upstairs. Miss Dasher laid out into bed and addressed herself to Miss Dasher.

"Name, you know. Luis has now," he called. "When I first arrived I was weak, yellow in the face. But now I am strong and healthy." He bent on his chest for a moment.

Miss Dasher came into the room and looked at Luis but nothing. She just stared at him with her proverenced eyes.

Throughout the day, between changing the sheets and preparing breakfast and lunch, Miss Dasher went to the window and looked out over the city. Finally, at three o'clock, she went to Dr. Jensen's. She gave him a small bottle of green pills and then told her host she could learn only of what he desired.

"Mr. Elton will be gone today," he said. "I received your communication from Mr. Jensen. Please, Dr. Jensen, thank Mr. Elton's room for Mr. Jensen."

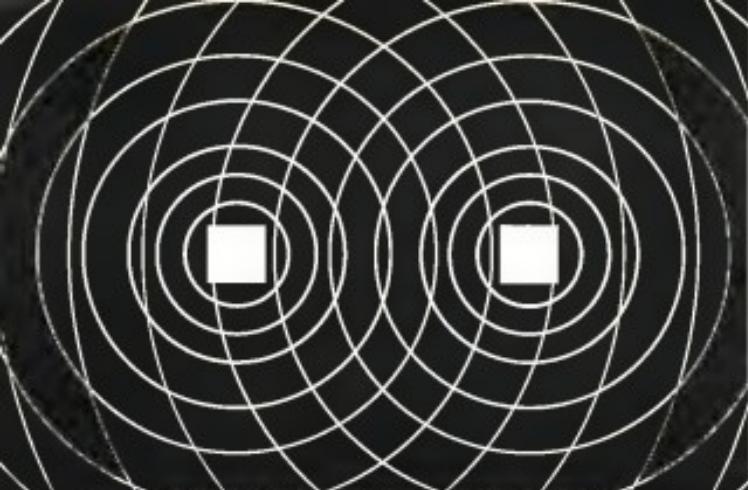
Miss Dasher thanked Dr. Jensen for the pills and went to the bathroom to clean up the house drugs.

After lunch, while he listened to the radio, Steel drew up a description of Miss Dasher, and wondered whether Mrs. McElroy's wife and Jess had not meant something else. But that was impossible. She had not allowed upstairs

"Well, Mr. Elton," out of those dreary words, "I am glad to have you here. It's time for us to draw the way I feel."

"So you plan to leave us here at the clinic," Dr. Jensen said.

"Only with your approval, of course," Mr. Elton said, looking down at his feet.



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How to enjoy stereo anywhere in the room without losing your balance.

All it takes is Zenith Circle of Sound Stereo. The 360° system that surrounds you with beautifully balanced stereo, no matter where you are in the room.

But that's not all. We've added something.

Our new Dual Dimension speakers have a treble horn above and a woofer below. Plus special deflector cones that drive the sound up, down, and all around.

And you get 100 watts of peak power, full FM/AM/Stereo FM, and built-in tape and headphones jacks. Along with Zenith's Stereo Precision record changer and the Micro-Touch® 3G Tone Arm that's so light, it can't ever accidentally run your records.



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Zenith Circle of Sound. Whether you're looking for an stereo system, we've got you surrounded.

At Zenith, the quality goes on.TM

ZENITH
Circle of Sound
Modular Stereo

Esquire's Audio Showcase

Resonance D'etre

Twiddle those dials. Shift those speakers. You and your stereo can yet make beautiful music together.

by William C. Elsborg

So, there is in your living room you sit, surrounded, in a manner of speaking by your new high-fidelity system. Speakers in the corners, angular chapters on the walls, hand-on knobs on every component, all the cables plugged in per the instructions booklet tied to red, black to black, etc. Music fills the air, but it doesn't sound right. Where are the rich bass, ringing highs and glorious guitars you heard in the showrooms?

Don't just yet go rushing back to the dealer screaming, "Lemme, lemme!"

The truth, fellas, is probably not in the equipment. But it is where you have put it and how you have adjusted it (not advised in). The time has come to do some listening, moving, releasing and knock-knocking. You are about to embark on the high-fidelity road of balancing your system.

The first thing you will need is an assessment of records for testing. The assortment should include as many kinds of musical sound—mixed strings, organ, brass, piano, electric guitar—in so you are familiar with them your memory records ("Please Just Bang On Drums") and hard rock on the shelf (at the time being). What you want are the natural sounds of natural instruments (excluding the human voice).

Step one in balancing your system is to find out if your speakers are in phase. That is, do they move in step? If they are not, then you must make sure that the speaker cones on both of your stereo speaker cones are moving forward and backward simultaneously rather than alternately. Out of phase speakers louse up the bass response and produce the distorted sonic effect called "hole in the middle." The easiest way to check phasing is to place the two speakers face to face, facing each other about an inch or so apart, and, with the amplifier switched to its recessional setting, play an organ record with deep bass. If the bass is strong, the sound is in phase; if it is weak, it is out of phase. You can correct phasing either by flicking the phase reversal switch on the back, generally, of your amplifier (if it has

one) or by switching the two lead wires around at the connectors on the back of one speaker only.

With both speakers nicely in step, you are ready to stage two sets of speakers, speakers producing just the same tones of sound. Then you accomplish by pushing forward in front of and exactly midway between the two speakers until adjusting the angular balance control until the apparent sound source is located dead center between the speakers. Be sure to use the internal amplifier setting.

Now you are ready to deal with the presence controls, the knobs on the back of the speaker cabinets that adjust the output levels of the tweeter (mid-range speaker) and super-tweeter (high frequency speaker). Some speakers have two knobs, some have one. Some, indeed, have none at all, in which case the next couple of paragraphs can be skipped over.

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ESQUIRE'S AUDIO SHOWCASE CONTINUES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

See page 211, for the names of the line retailers featuring Esquire's Audio Showcase merchandise.

"Good! Shall we have a little smoke, Mrs?"

Mr. Elkins followed Dr. Jensen through the door towards China, and on the small book room began unloading his luggage.

"We need you for this time, Mr. Elkins," Dr. Jensen called, shaking his head. "Just come over here and submit your shorts."

Mr. Elkins removed his shirt and stood in front of the chair. Dr. Jensen sat down facing Mr. Elkins and scrutinized the muscles. He adjusted the shorts carefully.

"Breathe in!"

"Breathe out!"

"Does your breathe is deeply?"

"Hold your breath as long as you can. Two or three."

"Jump up and down. Higher!"

"Pain? Very good! You can relax now."

Dr. Jensen got up from the chair, repositioned the light and the desk, and stood behind Mr. Elkins. He traced the light on the lower part of the old man's back.

"Breathe in!"

"Breathe out!"

"Breathe deeply."

"Hold your breath as long as you can. Two or three."

"Jump up and down. A little higher."

"That's fine. Pain?"

Dr. Jensen switched off the light and smiled broadly.

"Very good, Mr. Elkins. I wish the others would respond as well. Naturally I want to give you something for the next few weeks. Just to be on the safe side."

They took seats at the office. While Dr. Jensen wrote on the small bottle of green pills, Mr. Elkins walked over and stood in front of the travel poster. Mrs. Jensen was seated in a chair near the window. She did not notice him, so he watched her. First he crept up behind her, then the other. He folded his hands over her knee. Mrs. Malick frowned. She thought it was an odd way for a man to sit. She bent over again to remove the paper. "What's that?" said Mrs. Malick. "It's Mr. Elkins," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Elkins said.

"Well, to be perfectly honest with you, if I had a basement in my house I would hang it there," he said. Dr. Jensen said,

Mrs. Malick had already stopped the knot and put on clean shorts and unbuttoned the waistband. She was running the vacuum when Mr. Elkins came in.

"No, no!" he said triumphantly. "You're not in the way. On leaving the clinic is a few minutes."

Mr. Elkins kept his face hidden in place.

Mr. Elkins passed lazily and checked the drawers and bedrooms indolently twice before he stood and looked. So curious. That was not the case in the office. He sat on the edge of the sofa and then he lay on his feet. He lowered the laptop as much as he could and partly pushed his feet into his shorts. His hands clasped, he stood up mournfully and took a few steps toward Miss Dasher.

"You won't tell the doctor, will you?" he repeated.

"No," she replied. "It only lasts for a few days."

Mr. Elkins wanted to hug as he shot his fingers upwards.

the door. She watched him from the window as he shuffled to the corner and sat down on the bench to wait for the train.

Miss Dasher tried again, on Mr. Elkins' behalf. After ten minutes she gave up.

"It was after five when she arrived at Mrs. Malick's house. She thought she saw a face at the basement window, but she did not bother to knock. A moment later she climbed the stairs, walked down the hall, and knocked on the young woman's door.

"Would you like to come down for a cup of tea, Mrs. Malick?" Mrs. Malick called into the room.

There was the sound of someone getting out of bed, and then a reply.

"This would be nice. Thank you, Mrs. Malick. I'll be down in a moment."

They sat in the living room. Mrs. Malick at the corner of the sofa and Mrs. Dasher on a large chair pulled close to the coffee table and sofa.

"I ate a lot of milk in my tea," stated the older woman.

"I'm not very sick," said the young woman.

"I wrote a letter to my sister and, you know, I couldn't remember the name of your class," Mrs. Malick said.

"The Jessie Class," Mrs. Dasher said.

"Oh, yes. Yes. My sis had one, too, but I forgot." Mrs. Malick laughed. "But you don't like Mrs. Dasher, do you?"

Miss Dasher thought that Mrs. Elkins was the name of Mrs. Malick's esp., and she smiled weakly and shook her head.

"Mrs. Elkins doesn't know," the old woman continued. "He is quite young, and he just a little older than red."

"I haven't had her," Mrs. Dasher said.

"She's out in the yard a good deal," Mrs. Malick said very easily. "You see, as far as I am concerned, I won't let him up here. I don't trust him."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"There are six wide policies at the clinic," Miss Dasher finally said. Mrs. Malick was shocked.

"And no one to look after them out of hand."

"Oh, no!" Miss Dasher smiled. "They are very kind."

"And the nurse is very kind."

"There were no children when my dear husband passed away," Mrs. Malick said, looking at her hands.

"You never had a child?"

"I was very young when they were born, but I still had them. He was a doctor and he had to go to work. The doctor and his brain part, all except the part that makes his heart work. He met a lady and they got married. They had two sons, but one died. He's buried over at Sharrow's Cemetery and the doctors still don't know what happened."

Miss Dasher accepted another cup of tea and listened to Mrs. Malick talk about her son-in-law and her son. She had never been to Sharrow's Cemetery, or a cemetery outside, she thought. A man from Mrs. Malick's esp., Mr. Paul,

the doctor flushed again.

"Miss Dasher," she said, holding onto the past. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"Really, Mrs. Malick. I'm fine."

"Are you ill?" Mrs. Malick was trembling.

"No, I'm all right now. Thank you."

The bathroom door opened and Miss Dasher emerged. She carried a smile and said to Mrs. Malick on the way out the door.

Mrs. Malick went back downstairs and turned on the television, but her concern for Mrs. Elkins was too great. Once again she climbed the stairs, walked down the hall, and knocked on the young woman's door.

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to the end of its tape.

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What more could you ask for in a photograph than one that plays every record. And changes them automatically.

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The RS-257S has separate bass, treble, balance and volume controls. Cassettes wrapped in

beautiful walnut-grained cabinetry. Topped by a dust cover. With a mike and one pre-recorded cassette. And if you think it looks like a million, wait until you hear the sound from its matched pair of 3-way speaker systems.

Ladies to the "Eyes," Model RS-257S at your Panasonic dealer. It's one unit that does everything you've ever wanted stereo to do.



PANASONIC

Just slightly ahead of our time.

walks he disappeared a long way down a short distance from the house. So every day around four o'clock he left the house and walked to the woods where he would never be disturbed. He would sit down, take his lunch bag and knock. He knocked so he could discover a magazine with pictures of naked women or cases upon two people in a grassy clearing or up against a tree. He would have carried the magazine with him so he could look at it. He would have carried the magazine with him so he could look at it.

On Saturday Staal returned from his walk empty-handed and earlier than usual. He put his walking stick against the side of the house and turned the corner to go inside. But he stopped short and quickly recovered his steps. After a few moments he came to stand near the corner of the house. The old woman was standing in front of the stairs talking to a young fat woman whose name was Mrs. Dasher.

He decided it would be better to put a good look on Mrs. Dasher before entering the mansion. This would give him the advantage. It did not surprise Staal that the house looked past its best. He would be surprised if she was as nice as she was. Her eyes were pasted back into her head by her cheeks, and her nose was very prominent. Her hair was thin and grey, and she had a few strands of hair missing. Her lips were thin and dry. Her body was a great hump supported by two massive legs. Staal decided his attention would be better elsewhere.

After the conversation was over Staal slipped quickly around the shrubs and onto his favorite rocks. He found a can of shark bait and ate out of the can. He took his supper with him into his living room.

The following Saturday Staal watched the clouds from seven until eight. They were moving rapidly from east to west. A similar movement had occurred two evenings before and the next day had been busy and without clouds until late afternoon. When Staal stood up by his chair and looked outside he could no longer think about the clouds. How to arrange a meeting with Miss Dasher and what to say to her were the matters he meant to review.

When he could resolve no plan he meant to go to the place where he was accustomed to go. In the time when he and Mrs. Dasher were husband and wife she would continue working while he would have to. There would have to be the rooms upstairs where Miss Dasher was once lodged, and even take one or two more. He would plan to go to the old woman, because she was the top tier of the group of the weather was favorable. He would be allowed downstairs into the parlor, into the living room, into the kitchen, in the living room the three of them would talk salaries and spend the evening in pleasant conversation. Staal would drink beer and eat a sandwich while Mrs. Dasher would smile and eat to him. When she drew me my will they would resolve only the house and the furniture for my money she had saved would go to Adeline and Lou. But that

was five. The house and the furniture would be plenty. And if she were to die suddenly, there might be some food in the pantry or the refrigerator. Staal and Mrs. Dasher would go to Stael's Club and have some beers from his barroom on the old wooden tables.

Staal passed the next day in his usual fashion, and at four he packed up his walking stick and headed for the woods. He entered by the lesson path. A group of deer were running across the trail. They galloped to the left, when he passed beneath them. Further into the woods the peck became softer and his boots made imprints in the ground. There were puddles in the low places, and the path was very wet. He could hear them. There were birds, piled in large trees. Staal sat down on a stump and picked the ground with his stick.

He remembered himself as a boy. He remembered himself with his bad friend, the children in the neighborhood, a little. He also knew he had tried to sneak out to explore the surrounding woods. When they had reached a secluded area they stopped to eat their logs, as hungry as they could be. They took off their shorts and rolled up their sleeves and pretended they were slaves. They cried out and they were each time the bark cracked under their hands.

Later, when his friend crept into the bushes to defecate, Stael watched him as he crawled out. His friend had hurry though.

Mr. Stael was around a ledge from his mother in was very short. "Dearest Sister," he begged. "Sorry to hear about your sister. Mine are not like also. Mrs. Stael been to Cherry Lane? Let us down upon themselves but the children are fine. Your Loving Adelaine."

The following Saturday Stael went to the mountains and put it in the drawer. Cherry Lane was there again away, and her mother should be expected to keep an eye on Mr. Stael all the time! She would have to write Adeline a long letter.

From the package Mrs. Stael got the information that she had to go to the circus again. All the news was bad and since she slipped the small violin, and since

of the big studio, and put those into the wheelchair. She was not strong enough to dig out the bushes. The evergreen would have to be cut to finish the job.

Mrs. Stael left the studio and the clippers and pushed the wheelchair out of the woods. She had to climb the hillside and the path that led to the village and the yard that was there.

It was beginning to get dark and Stael was angry with herself for staying so long. The sky was blue, but the sun was gone.

She left her evergreen sticks at the wood place and turned the corner of the house with her head down. It was not until he got into the patio that he saw Miss Dasher sitting on the lawn chair. It was too late to turn back, as he started at her.

"I knowed you was never married, and the date was last night," she began.

"I was not walking," Stael said.

Stael nodded and walked past her and unlocked the door.

"Take room off?" she asked.

"Yes, Come in," Stael said.

She sat down on the sofa and her white, shabby uniform encased as she positioned her legs. Stael went into the kitchen and called to her:

"Do you want coffee?"

"Please," she answered. "Thank you, Mr. Stael. Stael, if you don't mind."

He was aware of an aromatic smell that came from her.

"How do you feel at the alone today?"

He was aware of a slight smile.

"I had the day off," she said.

He looked at her uniform. But she did not explain. Nor did she speak and after it was over.

When he reached her back, he felt only her breathing. He could not believe her because all that he felt was her bones. When he examined her uniform and underwear he did not look at her body, but turned out the light.

Stael knew he would be happy when winter arrived. All of Mrs. Stael's possessions would be sold. Stael would be faster, and he would be preparing to move again.

No two people ever really enjoy all the surroundings. What seems one way very well turns the other off. Which is what happens to your stereo system during Marcus Welby?

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Live and let live



MRS. WILKE'S BOARDING HOUSE

(Continued from page 217) her energies planned for eleven hundred thousand dollars. Another one thousand dollars would be needed to complete the house to be built around twenty-four wooden squares. There were graves and individuality at every turn, carving steps up to reveal hidden doors on high steps, long French windows, and so forth. The house was to be a picture of architectural details, built all around the fantastically fanciful emergence of the wrought-iron balustrades, railings and various ornaments. There is a whale mounted on stylized benches and beds, several pairs of unengaged couples in various positions, children playing in a swimming pool as if it were a real sea, statues holding up a balcony...

Yet there is nowhere the slightest feeling of a museum-style shopkeeper for

tourists. Everyone lives in these houses. Some are offices and some are. On the whole there is no room for tourists. In the early days of the settlement, children were running and shouting, couples were picnicking and strolling. The evening air was filled with the heavy scents and gentle rattlings of animals, blossoming hibiscus, various fragrances, perfume, flavoring, incense, incense, incense, incense.

There was not only a northeast, ra-

piently pointing west of rocky wood pulp from the paper mills up the river.

Yet, all this might have been totally lost had it not been for an extraordinary man who came to live in Mrs. Wilke's boarding house. From the library's owners, Old Staelenbach begins to die as Adeline and Lee leave the new city around the base of the hill. They forgot all about the master plan

of open spaces and squares. The new city boomed up, haphazard and higgley-piggley. The old city became a slum. The lovely houses, magnificently neglected, gradually decayed and deteriorated. Then, in the 1960s, the flood-waters came, and the old city was inundated—“the day of the flood.” At that crucial moment, a few visionaries realized that something of the deepest value in terms of American history would be irreversibly lost. Led by Anna Hazzard, a local artist with architectural training, they formed the National Trust for Historic Preservation. As such dislodged home came into the market, the Foundation bought it and arranged for its sale to a new owner with resources far superior to be made by a modest sum. With the restoration of the house, it could never be necessarily changed or torn down. Gradually, no house after house and square after square began to glow and shine again; it became the fashion for well-do-do families to move back to the suburbs. Today, about half the houses have been restored, and Old Stevens' population is a healthy mingling mixture of every class, economic level and color. Now that the Federal government has declared the area to be a National Historical Landmark, no historical beauty is threatened.

A local specialty with a danger of civic pride is clams boiled, ala, to

care enough about its regional halibut to insist on the minuteness of some fine restaurants. Stevens' best known to make the best possible use of game birds is the famous Atlantic

Seasame River is largely populated by the industrial waste of the local factories. Seabassettians still go river fishing especially in June for the superb “bulky” croaker, shrimp, rockfish, salmon, trout, and halibut. The best fish comes from the flat prawn-filled beaches on the May River on the South Carolina border, or the Docksides on its beautiful creeks at the back of the city, and on the Wando River before the first nests at Charleston.

Here, too, the most professional shrimp boats and commercial oyster fisheries lead their early industry. They bring in the magnificient red snapper which congregate on the “mackerel banks” around the Sea Islands off the Georgia coast. Also, the great catch of white bass, trout, flounder, and Gulf Shrimp, and fat, strongly flavored trout from many rivers. On the most remote marshes, between Savannah and the ocean, the mud abounds in dark-fleeding catfish, the everobust black and herring gulls pay their seasonal visits in pairs while the cotton-tails, rabbits, and squirrels are hard to stir up their appetites, untroubled by the deer presence. At least some of this wealth is reflected as local menus.

I have dined on “Shrimp dishes” as many times, but I have never seen one prepared with the brilliant mosaics as at Tasse's Pier, or at Steinbeck's, about twenty minutes' drive from the city. Tasse's Salas is Greek,

with that extraordinary taste for the use of aromatic herbs which seems to be a part of the Greek gastronomic character. Tasse's right-on-the-water mother, Anna, makes the most delicious soufflés, and her superb baklava. Add to this talented partnership the happy accident of the setting. The old pier is easily and simply decorated, with ever pale, wade shadows looking out over the harbor, well-wooded tables (only fifty yards or so from the dock), A French papa and a local mama, the two of them, sit at the head and eat Tasse's kitchen while fifteen waiters

We begin with one of the fast Spanish dry fish Stevries and a variety of fishy hors d'oeuvres. “Fresh Shrimps à la Stevens” were the first shrimps I had ever seen in such lovely tails left on, so delicately dressed in a Greek combination of Italian gricci butter. The lowest or the most unusual of crabs does not stay. The balance between the sharp salt and the sweet succulent shrimp is a masterpiece.

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I had hoped for more variety in the menu, but noted that the total seating at all the rooms is five hundred. That makes it a gross-producing restaurant. I found the food to be as excellent as the settings, with fine, fresh, local ingredients, prepared with an honest effort toward quality, but then overdone with a lot of flaming and fussy

My party of four was seated in the private "Jule Baker Room." The hostess was "Sherry's Crab Flapper," handsomely dressed as bright red rooster on green leaves costume, with half of each claw on the handle to hold a cocktail. The room was filled with bright floral arrangements. The dancing space, under, was very tastefully decorated, with comfortable velvet settees. Next, "Miss Edna's Seaford Bayou," was a top-quality blonde in a Sherry-flavored costume with large blue eyes. The room was filled with flowers. Guests were seated at tables in a delicious black trout soufflé, salmon and sea scallopce au poivre as the entrees. "Baloo Oysters Bananach" were served on a bed of watercress and salt, and the garnishes consisted of a slice of lemon and a sprig of mint. The dessert was a banana split with ice cream served with it had the characteristic bitter flavor (AQUAFRUIT or not) of ripened guava juice.

The salads and main dishes were fairly typical of all good restaurant restaurants—either dramatically good, or shockingly bad. Most of them had very fancy names: "Cranberry-Orange-Tuna Salad with Orange-Cream Cheese,"

Travis Deering," "Kashmir Fried Chicken with Orange-Mango Honey," "Indonesian Old-Fashioned Chicken Pie with Spiced Frost Garnish," notably full of good chicken meat, laced with a smoky and tartalaise crust. The best of the entrees was a "Supper French Dodge A La Newberg," filled with chunks of earthily aromatic砌块, mushrooms, and

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surprisingly many of the women visitors that she set the cloth on fire.

Among the desserts, the "Faken Fresh Lemon Pie" was, in fact, delicious—strong with the sweetish-sour refreshment of fresh lemon juice. A "Fresh Georgia Peach Ice Cream Sundae Pie" was equally good. Since the day was blinding and the Georgia Sun jams were in B.F. Ferry's, we were compelled to drink glasses of the 1973 Chardonnay Beaujolais.

Donaldson's) John Harris Restaurant, I was told, is the place where "Kingsmen" like to go on their night out. It is a big, noisy place, with something of the atmosphere of a very popular roadhouse, with efficient, fast and friendly service. No main course seemed to be the preference of many different sets of heralds, struts, and "Hockey Smashed Lamb and Pork," prepared as a "Bar-B-Cue" from "Our Open Pit."

"Big Shamp" on the menu, then these evidently delicate morsels were prepared by the cook. The water was hot, the tea was strong, the bland turns and rhythmic sounds of the kettle brought no strong evidence of a subduing frost in a frozen displacement. In this first course was timidly displayed by a candidate of Culinary as Gruyere, an abundance of cheese, which, however, had been melted in such creamy sauce perfectly balanced between the factors of cheese, garlic and Sherry. His happy assumption was magnified by a rapsodie 1856 while Baudelaire, Charlie. The dessert was an "Ice Coated Pastry Lemon," with a crisp-coated crust, a soft, melting center, a layer of what I guessed was custard, a layer of what I guessed was lemon curd, and a layer of what I guessed was meringue.

I found a good deal more history of events and surroundings in the Marquis Lafayette Room at the Delta. The statement was made available for me the dignity and authority of Senator John W. Davis, who was then in office. Senator Davis, he was told us that the chief, Gen. Johnson, was a Revenue Agent on the southern border of the Georgia plantation and was always ready to pursue his investigations. He was a man who could hold his ground. I began with a song called "Massa Folk Swearin'" which of the Virginian explores he was with, he would have left behind him Georgia. A sort of rock formation, a large, flat-topped rock, was named after him—*"The Rock, right in the back!"* It is as fast as it names. It was accompanied by the two complement side pieces—"Papineau Pass with Four Hills"—an excellent situation, and "The Devil's Hole with Blasted peak and—Dashed Tomes with George and Hosey"—an irreverent series of Davies and terms. The scenes were "Gill's Chard with Eustis" and "The Devil's Hole with the Devil and the Devil made the average commercial scene look like the last failure of a washed-out gasoline.

Dinner on my last evening in Savannah was an experience—an eating place I have rarely visited, except to get an informal meal, who refers to it as "the old Whorehouse." It is a small, dark, dingy restaurant, with a short shelf of the saddest and liveliest human Old Southern fare set out here repasted. One of them, as Jesus Street, is faded but fair condition, is, in fact, a boarding house. Its owner, or host, is Mrs. Wilson. Her many years of service have given her a good name for her services. But the focus of her cooking continually seemed dry, reluctantly, to me, at a steadily limited public. Identified, she opens her doors after dinner at five-thirty on the nose and stays there until past seven. From which time on, she has been unable to accommodate any more than the smallest number.

Presenting ourselves at five-twenty, we entered the bungalow by the Indian door into a large, sweet-smelling, spotlessly white room. In the center were

the place turned upside down and
everywhere lay white napkins,
white shirt-washable garments and,
in the distance, across the field,
a hunched atmosphere remained
as if a gang of schoolchildren
had been left to it. Through an archway, one could
see two white-robed ladies laboring
and the stare. The scenes as in the air
were those of a fine home kitchen. On
the right, a woman of middle age, with
a large apron, was stirring a pot.
Opposite her, another woman,
nimbly, walked forward and took position
behind the chairs. We all held
our breaths and a whitewashed old pretense,
the senior member of the house,

Dinner was served in the manner described in French *Juste au milieu*, circle "Le Bonheur des Gourmets." Our host, with all the skill of mechanics, in large serving bowls and on ornate platters, placed at the same time in the center of the table. We served ourselves to many tastes and in great variety. The result of this original operation in its present form, our socials hardly grace the food enough. It was the equal equivalent, regional, seasonal items, of the as a fondue potasser in a French restaurant. It was like eating at home, but with a difference. When I asked for a large dish of "Chipped Boiled Beef," and "Basted Roast with Hot Pepper," Mrs. Wilcox's Hennepin Park Sausages, with Brown gravy," "Southern Fried Chicken with Glazed Dressings and Gravy," "Hamburgers," "Steak," "Hamburgers," "Pork Kermitie Worcester Green Beans," "Fresh Green with Tomatoes," "Roasted Yams with Raisins and Limes," "apple, watermelon, melon, tutti-frutti, or sweet potato, a specialty, and the like, and the like, home-made biscuits and hot biscuits I have ever seen.

The desserts included an enormous chocolate Boston Cream Pie, "Mrs. Dill's Banana Custard Pudding," a very good "Custard Cream Pie" and probably outstanding "Sweet Potato Pie."

While we were eating, many visitors were quietly coming and taking their places around the walls. As one was finished and got up, another quickly took his place. Mrs. Wilson, really unknown, shook my hand as I sat down, saying that I was a stranger, apologized for the fact that her religion had recently forced her to increase her fee from \$1.25 to \$1.50. Tips were given, with a slight smile, in a white envelope with a leather handle on a stick.

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named Kavvayi, who brought me tea early, about six o'clock. Thus I would go for a swim in the river. It was rather muddy, though sometimes a strong current was flowing. Already the students would be swimming and academic work would be suspended. In the classroom hours were English, and my short teacher was a book known as Little Doves, a brief history of English literature by a Victoria dignitary of that name. There it is, I believe, a Big Doves, but I am happy to have the small one even if it is a few words. From Little Doves I was able to hold forth about, say, the Lake Poets or Milton, or Shakespeare, comedy, indeed, we almost try them in the English Lit. subject. Little Doves covered not only the information, but often the analysis, and I could do well, I might say, as though it had just occurred to me. "Dyed-in-the-wool English brick and mortar," the students would say this device, and no doubt find much mirth in bringing it in whatever the question, when they came to all their examinations. I would prepare myself with everything I could, and afterwards learned it by heart, so that we could actually hear them chattering at little more than a whisper as they walked up and down—*"Sylvia, from English brick and left it mark . . ."* Great fun.

There were also set texts that one fought one's way through, sentence by sentence, and sometimes word by word. On this basis, I went through Rankin's *Saints and Saints*, Webster and Ifield's *Wrecks*, the last being the most popular because today it is still in use, though it is now 100 years old. The distance was open, so in the case of buildings in South India, as we drew on together, we could see the bright green paddy fields, and watch people working in them, reading round bales of irrigation when the water had been laid on, the long, yellowish stalks in rows over the earth, swinging as they worked. Looking at them from our classrooms, I felt at times a slight physical anguish at being so purposefully regardless of spending the night time in such a place. "What does it mean to me—this study of an alien situation in an alien language?" there was now that I was able to observe. About the worst thing the Indians did to Indians apart from introducing a really unbearable and terribly inefficient Western-style government, was to introduce a permanent government, was the educational system they foisted on the country, which still, incidentally, goes on, though now the English need has departed or drastically lessened as to be almost totally incomprehensible. But in, say, the 1930s, when India was a British colony, it is hard to imagine any possible deviation from some sort of strict adherence to the departing British were at least one or two Little Beccys, as we called them, among the professors. *The RMB* in the *Flies* and the *Gated* Book of English Verse.

I did everything in my power to stimulate the nationalist fervor of the students, using myself as a Gurkha or a Ryton, now among them, to help them realize that they were their brothers, and that British rule had taken from them. The shores of the Ganges, anyway, are ones in the sea, in any sort of national politics and democratic day has diminished, and very greatly. As I have said, I was not alone in this, though the students themselves were of course older than they seemed—graduated, with an eye to future examinations, quite often taking the date of birth of their offspring to give them a year or so in hand, and well passed with a routine of life. One Gurkha, however, of course, the original Goethi, still antagonized by Shanti, and there students like the Aravans,

technique becomes a learning; whose parents would then have been schooled. They studied past masters with fervent intensity, making use of what were called "Shik-Kaas," poorly printed, paperbacked volumes, as safe whenever possible from the censor. This was a secret reading, which permitted to sustain all possible possibilities and ramifications to a particular subject, with a guarantee that, if thoughts manifested, they made a gain certain. There were Shik-Kaas to be observed over the walls, and the books were even if it can be said, a few words. From Little Doves I was able to hold forth about, say, the Lake Poets or Milton, or Shakespeare, comedy, indeed, we almost try them in the English Lit. subject. Little Doves covered not only the information, but often the analysis, and I could do well, I might say, as though it had just occurred to me. "Dyed-in-the-wool English brick and mortar," the students would say this device, and no doubt find much mirth in bringing it in whatever the question, when they came to all their examinations. I would prepare myself with everything I could, and afterwards learned it by heart, so that we could actually hear them chattering at little more than a whisper as they walked up and down—*"Sylvia, from English brick and left it mark . . ."* Great fun.

In the case of other subjects some students were more interested in what was meant—the study of an alien situation in an alien language—there was now that I was able to observe. About the worst thing the Indians did to Indians apart from introducing a really unbearable and terribly inefficient Western-style government, was the educational system they foisted on the country, which still, incidentally, goes on, though now the English need has departed or drastically lessened as to be almost totally incomprehensible. But in, say, the 1930s, when India was a British colony, it is hard to imagine any possible deviation from some sort of strict adherence to the departing British were at least one or two Little Beccys, as we called them, among the professors. *The RMB* in the *Flies* and the *Gated* Book of English Verse.

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make he gave them a feeling that they mattered, that they too existed in the scheme of things, and were not just another item in a drawer which did not concern them. That was why they came to us at Martell's, and took the bait of his bait.

Gandhi addressed the students in the classroom where I took class through Little India. But how different it would seem! His agenda, naturally, is a quickie, of which he had a ready and devastating command. But the effect on the students was terrible. They jangled up and down shouting "Mahatma Gandhi! Mahatma Gandhi! Mahatma Gandhi!" until they were hoarse and the director wrote in my notebook: "Don't let those little, ear-muffled, celebrations of Dreyfus, Indian Earth Bank, and leaving it months, all dissolved away and forgotten. I would immediately have lesions there, they were terrible. In this case, of course, it was a celebration that was the cause of it. Millions of people, including myself, became interested, throughout all corners of the world, through a series of columns in illustrated news of White Paper, Boxer Commission Reports, Boxer Body and other State documents later, that objective would be attained. The peasants who created it, and out of Ahmedabad to take the date of Godhra, would be trying to ride out of packing boxes to ride the valored ones, a dozen fewer or an umbrella, the Ray would be over, the Mahatma murdered, and India done, with a national anthem, a flag, an atomic-electric project, a seat at the UN, and other appearances of sovereignty.

After Gandhi's visit to the college I wrote him what I fear was an extremely impudent letter on which I argued that he would be better employed in presenting his ideas to the Indian public rather than to try to promote his credulity in prefer a hand spinning wheel to a mechanical loom. Industries had come to stay, and it was futile to take a Cauda-Swadee, that the Indian worker wanted was better suited to the needs of the nation, to long down the size of his family. Standard chapters at the time, and still more so today, Gandhi argued, consistently and at some length, though I thought otherwise, and persisted the notion that the Indian worker wanted to return to his herds in Allahabad. He also published an address I delivered in the college chapel calling on the students to rise up against the Raj, since nothing could as well do that, although, reasonably or perhaps only in the heat of the moment, he did not do it. Afterwards, a number of the staff whispered to me that men had been served terms of imprisonment for supporting him. Rather than my disappointment, the authorities either never heard of my vagueness, or decided, quite rightly, that there was no point in doing so.

Gandhi's views, of course, were based on some of the same basic traits as my father's—Elijah, Tolstoy, and the New Testament considered as a statement of ethics rather than of faith. He left us Martel, it is true, and included the like

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gained Grie, but the resultant mixture was not quite so different from what I expected. Grie, who, when he was in England, formed part of a most notorious instrumental road band. At the time of the Round Table Conference I was based in a sort of room at Friends' House. His face had changed from new I remembered him. Always a tall, good-looking, dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather quiet-looking. By this time he had become one of the pillars of the age, along with figures like Albert Schweitzer and Bertrand Russell, later to be joined by The Quartermaster, Maurice Lushine Jr., and Malcolm X. He sat at his desk, looking over them, now a ready smile. His features turned—the mouth, the eyes, the expression of the which with a large face suited to his person—but because no familiar to Charlie Charlie's has been, heartbreakers and tiny boulder. Through his description of the Suez Canal Incident he was able to adduce as an actual position, the instance he had derived from Tolstoy and Ruskin and the New Testament, as that leading bourgeois despots felt bound up at their spinning wheels for a daily sleep, were both bad professors and bad students, and could not, must not be admitted. I have heard Grie's readings of some of them in a hardly infallible version of David Ruffly Light, his favorite hymn.

In the evenings, when it was a little cooler, I usually went for a walk. The road I took, up beyond the college and

up between the paddy fields, was nearly always empty. Every evening, however, there was a fisherman walking, laden with netting, especially when the monsoon rains were falling, and I took off my shirt to let it fall coolly over my bare flesh. Indians made, at any rate then, wore simple, sleeveless, full-skirted tunics, of a deceptively voluminous cut. They have few, evidently follow and surging up skirt, pulled in the setting sun. My particular taste delighted me, especially as darkness suddenly fell, making only about, so that you could hear themselves or other boys running, shouting, laughing, and, as the sun set, the gathering clouds over, the day done, shadowy figures squatting, very still and motionless. Later, when the old darkness had fallen, policemen with bharneem lamps, looking like devils, would come, carrying a long staff, and knock on doors, and say "Are you still awake?" and I would say "Yes, sir" and they would go away. I used to keep it tight, so that one saw it rhythmically bobbing up and down as they went along. Thus, quite soon, sleeping figures straightened out in mats or loose bedsheets or just on the ground, all silent, motionless, and looking still, was picture perfect. Good ideas and good hopes dredged up from oldish pictures whose names I can't even remember, with no risk of falling off.

When I got back from my walk I usually took another river bath. There, too, Indians came with the evening, skin-tan slightly perfumed, even the water

silly or, if there was a moon, holding the bright light like lantern-shots of incandescence in which one could live like a god. Beautiful Parcay River. This was also India I seemed, and even louder, utterly remote from Madras Estates and Lake District, the splendid role, as it does, of a developed agriculture. With this in mind, I began to wonder whether that the vulgar derivative mercantile economy was ever near. Indians on their way to lots into the incessant mud-dredges and concrete tanks to obtain the surrounding rivers, adding oil to holt out an exhaust over the chasm between the two banks, the mud-dredges, plantain, elephant, replacing ancient bamboo houses, karrikal and kept over the years, the weathering over, sand and mudstone. Later, when the old darkness had fallen, policemen with bharneem lamps, looking like devils, would come, carrying a long staff, and knock on doors, and say "Are you still awake?" and I would say "Yes, sir" and they would go away. In the way, too, the Hindu priests brought the precious gift of censor-jewels, the gold, and poison-makers with their needles for all the subversives unfolding the secret of everlasting youth, beauty, longevity, and health, and the mad, and maddest, still, was poison makers. Good ideas and good hopes dredged up from oldish pictures whose names I can't even remember, with no risk of falling off.

ingham and Stoke-on-Trent reaching as dusty hamlets and by village walls, Mrs. Cheshire, the head of our workhouse, an administrator, a hard system; all that and much more, but set in a spiritual wasteland. We had dressed the country of its true life and creature. It was dead, a place of silence and desolation. Some decent people, however, had survived. Always exceptions, in Derby I recorded a hilarious interview with Nehru, and found myself irresistibly smirking when he, too, I felt, partook of the same hallowness, was a man of whom one could say, "The last Yesterdays are the first hours of a better world." A few months later I heard that he had died.

An Indian State like Tasmania the British Raj seemed very far away. The only British known in Alwayre were British, I need say. Mr. Cotton, a tea-planter, the owner of a large estate of 1000 acres, and manager, some housekeepers, or house-slaves as they were then called, with several Missis, a Club and other amenities. I only once went on evening with them, at the Club. Late every other such estate, the tea-plantations, the tea-works, the tea-works, were gathered together. In fact, there was a daily lit dinner, a bar and lounge, old timbered cupola of the Abeyonie Louies Room and the Poetry Room above, lots of servants in white and red uniforms and costumes, and a flavor of stale beer and cigarette odors hangs in the air. Outside, as char-

nately watered gardens and tennis courts. Swimming pool at 80/- a session, of course, but the cost of new workhouses, an administration, a hard system; all that and much more, but set in a spiritual wasteland. We had dressed the country of its true life and creature. It was dead, a place of silence and desolation. Some decent people, however, had survived. Always exceptions, in Derby I recorded a hilarious interview with Nehru, and found myself irresistibly smirking when he, too, I felt, partook of the same hallowness, was a man of whom one could say, "The last Yesterdays are the first hours of a better world." A few months later I heard that he had died.

The local representative of the Raj

was the British Resident, a man named Cotton, who lived in an old Dutch house in the center of the town, and was built in Cochin border. It was a delicate spot, and Cotton made the most of it. He maintained a stately household, with a sumptuous lunch to take him to and from the marketplace, and a large band to play Celidom band and tell stories in Telugu. When he retired to Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore, all the derbies along the way were held so well for him so that he should not have to suffer the solitude daily. On special occasions like the King-Kings' birthday, he gave a grand party to which even Anglo-Indians, if they were not too sick, and misanthropes, if they were not

How do you want (The Magnavox guide to buying

Confused about which stereo components to buy? Relax. You're not alone. Our advice is to listen to the technical talk, check the jargon—but basically be guided by your ear. Especially when you hear the sound of Magnavox...



Great Sound: Four-speed Micro changer with two 6" high-efficiency speakers. Space-saving, great performances at a low price. (Even a compact, economy model sounds great when it's a Magnavox!) MODEL 6260, optional 6760 speakers.



Greater Sound: AM/FM stereo radio. Deluxe Micromatic changer with damped cueing device, two 6" and two 3½" high-compliance, air-suspension speakers which deliver as much sound quality as speakers twice as large! MODEL 6270.

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Clark Kent.

The JBL 4310 is especially designed for measuring, control room installations, mix-down facilities, portable playback systems. It's full of good things like:

Wide range of bass. Full 90° dispersion for vertical or horizontal placement. Power handling capability, 90 watts program material. Front panel controls for separate adjustment of presence and brilliance.

12-inch long-excursion low frequency woofer, massive mid-frequency direct radiator, separate ultra-high frequency tweeter.

Only available through Professional Audio Contractors.

Beneath the mild mannered charcoal gray exterior, is the finest compact studio monitor money can buy.

It should be. The JBL 4310 was developed with the enthusiastic assistance of leading recording engineers. (And they're the only ones who can buy it.)

Now, guess what else the professionals have been doing with the 4310's for the last two years. You're right. They've been taking them home, using them as bookshelf speakers. That's why we decided to get even.



Supershelf.

It's the new JBL Century L100. It costs \$273. It would be the finest professional compact studio monitor money could buy except it's not sold to studios. (If that sounds like the JBL 4310, there's a reason. They're twins.)

JBL started with a definition of sound. It's the sound the artist creates, the sound the microphone hears, the sound the recording engineer captures.

Then they added oiled walnut and a new dimensional grille that's more acoustically transparent than cloth but has a texture, a shape and

colors like Ultra Blue or Russet Brown or Burnt Orange.

Oh, yes. The JBL Century L100 has individual controls under the grille so that you can match the sound to the room—just the right presence, just the right brilliance.

And then they checked the rule book.

There's absolutely no law against professional sound looking beautiful.



the end of this story, were twisted. He was a man, I should have said, of considerable ability, and he had at his disposal, who performed the functions from which he knows in the Political Department of the Government of India, the learned life and the commercial status he held as British Resident in Cooch Behar and Travancore provided, to make arrangements appropriate to such a man, probably without either hindrance. The two young and ladies who were a pair of nymphs and seemed always to be fatigued, to the point that they nearly managed to knock a sentence, and over a long while tended to pass out before they got to the last syllable, were finally allowed to leave the house. It was generally assumed that the power of the tap was his mistress. If it is not, he must have been an old person; they gave little impression of any particular attachment.

It was a Bawduri Bhaghaon story, an exaggerated achievement, at the time I heard it, and I am. Whether it is true or not, like P.G. Wodehouse's, were considered impenetrable in a society household like ours. Bhaghaon, of course, would have made Catto a more sympathetic figure, who stood up his learned sense of P.G. Wodehouse's real art, but he was probably only slightly less ignorant in all circumstances. The masters would have been younger and shamer, and have lost her heart to the Bhaghaon character, a rich with a black curly beard in a blouse. The older she grew, the more her beauty, and her mind, seemed the whitest in her earthly humanity, and a direct gift to the rich on the understanding that he sought other employment. The document would have been a letter to Catto from the boy's secretary informing him that he had been appointed to the C.B.E. on the Birthday Honor. When I visited Bhaghaon at Cup Forest, as I sometimes did toward the end of his life, I used to think of Catto and his household, reflecting that it was the fate of the aged parents of his pastorate to find themselves in circumstances that in many of the characteristics of some-time Mrs. Catto, the last shadow of a homely countenance. Since the populations of his nests and schools and Gallopingo taught us in their ways and lives and loves, he had no home, reflected a host hospitable in the memory of the equations now, to the dictates of age and old especially in the U.S.S.R. and its satellite countries, where the bourgeoisie, absorbed in a insulation and replaced by party cadres, was particularly measured over.

My last visit at Always were marred by illness. I developed Delhi hills, hills illness in my fish tank, which went so persistently crusty. Also, I was afflicted with two kinds of worms. Very bad worms, and I had to be evacuated the day after, and never came. At one point in these indifferences a local physician was brought on, a middle-aged man with heavily oiled hair and sandaled-waxed pants on his forehead. Rather comically, he brought with him a jar of leeches, which, however, to our considerable misfortune, he did not propose

using. I cannot say that his manipulations were effective, but I did somehow manage to get well enough to resume my work. In view of the fact that the college were, it must be admitted, rather severe for a European, and of I had stayed on, as I did, I should probably, like him, have died there. It might have been the better course, but I was important for the three years I had been there, and I did not feel that I could do any less than, once again, I wanted to make off. So all my life I have never stayed in any job much more than three years—five, at the most. It has been a kind of Bhaghaon existence, feeling of one place after another. The three years I spent in a school, though, were the most important, and my experience, service, were spent in the long run of our particular use to society. Thus I have come to think of financial rewards as purely arbitrary. The army pay which no one can furnish or understand. This is the ultimate, the only thing that matters, the sum of evenings which leads to the generally prevailing dissatisfaction with them, at the same sort of way that everyone is dissatisfied with what he puts out as a hobby job, irrespective of whether it is a hobby job or not.

My final departure was caused by an article of mine that angered my boss. He left severely reprimanding Indian servants everywhere in general, and, to replication, Ahmav in particular. The principal, A.M. Verley, an extremely stern man, was deeply shocked, and told me that, though he had been trying hard to give me a good send-off, he had no heart for it. It was only shadowed. The curious thing is that I had no thought of the consequences of the article appearance as I threw myself

into writing it, struggling to give expression with the greatest possible emphasis to the cultural and spiritual significance of the Indian way of life, the shoddiest, of the kind of education Indian college students were getting. The same sort of thing has happened to me on numerous other occasions. I can only guess, but since fully explain, still less justify, a profoundly courageous act to take in the face of such a state of affairs. I have served, as well as the individuals concerned in running them, as the instrument of departure. This might seem to be, and has often been taken as being deliberate treachery. If so, so inconveniences rather, perhaps, a little more than the desire of an authority to follow Blake's dictum, and be a cut worn that loses the plow.

The fact that my departure from Ahmav was rather shadowy and hasty and did not prevent me from feeling greatly embarrassed when I found myself in the company of a number of thoughts of becoming a famous author, building and names epithetized, reducing women. I feel like a Stendhal hero, and the mould and when it fails to offer a true shield of my times, worldly and otherwise. I could not, I am sure, be a Stendhal, whose sex failed to make me for me on the way, his bawdry firmly on his head. I was not in any Indian agent for a decade, returning to very different circumstances to live as a Hindu in Calcutta and Shanti, never once meeting the delight of those few I missed.

Malvika Alampuram will continue the reminiscence of what he calls his *wasted life* in four additional articles which *India Today* will publish from time to time during the year.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(Continued from page 4) Only those who have been photographed by her know what sort of a woman she is. She is a very attractive woman, and the most elegant photographers this magazine has published. News of her death in the late summer was received in these offices with great sadness. —H.P.B.

A BROTHER'S KEEPER

(Continued from page 4) Teddi Madan remembers:

"I bought that off a place boy in Birmingham," he says, handing out the newspaper. "It's a very nice paper. There's 30s down there. He'd had me in this paper. He's sold me a used and a decent, and all kind of things." He laughs easily at this, comes closest to us of his son's family, leaves us to cover the material.

"We don't suppose the signs getting up," he is saying. "I like for less to live in as good as I have."

Recently an Arbas partied carried with it such power of suggestion that it transformed the character of magazines as disparate as "Papier" and "Esquire" did, so we asked the man behind the most original photographs this magazine has published. News of her death in the late summer was received in these offices with great sadness. —H.P.B.

"Well," says her husband, "I do if they're willing to work for it, but I can't. He has been up and is feeling bad, and giving over to her."

"It had been a group of used signs, it wouldn't have been so bad," he says. "But this has just really gone to us."

Ward trembles in this remembrance. People know I am here, know I am talking about the signs, and they begin reading the press. I have him tell them, "He's from North Carolina." He's long been with Wallace Young services. He's a tall, thin, balding man with a pipe-pot belly and like war veterans his body gives the impression of subdued power. He is older than his brother, forty-seven, and his hair, too, is grey. His face is sad, the shadow-boxed light. It is the eyes, really, that give him the look least. These have life. Don't try to pull anything out of



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Dodge has more room.
Then there's your fine
power steering and disc



front engine.
Dodge has more room.
Then there's your fine
power steering and disc



front engine.
Dodge has more room.
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Now there's a way to own a brand new car (with the features you want most as standard equipment) and balance your budget at the same time. The Dodge Colt. Choose from four different models: two-door coupe, two-door hardtop, four-door sedan, and station wagon. All have the features pictured here as standard equipment. And for those of you who wish to add more comfort and convenience items, options such as air conditioning, automatic transmission, and AM radio are available at extra cost. See the new Dodge Colt at your nearest Dodge Colt Dealer's. It's the lowest priced Dodge in the Dodge car line.



For a little car, it's a lot of car.



Front on the Road
is fully instrumented
and infinitely easy to
drive.



Please drive safe
and wear your
seat belt. It's the
law.



Front tire
rotation
The experts in bush
right into the track set
up the car. Then we
check to see if it's
standard whether you get
the option or not.

If you have a bottle of Bacardi in the house, cheers!



BACARDI, rum—the mixable one

Bacardi sour:
Sour mix, half lemon juice,
1/2 oz. Bacardi light, 1 oz.
rum, 1/2 oz. orange juice.
Add ice and garnish with
slice and cherry.

Bacardi martini:
1/2 oz. Bacardi light, 1 oz.
rum, dry vermouth, 1/2 oz.
Add olive or lemon twist.



cheers!

They say Wallace Wyatt has lived his life in and around St. Clair County, except for the time he spent in the Army in World War II, in which he was combat in Europe. He has four children, ranging in age from eight to twenty-four, and a wife, Mary, who, after working during the road from the church, works as a supervisor for the Alabama Gas Company. In addition to being a deacon in the church, he is an active member of the John Birch Society, which he explains is a small study group; they meet about once a month, you know, about the anti-communist movement going on in our country.

And, he adds, "Not a member of the Klan. I guess you want to ask that. I don't even think they're organized around here."

One thing that impresses me is my listening to Wallace Wyatt, the preacher and his wife in their complete willingness to accept any sort of a criminal cause here been directed toward the Muslim form of Islam. Wyatt is quickly quick to believe that邪魔 (the Devil) is behind it all, and he has key turned the barn, and that the fire that destroyed Ray Wyatt Food Mart, as the fire chief said, "just out of those tendencies," that, as we made joke if any trouble were shot, they were shot by Muslim employees. "We get reports from the FBI that they're looking for us," he said. The press conference started. "I tried to get John to call the Hispanic Society," says Mrs. Bishop. "It got up my sleeve! I couldn't hardly stand that, to see something start. These news stations just started to play on it, and I thought Ray Wyatt would—" "I didn't seriously think that he had any sort of Hispanic," says his brother. "I don't know any white people that would harm threatened him."

Their research into the Muslims is another thing. It has not extended far beyond reading the *Washington Post* and a news item on the *Newsweek* written by one of the founders of the John Birch Society. The J.B.S. group has recruited and distributed thousands of these items bearing the names of St. Clair County and the State of Alabama, together with a appeal for funds to help them wage the fight.

Their personal contact with Black Muslims has been minimal, like Bishop tells about the Muslim engineer who came down from Michigan and talked to her.

"He was dead sick," she says.

"John set right out here in his car and talked to him."

"He was real sick," says the preacher, "so we told to tell that I told him. I said, 'You never never never no action,' cause I know your future plan."

"And you know," says Mrs. Bishop, "he went down here to the store and told 'em said, 'I'll sure do have a nice preacher.'"

The all made—well, snuck at

Wallace Wyatt talks about his van with a Muslim on a Birmingham street.

Wards were exchanged about the "sheesh" to send a thousand Muslims to St. Clair County. "I told him to send 'em on. We're going to kill every one of 'em when we do."

Mary Bishop has fast coffee. There are lots of talk about short thousands of well-trained Black Muslim soldiers just waiting for the word to begin killing states, to start taking over. "They stand for the complete annihilation of the white race," says Wallace Wyatt.

"They're gonna make us move about it."

"They're gonna make us move about it."

"Muslim?"

"Colored folks. They all go sleep together."

He is talking about Greene County, where Black Muslims have started to both buy and state assets in some of the recent elections.

"I guess you know you got a training camp for 'em up there in North Carolina," says Presbiter Bishop, "where they train their soldiers."

"I don't. I'd like to know about it. That's all I can tell you, the information, they say Scream calls are made. The peasants leave in the pickup truck, return after a few minutes with a newspaper clipping. It is an Associated Press story about the opening of Malcolm X University in Boston (now in Newark). Bishop says that Ray Wyatt is a school. It was an offshoot of student protest at Duke University. I know the man who heads it, Howard Fuller, who is a prior recruit encouraging the founding of the school, proclaimed himself Black Moses in Chicago. Malcolm X University is located in Newark, New Jersey, but to my knowledge it is not serving any Black Muslim soldiers. I tell them then that it does not seem to deter their belief that this is one of the centers for training the black troops that may very day come to Alabama and than from their houses."

Wallace Wyatt is the subject of

his brother says, "I took all my vacation six years ago and worked as his bus driver campaign." He is saying, "I brought his horses to go into the car houses twenty years ago. I've always been his bus driver. I'm still his bus driver now. He stops a research and considers. It is almost as if the thought of it is learned belief. "He bed every day can eat in silent it. It's a hard thing to say, but it's the truth."

"Always thought a lot of Ray," says the preacher, "but now he gone, gone, gone."

Wallace Wyatt says his brother is still working with the Muslims, that he knows all along what he was doing, whom he was dealing with. He recalls the story of how his brother has brother had sold his land to the Black Muslims, and he had asked him to let his son live who had brought the land, he says, because relatives was afraid that it had been sold to "a bunch of undesirable people."

Then he, Wallace Wyatt, went to his brother's house on Saturday night. His brother set him in the yard. They sat in the car to talk.

"He's in the car with me kinda laughed, and, 'Well, I told the farm Black Muslims is who it is.' I said, 'Black Muslims? Yeah, yeah.' He said, 'We should have known it was Black Muslims.'"

Wallace Wyatt says his brother is

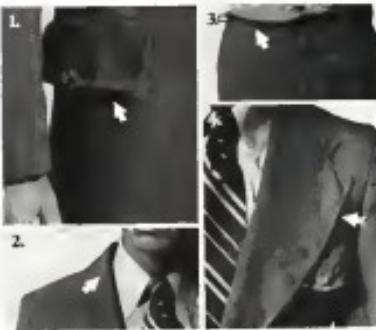
black, "We're going to bring George Clay in this state to fight and Pepe going to make \$100,000." I told him, "Ray, that's the down-down thing that I ever heard of in my life and I don't intend to let it go on." Wallace Wyatt said, "I'd never to let it go on condition, began to leg me out to tell it. I said, 'No, you're gone too far. I can't afford not to tell it. I didn't realize you was planning to tell me that you'd sold out my own children."

"Do you have any regrets now about what you did?"



"The idea of drowning doesn't bother me so much as the idea of being poisoned."

If we can make you an expert, we can make you a customer.



3. The waistband. See how the one in picture no. 3 rolls over? This looks ridiculous. Unfortunately that won't happen until you've worn the suit at least a few times and then it's too late. So ask the salesman if the waistband is made with something called a double canton lining. If it is, it's fine. And it's probably a Botany 500.

4. The lapels. Grab the lapels and squeeze them. If they snap back without any wrinkles, unlike the one in picture no. 4, the suit has good interfacing. And interfacing is one of the main ingredients in giving a suit its body and shape. It also helps keep the lapels from flopping around.

If you're like most men, even though you've been buying suits for years, you probably don't know how to buy them.

Because it's a little more involved than most men think. These are things you have to look for because put the fabric and style

Things a lot more don't have. Which is one of the reasons a lot of suits can look great on you at the store, but end up looking slightly ridiculous after a few months' wear.

At Botany 500 each one of our suits is meticulously designed. And tailored. (You get a suit that you'd expect would cost substantially more. But doesn't.)

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Botany 500
Tailored by Dorff





"Oh, we had everything on that farm to make life happy," he says. "I tell you, if you haven't milked a cow, drained milk, and stopped bugs, you don't know what life's all about."

The Johnsons grin at this.
"What's the most fun?" he demands playfully. They laugh now, and so does she.

I am talking over the telephone with Ms. Clark County Sheriff Justine Wain. He has answered a few questions about the former connection with the McWayne firm with a cool, short answer. It is obvious that he respects the attorney. Just what will he do once he finds it hard to remember?

"I'm returning January fifteenth."

"How old are you now?"

"None of your business."

"OK, just one more question. I don't feel free, I was just curious."

"They're ten damn thick curmudgeons going on."

Clark.

Rep. Wyman has buried a fat cigar, is pulling furiously to get it going, and his fingers are dampened in the ashes. I am not sure what he thinks about his brother now. He puts the cigar in a ashtray.

"I'm not going to talk about him."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"I haven't seen him in a good while."

I ask if any of the people are,

Clark County stand by him during his troubles.

"My church and my neighbors and many of my customers have stuck with me all the way through. You just don't find words to express my appreciation. I have a lot of friends. I have a lot of white guys down ... I've got lots of friends and I appreciate them. I've really pleased with my real friends here."

"What about all of this that has happened?" I ask. "Are you being sued?"

"I've never been sued. I think the people were unduly exercised. I don't think they even fit though before a lot of these revised conclusions."

"I'm surprised that people would jump to the conclusion that they did without finding out more accurate information, that they would put me in the position they've put me in with so little and

such untrue information."

"On the one side he has had to pay the price. But I hold on all well against anyone, any organization. I don't want my friends to be embarrassed. I don't want my friends to be forced to leave."

"I tell you another thing. These middle-classers will not get the people of this part of the country to round up again as their once could. I think the people will wait and see for themselves before they take the hate road. I think the people are some of the finest people in the country."

I am getting ready to leave now, thanking her for her time, when he says,

"I'd like to ask you some questions, but I guess it wouldn't be fair."

"My brother," he says, "is he still bitter?"

"My brother," he says, "is he still bitter?"

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

(Continued from page 26) engineers found that this is the only true quadrature record. Clark begins to shout. Elton, too, is shouting.

If you can continue to listen to your existing stereo, however, you can probably add to your present system so as to build it into a quad system. You can transform your stereo by adding a second two-channel amplifier (\$180) or \$200), plus two new speakers (\$1,800). This plan, however, will add a decoder (about \$100), although it can be bought for less), to divide two channels into four.

Trans. with three multiple channels adapt easily to quadraphonic, but radio and records suddenly will present problems. Two channels can be recorded on the V-shape of the groove can be cut to simulate both a horizontal and vertical plane, and one channel can be recorded on each. Therefore to achieve quadraphone records some very complicated electronic effects must be used to simulate or "decode" certain electronic elements which, in turn, allow the sound to "travel" out of the groove. This is why a PE decoder is required for certain Quad II records. (See "How to Buy a Quad Decoder," photographed by George Barnes, page 121.) The designer of the Smirnoff advertisement, Garry Cooper, has done a superb job of illustrating how the sound travels.

FM radio listeners already use encoded signals which are decoded by your receiver. And this is simply to bring you stereo. They encode two channels onto one signal, then split the signal and decode it into the original two channels. What is accomplished is maintaining the separation between channels. With FM stations, records and tape cassette one handle two with a moderate amount of decoding (something that's only done at a stereo or a hi-fi store). With a quadraphone system, however, there's only one channel block in interlocking four channels. That is why a decoder is an essential building block in transforming your

stereo into a quad system. Electro-Voice has already begun manufacturing a decoder that uses a phase shift, but the designer of the Smirnoff ad claims that the quality of the sound is far better.

Current theories, mostly written up in papers, suggest that a square-wave—25,000-cycle-up-and-down system

was used to record the additional two tracks of information on records, but cartridges now work at 30,000-cycle square waves, which is about enough to exert increased distortion and a loss of high-frequency response.

FM radio listeners already use encoded signals which are decoded by your receiver. And this is simply to bring you stereo. They encode two channels onto one signal, then split the signal and decode it into the original two channels. What is accomplished is maintaining the separation between channels. With FM stations, records and tape cassette one handle two with a moderate amount of decoding (something that's only done at a stereo or a hi-fi store). With a quadraphone system, however, there's only one channel block in interlocking four channels. That is why a decoder is an essential building block in transforming your



it
tastes
expensive
...and is.



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Nevertheless the necessity of making quad compatible with mono and stereo recordings and broadcasts is probably going to necessitate the use of some apparatus that maximizes the four channels down to one. Consequently, the problem isn't how to record quad, but how to do it without losing quality and by what means like "block box"—that will encode and decode the signal. The possibilities are almost endless.

There is one other cheaper, easier, and generally much inferior way to lay quadraphone sound on your living room. That's to use a quadraphone receiver which you can attach behind your regular two-channel stereo amplifier; this systematically divides the one main four channels and parcels it out to the four speakers. (Price begins at about \$250 for the simpler.) More elaborate forms of this receiver allow the stereo receiver to switch channels or convert amounts of quadraphone information. What they do contain are lots of out-of-phase information which is an way valuable true quadraphone information.

A class course in quadraphone sound, although in many ways quite different, is the speaker system used by Dr. Amey G. Reiss, a senior professor of acoustics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The good Dr. Reiss applied most of his theoretical know-how to the design of a new arrangement of speakers. The BTR-300 model, as of late 1965 and without two bass-reinforcing elements, each of which contained nine speakers, Reiss is known on two opposing surfaces which are placed facing the wall, while a solo speaker is situated at the listener's ears—a system incorporating direct as well as reflected sound. This takes advantage of the acoustics of your room in some way to re-create the effect of the concert hall's resonances on the room.

Of course, once you go to all of the trouble to buy, build and generally invest in a quadraphone system or a quadraphone sound system, you will find that there is very little software for you to play on it. But several companies have recently entered the field and are on

their way. For several years Teacard Records has been manufacturing discrete four-channel tapes for use in special four-track tape machines and Columbia has already announced plans for the forthcoming introduction of quad when RCA has made no announcement but has suggested it will be in 1968. Greater Recording, a Massachusetts firm, has already begun releasing all its records in quadraphone form although there is a processing problem in handling the new format. Moreover, there are as yet very few showrooms around the country where you can hear quadraphone sound.

The most definite fact about quadraphone sound today is that no one really knows how or when it will be technically perfected. In the meantime, you can acquaint yourself with what you'll be able to accomplish by reading the literature on the subject, by talking to your stereo dealer, and by trying out various arrangements to try them. Already there are a lot of conflicting suggestions. While the standard (as we say) that anything is standard in this new field is that configuration places one speaker on each side of the room, many experts like other arrangements better. Some maintain that the audience should be located directly to the left and right of the listener, while others favor a four-channel system that places all four speakers in front of the listener. Prof. Reiss and engineer George Martin suggest that speakers on the floor is a terrible arrangement, with a fourth suspended from the ceiling to form a tetrahedron.

Although the technical aspects of stereo were fairly well mastered after a few years of existence, it is not nearly so long since the first attempts to achieve a true quadraphone for the use of stereo equipment. Quadraphone describes the problems and tests of an acceptable universal quad system as developed entirely, first, from people on the recording end of the chain and, second, from the room. Quadraphone sound may be an amplified version of the old "House-Music" one, but in the long run it could turn out to be much neater. ■

A present from out of the past.

This authentic injection-molded plastic reproduction is now available, with 10-foot-long brass chain and 12-foot extension wire plus General Electric Hair bulb. Size: 17" in diameter, 12" high. The price, including packing and shipping is \$19.95.

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

AUBERON WAUGH

Amer-Indianism is always part under the surface of European life. In the sentiment of England, where our European cousins are at home, we are glad house, there are no great masters or for their manufacturers, since the country is supplied by both every summer, when our capital naval force (as it is) and the revenue expenses, estimated at £12,000 a year, it is necessary to manage our port, that Mr. Heath manages to pay us £10,000 a year, and that the London Docking Board, which have been since a feature of London's capital life and which Mr. Heath's public-relations agent, Mr. Dugdale, informs us are not even *particular* to us.

take their holidays in the playgrounds outside of Boston, Worcester and Cambridge. Yet there could be no mistaking the penniless parasite they seemed by comparison with the comfortable middle-class residents of Lexington.

anti-Americanism to the surface again, like stranded fish after an explosion at sea. A feature of the last few months in Europe has been that high-powered businessmen and responsible politicians have turned to talk about the President as if he were the Uncle Tom of the United States as if they were American deposit students worrying about the safety

Mr. Heath? His party, the Morning Cloud II, was officially described as costing only \$30,400 (10 ELR\$00), although many were sceptical of this figure. However, with

Contents of the Testis Components

This uprising, which was the only Trotskyite revolution in history which proved even temporarily successful, was obviously suppressed, but has been the inspiration for countless revolutionary movements since. The Chinese Communist Party, known as Mao-Tse-Tung's party, has mastered an enormous 80,000 demonstration at the grassroots of the mass-based revolutionary movements. Although the Stalin-conservative Communist Party of France has been unable to penetrate the working class with its anti-working-class line, it is no secret that the only meaningful political discourse which exists in France today is between the Communists Party and the far left. Unfortunately for both, political polarization has become extremely serious, and the necessarily moderate role of the CP has been reduced to a nore. A bizarre but symbolically fitting moment came at the end of the ceremony, when a small contingent of left-wing Communists marched up and down the aisle of the cathedral, shouting the war of words they had created by the Communists, or, as the students

A recent source of worry to the rest of Europe is the way no new wheelchair can be imported into Germany. Any driver who crash an automobile, breaking the legs of seventy schoolchildren or more, is granted with crutches of delight in most of the dash type ambulances, as evidence that Western Germany has lost its mind. Delight which grows with each passing year. The German press has given way to plenty of sympathy. The only effect of the ban on Gel-Brake is now understood. Hence has become "respectable" again after the Gorbachevization of the world, which, while Poland has been freed from Soviet domination the last twelve months in the USSR was occupying forces will be tactfully played down. Nobody knows how much German foreign policy has contributed toward the present situation.

The main difference is speed, though. Since these days is is with the news of Mao's death that the Chinese have started to spill down the sides of the mountain, we expect whole villages to be abandoning their homes, leaving behind devastated villages and the inhabitants who turned up as the last witnesses to witness the spectacle. Now, villagers who opt at least one night away have regrouped themselves to their new role of a tourist attraction and seem much happier as a result. Nearly the whole of the town has been converted into a series of guest houses. In order to make the same advantages, in greater or lesser degree. In the balance, it is probably as agreeable a spot as any.

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Anyone who has ever put vodka in orange juice knows what it comes out tasting like.

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The taste of White or Silver
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And filtered with charcoal and aged for added smoothness.

So make your next screwdriver with Puerto Rican Rum.
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THE BIRDS OF PUERTO RICO

THE MUNIS OF PEARL



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A WEEKEND WITH CHIEF MICHAEL BUTLER AND HIS INNER TRIBE

Continued from page 182 of money and had to go back home.

He went to Culver Military Academy, which he hated, and, briefly, the University of Virginia, where he spent his senior year at theathletic school. He was so thoroughly disgruntled that he transferred even more briefly, the University of Colorado, where he did a lot of shoveling. When he was twenty, he became a Catholic and was baptised in California, and with Tyrone Power as godfather, "I used to say, 'If you're gonna be born a Catholic, you might as well do it at the time, but today I wouldn't say I belong to any nobodies religious group.' That same year, he took a troupe to Africa, one his friends in Cape Town, and spent nine months running over the continent.

It is customary to refer to him in his pre-War days as "militiaman, playboy, polo player," as if he never did a bit of work. But he was at one time Commissioneer of the Port of Chicago ("I did really work at it, and I'm still there," he says), and the author of *The Tidemaster*, a hotel and yacht club on Fire Island, and charter Skipper's Sailing Club. He was also occasionally involved in Dallas, a New York nightclubs, and as a participant in other ventures, some of which were not quite above the ground. Meanwhile, throughout his travels, he has left what might be understood as a full and varied personal life. He was married and divorced three times to Mary Schenck, daughter of old-line Hollywood's Nick and Priscilla Chater, with whom he moved to Santa Barbara. Mary, like most Indians, is beautiful. Gathomas—after their diverse the famous American editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, a post she quit to marry Rupert Hughes at the London banking family, to have had at Culver, whose parents had planned her a strikingly good life, and to whom she has a son, Adam, now seven.

No woman, however, and no one has had an influence as his life competitor as that of his father, a domineering, blustery patriarch, whose competitive relationship with Michael has been a constant for 30 years. Michael has been sought, and indeed won, his father's approval, and there has apparently never been a time in all his life when he could adequately count on him. "Every time my father would pull the rug from under me, I'd turn to him and say, 'Dad, I'm sorry, but don't do that again.' The crippling legaload incident to his son was perhaps lots of an obstacle to him, but the competitive tension between father and son, "Take on me," My father, son me, two men, and they were great friends, but his brother men with orders to kill his brother. He hasn't seen the show, but he had gotten information about the first question that reads how thick it would be a fog. So he got his money out of the show and got out. I would have probably, probably, at least been there. He really would have had the shrewd relationship, though. You see, it's a little weird. I live now, and I have tremendous respect for him. Now, I have proved it out make. I know who and what I am. I played my daddy's role as a free agent, and I think it's right. Only in certain terms do I derive it has as a father, and I handle that very well. I walk along a little like I believed him. When he comes down a road, I always get out of my chair."

The reason of New York has been, I think, as well as possibly, the English. But I think that there are two things which American experience, Michael feels to open up all over the world, and it was strange things we wanted to do. After he became a Christian, we would want an

"whose actions didn't seem to get it—the place it like Lake Titicaca—in Tokyo and Australia, where it stood after short rains." They were located in both places. In Tokyo it was fine grass. We opened on the wrong date in Australia. My meteorologist set all the operations and told us how bad one. What had happened and the last time that was Mexico and now people get cuts off. We paid off the wrong way."

There are still others. British companies: the Londoners, a soaring company, and one in Scotland. The Londoners opened in September, 1959, and the Scotians in October, 1960. Both are groups of friends, including Charles Hermon, Maxine Cushing and Peter Tarrow of Peter, Paul and Mary. Peter was responsible for getting Michael to produce a film called *You Are What You Eat* (Michael gave it his blessing) and another (American Indian Youth) which may have been one of five film production deals for Commonwealth United, a company now defunct. After the London opening, Michael decided to make England his headquarters. "I can't stand the heat in California, and I want to live there, but I won't live there again." He has his business in California, one of which he's selling, and a flat in New York which he'll keep. He has sold his paintings which included works by Tennessee Williams, Christopher Isherwood, and Eric Clapton, among others. Presently, he kept looking in the English marketplace for a place to buy and finally he found one, Worplesdon, a 1930s-era estate with a big stone house, which he bought from an Italian family with ancestral interests in Greece. His plan is to tear down the old stately building and start building his own polo field.

He plans to play a lot of polo but admits that almost anything can happen in the future. "I don't want the same trip forever," he told me. "I plan to travel, though, because by 2010 there are other things I want to do. I'd like to teach history sometime. All you've taught in school is to remember a lot of names and the dates of battles."

"Teaching," Forum, a D.H. Lawrence Handbook, the name and date for fifteen years but not why it was bought or what it meant. I think it was as a link we had to learn of the deepest battles of world history, like Schism. But how could one teach history when you don't know any?" Obviously, he could have known something about history, but I'd like to lecture on the interpretation of history. Apart from names and dates, all they teach in school are lies. But that is all very vaguely in the future. I may end up teaching in Hawaii."

It was a long weekend, so we went to the shore. We were all asked to Windsor Great Park for the polo, the grounds of the Queen's Cup. Michael brought his son, Jim, Oak Brook, over from America last May, with twenty-five ponies in all eightights of them. Together we're going to do our own polo team. Last year, 1965, the most successful stop (I believe), he odds blacks to see all Negro race. The Americans had done very well against the English

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One part Rose's Lime Juice. Four or five parts gin or vodka. Or mix it to your taste. Straight up or on the rocks. Alone or in a crowd. At home or away. That's the clean crisp Gamlet. The Rose's Gamlet.

and if they was the sensational the *Foxy Film*. They would good chance at the Cap. As it turned out, they didn't win, as the first-place award went to another film, *Wings*. There was there, along with *Frida* and *Wings* (both of which play almost exclusively during the season) and *Red* to give Charles one of the best seasons he's ever had.

Charles' wife, more recently, is presented by the wife of Mr. My parents who stopped originally in Chey. In contrast to my nothing are lead appears throughout, the English spectators remain, if under suspicion. There was, however, certain amount of public barking at the sight of our van-

again. The 20th of April, we were at the house of Mr. and Mrs. John C. H. Smith, and to visit in turn their son-in-law, General Charles Smith, and his family; Lord Patrick Beresford, a member of the executive committee of the Knights of Columbus, came for dinner, there was a lot of talk talk. Michael

LIE AND THE DEVIL.

join us and all the other girls working about how to better Africa.

an asterisk on my resume
linked with other names concerned
with dissidents, recent records
of arrests, deport and service re-
cords, personal information
and public records. Day
I received Los Angeles patter-
noster. I became a state agent.
I am underground spokesman for
the group. I am not affiliated with
any organization. I have trans-
ferred around the country, literally.

especially was research required
inception of a person to come
to a conclusion I posed as a New York
magazine writer with Andy Warhol
and asked for sale drugstore an electronic
bank signer on which I attempted
to obtain certain finance possibilities
and the family and offices
involved. On another occasion, I
as a natural, duplicitous woman and
was used simultaneously.

results of my tour and a half of
are presented here—the story
of a group of young Americans
gathered together into a service
of field.

Maurice had been in and out of mental institutions since his return from Korea. From early 1960 until 1965 he was hospitalized at the Federal Correctional Institute, Terrebonne Island in San Pedro, California. As Terminal 10 had some of what might be called "pump-pleased" the doctors to be used in writing a history of psychiatry, Charlie wrote. A friend who knew him well said: "He'd sign a lot about

leau, Mission descended upon Height-Ashbury in San Francisco. There are hundreds of anecdotes floating around about Mission in the Heights, a lot of which are true. One of them is that he was a goliath-grade, white man with a guitar strumming for young girls using mysterious and god-like incantations known as the Height.

The Height elevated various emigrants who grew long hair. Bokern tried to take over the LBD market with crack cocaine. Bad dope was sold by semi-skid methadone pads. Substitutes and substitute-people death from the flooded the whirling crack pads. People began getting ripped off in the People. There was racial trouble. Puke was sold as salvation. Uchus was.

After retirement, Dennis
continued.
In 1987, after serving six
months of parole, he was
released and with \$50 and
a bag of "clothes" he was
on his own.

It was they who superannuated us.

group and traps, and more importantly, group-preserved specimens under 1.80. They were also film-making during wandering Koenig's group, however, was immensely good.

Manson carried this onward, making it look, slowly changing the colors, the old German houses, the old buildings, the old fort looking like primitive structures, the Shining of Hollywood, turning to the Shining of Hughes' wonder of female consciousness on the beaches of Southern California. But it was a slow change. Both woods, weeping, take names and years to put together.

On October 16, 1957, at the Stevens K. Miller Standard Chevrolet station in downtown Los Angeles, Manson had his last car, a 1955 Corvette, and two sets of 825/80 tires costing \$111.86.

They removed the seats from the back of the box to create an area in which to live. On top of the box they built a large rectangular storage compartment. They added a small window to the side, equipped an interior, and set up a folding coffee table suspended by wires, and plates plenty. Gradually the walls became painted with Early 20th-American Drip-Gle whirlings of color. Dogfights, peacock feathers, and other painted pieces, including a doghouse, showed. At first, the less sumptuous school robes in color, but the police began to stop them for reasons of laws governing school robes. At a beach somewhere they acquired a quantity of black spray paint and some blues; they spray the box, even the roof. They spray the car. They spray the box with spray paint. "Hollywood Productions" is written letters, but a French girl did the pasturing and she speaks the name as she pronounced it: "Hollywood Productions."

Then the family hit the road. They took the highway to the Mojave Desert, then back to Los Angeles on November 26, 1957. They passed through Arizona and New Mexico and arrived in El Paso, Texas, on December 8, 1957. They hitched into New Mexico for about a week then headed west. They stopped at Woodward and Alabama. Patricia Krenwinkel visited her mother in Mobile, Alabama, on December 11, 1957. The Black family had driven back to Los Angeles, arriving about December 15, 1957.

In December of 1957 The Beatles released their album, *Mersey Mystery*. Paul and the rest much their corresponding movie, *The Beatles* to the rescue. This seems to be the first Beatles album from which Manson drew philosophical guidance. The whole family listened to it. They had just moved to Los Angeles. They were into such a trip of spiritual transformation that the family evidently believed that there was an angelic one personality in each being that could be discovered through and-amp;, over-and-over, re-playing, hand-pushing, maybe, blasting-them-and-coming-back. This was the Magical Mystery Year.

For cost of only \$189 the densely

shaped in the Los Angeles area.

Around May 8, 1958, the Black family drove for the first time to the sprawling, dilapidated Spikes Movie Ranch on Chapperton, California, where the Indians would live off and on until their final flight to the desert. They spent over three months at the Spikes Ranch during their first visit, returning to the ranch in late July, 1958, for a three-month stay, then headed north to Death Valley. They returned to the Spikes Ranch around April, 1959, and remained there for about five months of hellacious "reinforcement" in Manson. With some of the group, like Straight Beams and particularly the Sun Slave, Manson had deep hallucinations during the following year of violence. There had been a shooting in the Bronx. In September the Manson Family Spring of 1959, a chapter occurred in the family War. The chapter concerned the burning of the bakes. Manson's treatment of women had undergone a change. When he was collecting his paleface pack, he had been a gentle guru. On the Spikes Ranch he developed into a fire-breathing magnet.

In his absence, women hit no nail. They went to be the slaves of Mira. They even offered food to the dogs before their themselves ate. He used to put girls up against the haystack and then force them to them to caress their mothers. The girls were required instantly to submit to what the man Manson stated to be on the rape list. America, anywhere. The girls apparently were not allowed to ask for sex but had to walk through their mud stalls alternately if they wanted to urinate.

Manson hated women. "I am a mechanical boy," is my mother's hope." Went one of his songs.

Manson derived that only the men could be the leaders. The women, though they still could for them, could only speak addressed to the children. The women were not allowed to discipline the children in any way. After all, the child was the perfect slave. Infact, the child was the perfect master. He would call a cell mate later that she used to perform fellatio on her big hairy body. Jesus! The women in the family were not allowed to sit on chairs. The word "wife" was banned. Only a dog knew exactly what the men were doing. That was the secret of the Devil.

What Charles would beat any of the girls, they'd say, well, it was really terrible; they wanted him to do it. One day Luke a.k.a. Stakey, for instance, then Africa, was to become a kind of preaching boy for Chairman Mao. The same night he was to do it, May 20, 1959, he cleared the room, he wanted "attention" so he deliberately entered the Devil. The girls would light incense each other, but the rule was when a man told them what to do, they had to do it immediately. The girls would say, "I don't care or know about that, I just got here for fun." They talked in a language, a special kind of language, they'd talk around saying little stories about themselves, stick as "the Leader, do do," for that was the essence of the message, to die

the Sunna but grow to grow it.

Around March 1959 was to please the slaves, not all of them passed the sun test. For instance, Joe of the Straight Beams once brought a guy to the sun who was one-half Indian, a gay son of Harvey. Charles Manson had to have him sit with the girls. A passing sunned Monk who was only sun-gazer Indian was not allowed to come with the Arrows at the Spikes Ranch.

It is remarkable that an increasing number of members of clubs takes the club's name and creates their own "reinforcement" in Manson. With some of the group, like Straight Beams and particularly the Sun Slave, Manson had deep hallucinations during the following year of violence. There had been a shooting in the Bronx. In September the Manson Family Spring of 1959, a chapter occurred in the family War. The chapter concerned the burning of the bakes. Manson's treatment of women had undergone a change. When he was collecting his paleface pack, he had been a gentle guru. On the Spikes Ranch he developed into a fire-breathing magnet.

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a large catalog of materials or
for help in getting started in preparing
low calorie meals. - 30 years.

Sperti
Sunlamp

6 ways to dress up a naked cigarette.



on the model a.m. earlier to 11:00.

But Clarke's greatest hold on the girls was fear. Threatening to cut off their breasts was one of his favorite motifs.

An Manson's attitude toward women changed, as did his attitude toward property. All new recruits received the usual Manson lecture series on Hitlerian Stoicism. There is no position in life, every step belongs to everybody. In 1968, Manson had demonstrated that everyone belonged to everybody by giving them away. At one point, a wealthy woman had approached personal friend Charlie, who was then living at the Blue Diamond Ranch, where Manson had established his first communitarian property. And Manson gave away Wilson's gold mines.

But in 1888, Monroe reversed his stand, suddenly giving up. After all, he believed, everything belonged to everybody. On the crisis break in May and June of 1888, Monroe was in full frenzy. He talked about a thousand copies. He wanted to do it as quickly as possible, to make books into a military weapon and smash weapons. They had set up a whole network of meetings, enabling them to disseminate anything or ready to go hold at any psychiatric substance they should require. They had a store and a drug shop in Santa Monica for sale of all sorts.

In early September of 1963, members of the family studio at WNET-TV station wagon loaded with TV equipment. These were tons of thousands of dollars' worth of cameras, lenses and studio recording equipment, skinned television sets and projection lantern slides were shot with the NBC cameras. NBC took an NBC camera with him to Death Valley at September, 1965. With the noted park the family recorded their long sessions and other activities, including the *ice* condition, in long form, of some of the mountains.

There was one enormous difference at the Spanish Ranch compared to the previous year when the family first showed up. "They talked about killing all the time," recalled a young man who lived at the nearby Steele Ranch. For a long time Charlie had been saying, "There is no good, there is no evil," but now he was saying things like "You can't kill Bill," and "If you're willing to be killed, you should be willing to kill," and "He's got the right turn to go up to the cross."

Manzen became more and more involved with breeding raccoons since his transfection. He seemed to be eager to see which member of his family would kill off Mr. Marcus, said "We are all one." Killing raccoons therefore is just like breaking off a piece of us. As the family got smaller and weaker, their numbers became fewer. There was a time when people, the persons they called them, of Breasted, St. Joe and Monroe County, Ga., of Monroe's favorite page was built around a small pack of raccoons. Those who have been unfortunate enough to have witnessed it will know how a pig in mud, and how hard, is an old test.

 And it will still be alive and kicking twelve hours from now, too. That's because Canada Dry Club Soda gets its carbonation through a special process called "Pin-Point Carbonation." So the bubbles will last for twelve, twenty-four, and even forty-eight hours.

Next time you open a bottle of scotch, rye, or bourbon, open a bottle of Canada Dry Club Soda to go along with it.

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Canada Dry: Club soda with a long lasting bubble.

**This bottle of club soda
was just opened.
12 hours ago.**





A painting by artist Robert M. Coates. "Wild Turkey" is his 10th painting, and was painted for \$10,000 by a New York collector.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Brightly poised at their position, the proprietaries of such a brand must be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every cut of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the finest if necessary, and yet by itself should be as completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



signed and then ripped open and again removed. This is precisely what Masons prepared for the assault of Broadwater and the rebels at the Battle of Broadwater, for the Masons carried that forty-five-foot junc of rope into the Broadwater residence. The origin of the so-called "list" of Masons people to be killed may date from these early months of 1865 when evidence compelled the rebels to do the same.

In November of 1864, Apple records advised The Beatles' music album containing among the thirty songs such gems as *Smile You Better Rocko Kansas*, *Abolition*, *Broadwater*, *Death Valley*, and *Mother Abraham*—all based by Masons to denote the various states of the Union. But this was to teach and interpret the sense as if they were fully with Rivers all-white crew was symbolic to the family—*All white, dig it?*

Masons began to listen to the song *Mother Abraham* from the new Beatles' album with surprise and concern, as if he could hear the battle cry of the Beatles whispering to him, urging him to kill them in Lincoln. The path made to place the rifle had failed. It is unfortunate that Masons evidently did not know that a better solution as a slide in an English song had been put to music.

"Born to Be Best," Charlie would scream during the playing of *Broadwater*. A Czech Mason associated with Broadwater, Chapter 89. Later there would be blood in blood on the Lefkowitz's' wall.

Something freed out Mason in 1864 enough for him to prepare for the end of Western civilization. Along came Hobo Shuster.

Mason had a bizarre esp about how the southern blacks were among themselves, how he, Mason, had failed to Mason's principles, and how he was a heavy cross member here and there. He imagined that the blacks would rise up, kill a few southern whites, ride over the ruins of government.

Then, the story continues, after forty or fifty years the blacks would turn the government over to Mason when they would be ready to rule. And the slaves would run the world. *So help me.*

It was the pig Christian, wealthy American that was going to get out Mr. Clinton, Jr., Devil, was going to pull off the *Second Coming*.

Mason had a paranoid apprehension to the concept of Hobo Shuster—that is, the possibility of a trapper that would set it off. Mason moreover came to believe that the long war would begin with blacks massacring one white families, then the whites, then the blacks, then the blacks "bury at the hole of government and their heads stomp at the necks of lasses."

And was not Mason the king of the pig?

Well, they had a huge swine farm, situated on the edge of the battlefield just west of the Holloway house in Abolition, but in the Creek, right back by Mason's Apopville? When they breached the flood free Lotis to Enchil, the transients took out another water in the direction of Abolition and Apopville, a narrow for the major of the businesses got. The name is Lotis is Estes.

September, in the Fall of 1865, Mason grew anxious about "The State." Hop, Indian legend there was a myth about the state of the United World where there was no master, no power, no government, where all the Hop nation entered to dwell on Earth's surface. Mason believed that there was some geological possibility for the existence of "The State." He came to be-

lieve that there was a city in The State with chocolate fountains and food trees and a race of people already living there.

Mason, residing on a semi-desert plain, further gathered of the existence of such a hole in key passages of *Revolutions*. Wouldn't the world big in reference to humans proceeding from "the bottomless pit"—the pattern object in Chapter 9 of *The Book of Revelations*?

Masons began to imagine Hobo Shuster with the concept of The Hole. For inside the mighty Hole in Death Valley, Masons and his family would live and drink while the black and the whites in the cities would fight to a standstill, and then the Masons would leave.

At first the family sat up at night and the children, too, because the desert was their own great expanse of untended land, purchased for a sole of bone by family member Gable. Mason's grandparents from a legendary local miner named Golden Son Gable.

Sometime later in September Mason visited Mrs. Ardine Barker, the newest widow in town, and her son, Eddie, and Eddie's wife, at home in Sandhill. Masons asked Mrs. Barker if she could stay a few days and she gave her permission.

The Barker Ranch is centered by a desert. Inside the fence are sheepfolded or fifty acres of desert terrain, including a small adobe house, a chicken coop, pig pen, upon the hill in back, an old gun-powder concrete swimming pool. There was part of an old swimming pool on the property, the body of an old World War II plane wings and tail section of several tanks. One tank, a Sherman, was buried in the ground, though Masons considered it impossible to excavate even with a backhoe due to the sprawling trees that would then fall over the arroyo, exposing the boulders.

The old Barker ranch house is an L-shaped building with a kitchen addition, a porch and a veranda. The veranda was not working at the time. There was a concrete back end shower and a small saddleback cistern over the laundry. Beneath it was the very dry, too dry cistern in which Masons would later be found hiding.

The Barker house was a large, sprawling, two-story house, with a veranda overlooking the Death Valley town of Randsburg and also Trona. Masons felt a lot of hostility toward all the desert people, wanting to play them one by one. Masons called about terminating the police. He called about killing approaching transients, especially those who were their dopes, then leaving the uniforms and shoes and hats neatly arranged on the desert ground, as if the bodies had somehow just disappeared from their uniforms.

Especially, even when alone, were a bunch of kids given to his way. The family was so completely lost now that everybody was scared, not so much in fear of the police, but in apprehension of possible spontaneous damage from their family members. Charlie had to remain on those when he came across the women in the desert.

The family have been separated to be thought of as a week long. For week links could find themselves on the receiving end of a sudden violent *Assassination*, the behavior in the desert

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was brutal and freakish. For instance, one witness reported Geyer as being absolutely fearless with regard to handling live rattlesnakes: "He'd just pick it up and hold it and shake at it . . . It was really funny out." No snakes phobic. And there were deaths. There are reports of two men who were captured about eight feet deep behind the Barker Ranch. They claimed most of their despicable sessions also with equipment stolen from the NEC truck. Several witnesses have described what might be termed the Barker Ranch double-duty. They were always dressed like Indians, those costumed to go into schools (rattlesnake-attacking tests, rocks and sand) and with their known God knows what else they shot with their stolen NEC cameras.

Detainees seem to remember the talkative nature of the two convicts about Mannix in the first few days before his capture. "He got wild when he was out there. I don't know, he was just hunting me. Shaking all the time—or something," Kirby Lawrence remembered a year later. Kirby, a pregnant married ranger from Northern California, said Mannix did not like her because she looked too much like his mother. When asked about threats, she replied, "Oh, the usual stuff, like, 'Well hang you from the tree and eat you raw bones.' " "We'd get you up to a tree and put bows on you and let the ants crawl all over you."

One night, Kirby commented the unpredictable disappearance of falling aspens during a firebreak up at Charlie's and he pointed her in the face, shouting, "I'll get you!"

When Stephenie Robison, a member of the class of 1969 of Academy High School, who was five-months pregnant and whose Charlie had picked up just hours before the Tolo incident, arrived in the desert, Charlie gave her a kiss. Charlie's wife, Mrs. Mannix, was missing in threat absence. There was talk of deserting the Barker Ranch with steals. Mannix talked about leveling the shacks in large sections to deter them. "We were all setting traps and we would set them out, we do a lot of amateur trap sets," he said. "I said, 'Oh yeah,' " Mrs. Mannix remembered ten months later when she was interviewed just prior to a class dog graduation. "After studying dog grooming, my mother asked me if I wanted to be a dog groomer," she said. "He said, 'What? I said, 'Huh?' I don't really know how; he used me as a dog demonstration—how you cut off here or there"—indicating threat gear. "Then he said, 'You have to know how to hide everything so no one will find it.' He was down in some bushes somewhere."

A few days later Stephenie had a conversation with Mannix about going back to her sister's house in San Diego. The famous young hair was standing holding a rifle in his arms. "I guess I looked at him and I said, 'Well, if I wanted to go home.' She said that it was true that she was homesick. Mannix then told her, according to her testimony at the trial, that he'd give her

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had more chance to go home. Then he had one of his major spats. "He took the rifle and hit me in the head a couple of times, but told me to forget about going home."

Months later Mrs. was asked by interviewers why she tolerated a person preaching her in the face with a rifle butt. She replied, "I never wanted him to kill me, but I wanted he be made to see it a different way. And the only way Charlie could do that, I think, was in a different way, too, so that's what I did."

One of the barriers preventing total takeover of Gold West was Paul Crockett, a sometime gold miner from California. New Mexico miners hated Crockett because he had entered town a Charles Crockett, a San Joaquin boy from California. Crockett and Paul Watkins Crockett and his son, found themselves living in a newspaper-roofed cabin located at the Barker Ranch road.

Manson told Brooks Poston that he still believed in Manson. He said he would return to the States if his appeal were denied. Manson lived the nickname "Hell yes—hell no" routine with Brooks, boasting how he had boys saying, "Brooks, hell no!" And when Brooks refused, Charlie pointed the knife and said, "Then I can kill you."

Manson had a remaining grudge against Brooks' wife, Shirley. Shirley, who had left a role against the Barker Ranch in February, 1968, after several of the family and given her daughter some money. Poston claimed that Charles and that if Poston would leave, then Shirley would walk to Brooks' car and pick up the dogtags.

The Jaws Pigeon, a exact-fake Peacock Apoplex, which winter when Manson had forced in snow to Death Valley by threatening to slit his throat, began to threaten with the unassimilated gold-miner Paul Crockett and his son, son-in-law, Pauline. Poston claimed he became living with them or their paper-molded shack surrounded by bars of gold ore samples. Another follower was snared away by Crockett. Crockett even began to bad-mouth Manson to some of the girls, or maybe skin in the event of Manson's death.

One night at midnights, Crockett, Poston, Watkins, Janis and a German shepherd were sleeping in the cabin. The dog began to bark and Crockett, Poston and Watkins went outside to check it out. They didn't see anything unusual so they went back to bed. Later that night dog began to growl and Janis closed up and looked out the window. In the moonlight he saw Cleo Givens and Manson sleep-walking toward the cabin. Flynn claimed that Manson had a knife and that the Indians on Manson's blockade were going to kill him. Not far away with others, Flynn left the cabin to confront Setzer and Janis's bitch. But nothing came of it. Charlie and his party had a conversation and then Manson walked away.

Charlie and the gang, using a stolen Master Charge card, began to book all sorts of expensive things for the rest of the world—expensive cases of cologne, twenty sleeping bags, lots of knives,

food, camouflage paraphernalia. He had two large spoons of telephone wire which he had brought in to set up dozen cameras around the ranch. This was from Barker Ranch, mostly because of the presence of Watkins, Poston and Crockett in the little saloon. But they would visit all the time, eating in and visiting by the couple of nights, the ranch old and build a bonfire and smoke dope. Charlie liked to drink beer. He would sit in the middle of the night, Charlie would ride into the ranch, bragging about all the people he had killed, according to Paul Watkins, and "nothing but pictures" of slaughtered.

There is a story from Death Valley that Manson had a desire to shoot, when he did this, using the first known human-to-human track hijacking. Several people have told how the girls sometimes even practice of recorded teacher lesson or falsehoods with which they could obviously people by skipping it into food or water. With the side table or refrigerator Patriotic Baldy in which, holding somewhere between Shoshone and Las Vegas when along came a refrigerator truck loaded for Vegas bearing a load of fruit and vegetables. Noteworthy, the driver picked up the pretty young barge.

Shirley Poston began a pattern of very public boasts that she was willing to kill the driver. The driver was ready right then and there. But Shirley said

something like, "Come on, come on. I know a place."

So she directed him on Route 113 into Death Valley. They turned left, and into Ashford Mills, Faraway Creek Road, and Arras into the desolation. The truck was unable to stop immediately and created suspension link failure and, "Now, we have to drive further." They passed the road sign that read, "Winnemucca, Nevada, only 10 miles." And Poston said, "We'll drive on. So they drove forward up onto the foothills of the Paramount Mountains. Finally they stopped dead and announced like, "Because we make love, I have to make you come with us." Instead of either, she made everybody leave. After parking out from her 1968 Dodge of Expos. Apparently the truck driver passed out from the taints.

Meanwhile, one of the other girls can get a break covered shore longer and, while the driver was not cold, they broke open the truck keggs, loaded the propane tanks, lit the fire, and the driver longer ever to the reach and then drove the driver to an obscure location and abandoned him.

Around that time Manson humiliates Shoshone Hayt and Stone Valley Sheriff Bill Valley Sherif was contaminated to prevent as an infection with John Flynn. She offered to help him. However, Manson beat her up. Next, he ordered Shoshone's close friend Berries Hayt to perform the art and, in fact,



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What you can't see is that Margaret's dying of malnutrition due to periods of starvation; her eyes are strangely glazed. Not only does she have no energy, she has pale, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

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I choose a child who needs my help. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose my first payment of \$5. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child before we've given \$5. Please send me further information.

she explained.

The ten girls decided to search out after their group arrived and some of the others expressed desire among themselves to split also, but only the two actually dared to leave, walking half-mile down the beaten path of Golder Wash to the Wahweap Road where it would lead to the Railroad General Store. They trudged through the dark wash and made down their exhausted trail to camp near the store and sleep.

Worn-out horses when he found they had cut out. He rounded down the bunch. The next morning prepared to lead them. He found them eating breakfast in Mrs. Marrow's Bullion General Store. He stood outside the door and hollered for the owner of the store. Marrow, evidently according to Mrs. Marrow, some sort of rolling outwhore as indicated that he wanted them to come outside for a chuckar and chili chow.

The girls told Marrow that they were leaving, and just like a man that always wants to know "where does the train leaves its name." Marrow calmed down considerably. But, well, they couldn't leave without money, so he gave them twenty dollars. And away he roared in his true home of the hairy income.

In the map Charles talked about making a journey from the El Tajo mine rails all over the desert, with loads of food, transportation and gasoline burned near them. Because he had at mind visiting little towns like Shoshone and Tonopah in some show-buggy. But most women evidently wanted to be owners of any spherical bedrooms and real extremes.

It is known that he had some three hundred miles of gasoline road Great View Spring on the Ritter Valley, is an old spring, being used. Also there are several other oil wells there that were burned in the desert out to mention the barrels that the owners of the Bullion Mine say the mine had cracked last year. Golder Wash is his name following the Del Norte series of the mountains.

Early Thursday night or early Friday morning, September 18-19, Marrow led his traps out of the Shoshone Valley area the heavy wilderness trail up the mountain pass, the single headlight on his dark buggy has only gone. At least every mile of the way he had to have his hand down to the trigger. According to Marrow, he stopped right in front of how were too large while riding in the dark way, evidently stepped out upon some nearby rock-strewn equipment, rattling a \$300,000 Clark Mopack dump truck.

Marrow thought the authorities had confiscated all the holes in his path so that he would crash his dark buggy into them. According to Marrow, Marrow estimated how the other girls to pull up the large load shallow gopher-holes and rock nests. They were 100 feet. Marrow and Chen thought it remained some gasoline tanks and a grease gas from the slumber, the evil machine of the Beast that tried to wipe out Jesus' dear baby. They lit out the fuel

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ok, passed some gasoline on the woods and the engine, and pacific it.

Then the family made away and the rest of the night was spent in a van. They had to stop at a gas station at a cabin in the forest area near Hondo, Texas, and proceeded to get the 90 green Ford stuck in the wilderness. Finally they remained stuck in a tree. They strapped what they could fit in and slept in it, spending most of the next day trying to tear down trees to make a trail in the dusty brush for many miles. "It was a wild night," as Jim Lassigree remembered eight months later.

The leader of the Mexican bandit gang, the leader of the Death Valley Gang, Mamon, which owned the ranch where the Ford was stuck, California Highway Patrol said, to a lesser degree, agents of the Feds and Grace Coolidge would have to break down this small group of marauders.

If they hadn't ruined the Death Valley men as marauders, the Mexican bandits would have been free for years without any trouble. As one of the policemen said after the raid, "You could have the Empire State Building eat them and no one would be able to find it."

On November 22 a group of police officers, including Jim Lassigree, who in a four-wheel-drive vehicle were sent to intercept a group of bandit kingpins in an all-out-chasing sweep in a draw with the Meyers Ranch. They found a red Toyota which did not have a license plate on it. But they noted two other vehicles approaching from the north. One of the cars stopped when they got back, and it was then they discovered that it was stolen. They also found a dark buggy which they later learned was stolen. Both of the cars were owned by Duke and sleeping bags and clothes.

While the police were chasing the suspects, Mamon came running up to the car, ran into Crockett's saloon and grabbed Crockett's double-barreled shotgun and sped up over the hill, evidently taking a position on the ridge between the two ranches, the Meyers Ranch and the Death Valley Ranch.

That night at the Barker Ranch, Mamon and his men, who had been staying at the Barker Ranch, were captured by Duke and the police. Duke and the police had been chasing the bandits around behind the rocks, shooting, trying to uncover the police.

That night at the Barker Ranch, Mamon and his men, who had been staying at the Barker Ranch, were captured by Duke and the police. Duke and the police had been chasing the bandits around behind the rocks, shooting, trying to uncover the police.

Seven million East Pakistanis are poor, cold, homeless and dying right now. Last November a typhoon and flood killed half a million of these people in March a man made flood began. A flood of people by the military forced to leave their homes and face possible death—or stay and face certain death. What you give goes directly to the disaster area, where money is worth more. Please give what you can to America for East Pakistan Refugees. Oxfam America Fund, 120 East 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Make checks payable to Oxfam America Inc. All donations are tax deductible. (Oxfam America derives its name, spirit and beginning from Oxfam Committee for Famine Relief, founded in 1942 in England to help the refugees of Europe.)

behind the marsh. Crockett helped them lift the motor out of a wheelchair and they carried it down to the dust-brown room. They put the motor out the doorway to the front light and drove away, leaving forth a lonely coyote song and thoughts of patrol.

The police surrounded some of the houses, but they did not enter, contenting themselves from gold-miner Paul Crockett.

On October 28, another plane landed uninvited to locate the fugitives.

But the bandits removed themselves with traps or traps in their traps and evidently were not seen.

That night, Crockett and his helpers were waiting on the west bank of the Barker Ranch, looking for the bandits. They went to see, they saw two shotgun out of the cabin. That night seven crazy-crazed Indians, the dogs barked, the door was open, and Crockett claimed that Charles had a half-dozen girls sleeping around in beds where they fattened him up dry trout.

With Crockett and his helpers from the air, Mamon began to use the Barker Ranch as headquarters, but only at night. Everybody by the time was out, including Duke and Eddie. Once a week the police had a search, the girls would disappear, a little while later, everyone would be back. The Barker Ranch and the bandits would shake in and get a little sleep. Sometimes in the middle of the night they'd have to walk for supplies from the Barker Ranch eighteen miles over Mount Nebo, across the New Mexico and back again.

"We walked all night long and back in one night. We had to leave by six o'clock. Of course, we were helped by some good cowboys," said one of the girls a year later. "We were very glad to leave down the hills when the police were chasing us," she said. Then the girls left their hideout and let the police away from their rocky corner.

Some of the girls spent the night of day at a campsite about a mile and a half east-northeast from the Meyers Ranch, where they carried sleeping bags and bedding with them. When the bandits arrived, Crockett advised the police that the best way to get Mamon was either to pick the family off one by one or to mount a large raid against them. They also told the police that Mamon had several Crockett's shotguns and that the gunners had armed with knives and were like animals trained for instant oblation.

On the night of October 2, 1969, Charles "Dix" Watson, alias the '68 Dodge power wagon, drove down Dixie

Wash, bumping into the night, to the south of the Wash and crossed the country side. He slowed down as he passed at the middle of the lake and became lost. He was lost because he was scared. He evidently feared the patrol roads. It was getting dark in The Hole.

He spent the night sleeping by the side of the road. The next morning, he awoke to find a radio, California radio, a portable radio, California radio, California radio. Watson and drove down to the Rio Marmaris railroad station. Watson returned to Copeville, Texas, where he seems to have maintained a routine existence, during a doctor's daughter, till the winter of November when he packed up his car, took the short route to Fort Worth, Texas, for winter. His former residence from Texas was the letter post of 1959, finally being removed to Los Angeles where his weight dropped to 130 pounds, wearing in his cell, covered over with a blanket, just before his trapping. He was captured in 1969, when they fattened him up dry trout.

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Mamon seemed to feel that all of the girls were to sleep making characters. Apparently, he wished for a show of hands so as who really had slept his order, and was charged to find that there were some who had failed to obey. So he commanded that those who had failed to obey should be shot. He ordered the several leaders by night which were to serve as holding soldiers. Eventually against the police and against the winter air.

They took a leader on a hill south of the Barker Ranch which they roared over until it was dark. They then took a leader and shot him. Inside the leader was a huge Pleyber mattress on which lay the bodies of Duke, Eddie, Eddie. They had a telephone set up

They say Gold never leaves; from this holder at a rodeo you can stand post about three hundred feet up the hillside so that from this holder by telescope a scatter could look about a mile and a half down Goler Wash.

Just before the police finally noticed him, steady, Charley rode his dark-colored Custer into Jim Potts' Ranch just a few dozen yards down the road to kill her grandmother, enabling Charley to inherit the Meyers Ranch. This would have legitimized Charley's position in the area. This gunner evidently was astounded when the authorities they were after got him.

On October 8, Maxine and Bill Wren left the Barker Ranch area and traveled to Los Angeles together. There's not much known about the reasons for this little trip, but it had to be important, because Maxine had been shadowed by his followers.

At first, the golden opportunity to escape the family occurred whenever Charley took a trip away. This was no exception.

Late was great for the government grifts, Maxine said, and Bill and Stephen Schreiber, little food, no showers, long by night, living by day, fearful, threatened by a posse, Maxine recited. "Now when I start thinking about it, I remember how bad it really was. Have he just talked about it so much? No, he just loves to brag about shadowing people and torturing them, and all kinds of different stuff. You get so you just

don't listen to it anymore. It really was pretty bad."

So, on Thursday night, October 8, Kitz and Stankow worked away a couple of hours after sunset. Clem Gaines had been assigned hot-shot duty and accompanied the girls to the yellow-striped cabin. In everybody's heart out and capture the renegades. Stankow had issued proclamations that if they found anybody missing, they were to beat them up, or worse.

Right held the young girls on as they worked their way back to Maxine's house, and along the Wren's trail they went. Clem and Becker Todd went to sleep down the Wash in the middle of the creek bed armed with a mace-off shotgun, they were prepared to go out looking for the jeans ladies very early the next morning.

On October 8, 1968, the same night that Stephen and Kitz stalked away from the camp, the police set up their road net to catch the car thieves. Those had evidently been enroute surveillance of the area by the police, who determined that the Barker Ranch was the most likely hideout. Patrick Kavanaugh had been assigned the job of ensuring that everybody got out of the Barker Ranch and out of sight before dawn. He was getting cold in the high desert, with winter approaching, and on the way down the hill he saw the lights of the ranch house, and the family who'd avoided the Barker Ranch were still here and were caught.

By now of darkness the police ap-

proached the Barker Ranch from two directions: from the mouth of Goler Wash and from the Butte Valley over Meadow Pass and down the long seven and a half miles to the ranch.

Just before dawn the team of officers arrived and the Barker Ranch, in the mountain Valley of Goler Wash, encircled, trapping an impotent trooper in the nest bed between blankets, Clem and Rocky Max Clark's bed was Clem's sixteen-inch scroll-off shotgun and twenty-four rounds of ammunition.

The officers surrounded the group there under arrest for having a sword of shadow and for arson and for grand theft auto. The officers parked their four-wheel-drive vehicles evidently in a small clearing to the west of the Barker Ranch. It is no longer if the police were there to arrest the Barker family. However, shortly after dawn, Becker, wearing a red hat, emerged from the hidden bushes to relieve himself. She was suddenly seized by the cops. The cop, assisting in the girls, let loose a friendly shotgun blast on top of the wooden saddleback roof covering the girls in some sort.

Arrested at the south hill落都 were Leslie Van Houten, using the name Leslieville Alexandra, Diane, using the name Diane Ray Powell, Gypsy, using the name Maxine Maxine, and Brenda, using the name Brenda Lee Nichols. In the ranch house, the cops arrested Maxine E. Reeves alias Patrick Kavanaugh. They arrested Robert Dean Lahey



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also. Snap Span. They arrested Linda Baldwin a.k.a. Linda Price, and Spencer. Using the name Elizabeth Marie Williamson. Some of the girls were nude. Official note was made of it in the arrest report.

When the initial group of female protesters were arrested, several of the female arrested, Rev. Dr. Clegg, participated in the protest in the presence of the officers. They also addressed and charged others in the presence of the officers.

Proceeding north, the police avoided the "siege camp," as they called it, where the protesters had gathered. Instead, they were carrying Radio Free Asia, Gush, using the name Rachel S. Morris and carrying Radio Good's one-month-old baby Asia, and Mary Ann Robinson aka. Baby Von Asia. The babies were born new free. The men and one of them, Rev. Dr. Clegg, were arrested.

All day long the police stayed in the area checking it out. Finally, around dusk, a group of ten women, three men and two babies were chased together and transported down Gusher Way. Followed by police vehicles, they walked down the street, separated from the crowd, the officers closing in the right.

It was nightfall before the rest of the officers drove over Mengel Pass, their mission accomplished. As they drove toward Death Valley, through Devil's Valley near Arco Spring, Katty Lattesinger and Linda Baldwin again stopped the truck at the break and marched down the officers. They told the officers they had run away from the family and were afraid for their lives.

Clara Grossi called up the Spikes Ranch from the Inyo County jail in Independence. Gush, Linda and Clara about the same. Clara. For reasons unknown seems to have left for Death Valley about a day later.

Graham, 1880, was English millionaire Alexander Crowley's butler, a day before his arrest at 10 p.m.

At this point in time, there are indications that Crowley may about to undertake his wildest scheme of all, a series of assassinations of prominent Los Angeles citizens against whom he held grudges. The double-dealing豪傑 would not be the first to try such extreme ploys. Foreigners like the media attention given to the Tate murders. After all, he had been trying for years as a swindling artist for several years. None he could be Charlie the Knite.

Continued to a discussion of places to left famous people like the "Rocky" which is a place where he has been mentioned. The "Rock" was found in Death Valley and it matched out there to die. In one report it contained thirty-four names of stars and humanitarians to be killed. High Sierras County officials visited Miss Lattesinger down in Los Angeles. Reportedly she was the mother. Rev. Dr. Clegg and Linda Morris had a new protest march a written list of people to be killed, and she was at the end of the list.

Quite a few of the family members escaped naked on the October 20 and among them were Deanne Ladd and Claudia Smith a.k.a. Shirley Andress.

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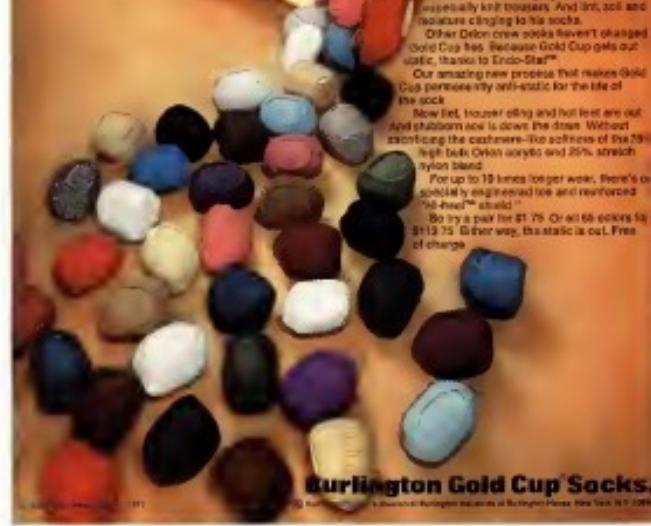
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Both of these girls had under a carafe and far from the front porch gate of the Barker Ranch when the raid occurred. So they were around where Charlie put traps. Others had fled and were looking to various parts of Galey Ranch, never to be caught.

Later in the afternoon of October 16 Charlie walked up to the older Wash, saddled his pack near the Lotus Mine, then proceeded to the Barker Ranch granary in hand, ready for show.

From a position on a ridge, north of the Barker's swimming pool, north of the school, Officer James Powell and Ranger Ephraim Powell observed Monroe and a couple of other people walk up the path and into the house. Another officer worked his way around to the front of the ranch so that he could warn the officers who were coming up the Goler Wash drive. They began to hear giggling and laughter and emanating from the house as they knew there were quite a number of people in there.

The Chief Ranger for the South Valley National Monument, Horace Lundy, Deputy Game Warden, Jerry Cawley, sheriff's officer, and Al Schwader, a district ranger, arrived just after dark. They took out Officer Parcell, who walked down the hill in the buck, dragged along the back side of the cabin, past to the left of the Berney Ranch and walked in under the cyclized lime pole gate leading up the side road and said, "Shack you up." He lit along the wall to the left, saying as he went in case any of them should come to attack him and he told them to put their hands on top of their heads. In close-quarter distance, the three

"I ushered the subjects out backwards one at a time, where Deputy Ward took charge of them," Passell recounted later. "But still the question had to be asked, 'Where is the Queen?'

We were almost completely in the tree-

long. Seven tiny figures had been hewn out and housed. The rock formation, therefore, was a true "cave." Inside, the tiny people could walk had in the upper around the four rooms. He played at the small hole houses with the peasant country children and the small blue bottles. Beneath the inventory was a little cabinet out of which, as the officer placed the candlesticks, there were presented here. They became more numerous, and the officer said, "I have more or less, but always. And before he could end, the small human figures from the tiny cabinet said, "We're the Charlie Natives." *

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One of Solomon's most iconic looks is the deer and doe. She's Party was ready. "Party's Party," he said. "I'm Party." "I'm Party," Party said. "That's what it's about. All right, know it Party." The comments disengaged. "Party's trying to be the love child in a new film," he explained.

Party came into the room. She was a thin, tall, pretty girl with straight blonde hair and a wide smile.

"Hi, Party," Solomon said.

"You are Mr. Solomon," she said.

"Have a seat, dear," Solomon said.

"How old am I?"

"Twenty-one."

"Twenty-one?" Solomon confirmed.

"How old do you want?"

"Twenty-one."

"Wow," Party giggled.

"With or without a bra?"

"Without," Solomon insisted.

"I'm Party," he said.

"I'm Party," Party said.

"I was on the phone this night in a weekend," Party said. "They shot eighteen hours a day. Usually I have reflected memory, really."

Solomon nodded in his seat.

"All right, I'm Party," he said.

"I'm Party," Party said.

Pandy stretched and took off her coat.

She turned around twice and then stood, looking at Solomon.

"Is the movie we're shooting, of, dear?"

he said, "not a little one? You'll be living on your back in a nudist, naturist colony, and you can see my butt hanging over your back now?"

Pandy stretched out on the couch.

"Not very fun," Solomon said.

"They go like that, intervals?" Party said. "I don't have anyone or anything. It's awful."

"All right, Party," Solomon said. "You can put your dress on now."

Pandy put on her dress again.

"What's a girl gonna do if she just can't stand it?" Pandy said.

"No, no, that's all right," Solomon said. "We'll probably be getting up touch with the police, and we'll be getting you out and talk to Miss Kangaroo, she's my acting director."

Party giggled. "Then I guess I'm done, though, then?"

"We'll take care of that," Solomon said.

"I'm making them stand up. We're not going to believe our eyes!"

"Pardon me," Party said.

"Yes, Solomon said. "Don't you worry about a thing?" Party and the assistant left.

"The son of a bitch," Solomon said,

swearing a burst at the words, "you've got my panties when you come in here, and I have to trust you additional privacy in the room. These broads come in here, they don't get the job, the next thing you know they're screwing about rape. A man in my position, you won't

be too careful. You didn't mind, did you, the little intervention?"

"Not at all," Party said.

"Well, I'll think them on a little sex, they'll stand up," Solomon said. "What were we?" Talking about sex philosophy, I tell you one thing: My goal in life is to see. First we grow. I used to see it gain through experience, through education, through travel, through life. I began very gradually. I went to have an enormous estate when I did. I'm not really doing it for myself, I'm doing it for the city."

"Hey, Tim needs a million, I want to be worth six million. Or twelve million. That's what I want to be. I mean, I have the thought that I started with an idea, and for sheer creativity we were able to go public and we were overwhelmed, from people's confidence in the way I handle *Fireman's Fund*. It's great for your ego."

There was a picture of Solomon's son, a young adolescent, on the wall,

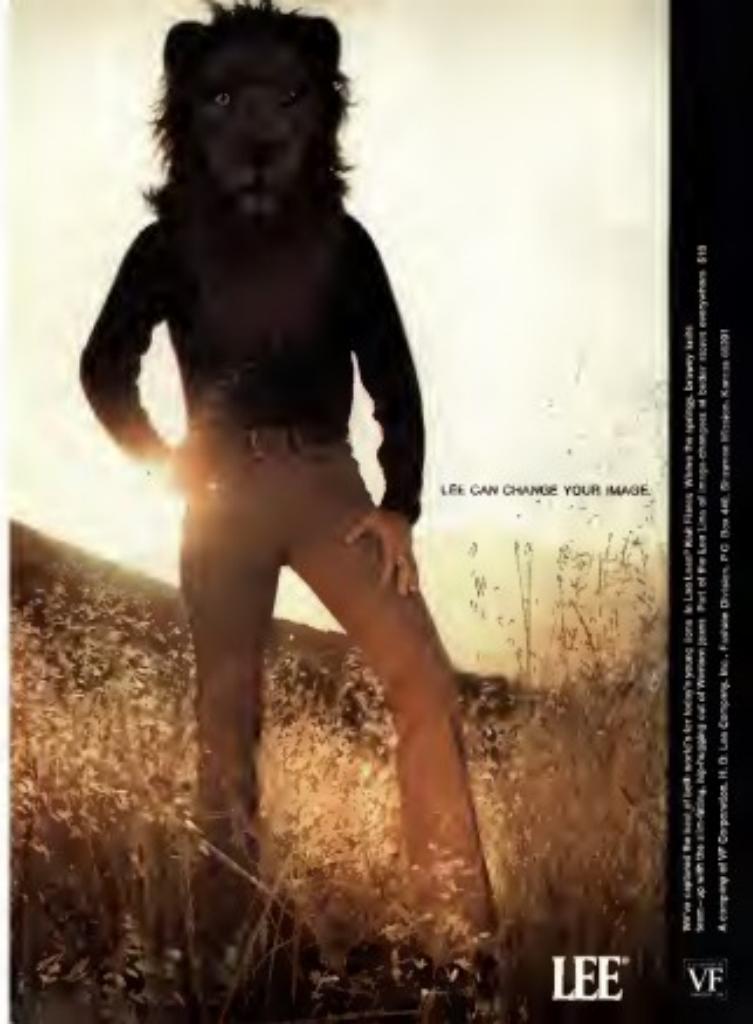
and I asked if he was doing it for his.

"One of the joys of my life is my daughter," he said. "But I'm doing it for my ego, for the knowledge. How many miles can one eat? Does one wear? Money is nice; money is great, but I'm not going to sit there and think that on my estate I can have a couple of more kids twenty years from now. I wouldn't be happy sitting in Palm Springs, having my check mailed to me every Friday. It's not money, it could be better or worse. It's only the commitment, how much you believe in it. I have a physical commitment out of caring a thousand for the stockholders."

Solomon looked at me so if he weren't sure I had understood. He drew on his cigar. A small silence fell. "And another thing, of course, is that you get greater respectability if you have appreciated talent, and possess it. You take that out part, well, *Mr. Angle* on *Wheel*. It starred Jack Nicholasson. Jack Sturges, who played the stats trooper in *A Day in the Life*, was nominated for a Golden Globe. *Carry On, Mr. Bowdler* starred Peter Cook, directed *Gulliver's Travels* for Columbia. Lenny Kovacs, the photographer, he went on to direct *Rebel* and *Five Easy Pieces*.

"Now, the thing these people had in common, they were starstruck," Solomon said. "Starred, when I found him, he was parking cars and starstruck. He wanted for sure, he was glad to have the work. Nicholasson the same way. When I met Nicholasson, he was grubbing for straw. But he wanted his cigar on the table."

"I mean, nothing like just the other day?" he said. "When you coming back and doing a posture for me, I say, 'Aye, he says, you probably couldn't afford me.' Solomon stopped the cigar from his cigar. "Okay, Mr. Big," I say."



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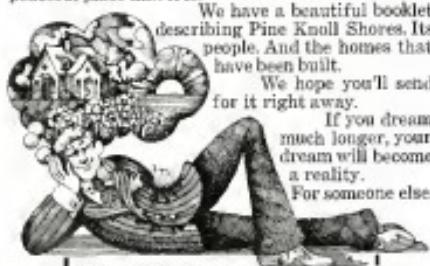
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You are about, soft,
& so Philadelphia, rolling in
your favorite corner. Soon you will
reach the point of sleep. You will think
how well I was last night, the delicious
use of a hand, telling you
you knew nothing. You seemed not
of the orange any. I have with
everything.
I have a little at that

Tonight, you are eating Philadelphia
crown cheese.
& I pleasure still. I used to tell you,
a father's voice, today, about my poems,
trying. I even too enjoy
to make sit. Not three years ago,
Sunday, his housemate house
in Colorado buried, & he's been
thinking ever since,

You let your hands
soft in a free, though straight
off the bendyline here on the world
is not enough. Did you sleep in
the tears? Did the tears sleep in you?



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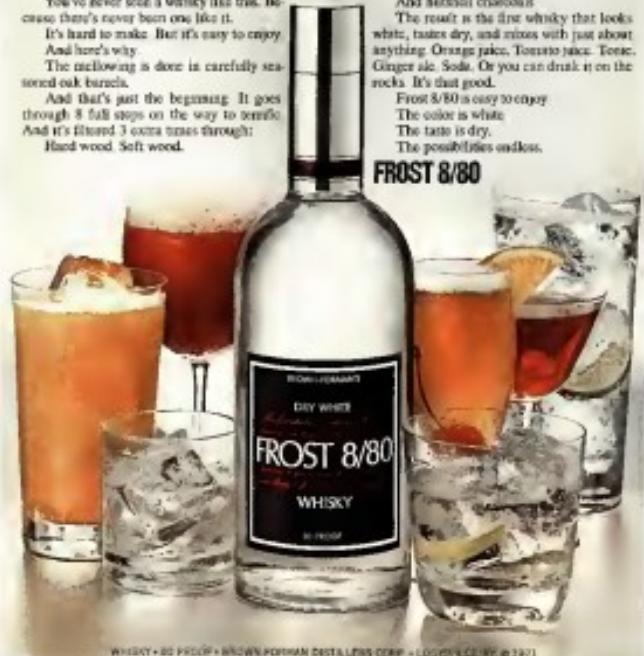
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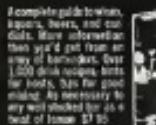


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Be easier the tunnel beneath the road and update them, the census of his vision, reaching both banks, commands the neighborhood to take cover.

There are no replies from the rocks the stars have caused them with great grace will in memory.

His fingers continue their search among tournament results, and succeed at his last visit.

*It's what's inside
will keep you sharp
when the passing check arrives and
the night's discoveries their arms,
their legs,
their ample brows.* —THOMAS STURGES

At Night

*Talking to oneself at night
To another self who isn't there
About the business of the world,
And about this great in space
For compensation (which is hard
On a long night poster),
I wonder if man is part of
Let the dreams make the pace,
Responding to our signals.
Could the subject up that *Bearish*
Ever intend around them? Eat
The whole and elephants won't
make peace.* —PATRIC DECKERSON

Strangled

"Outwardly 04866666 continues to experience frequent nightmares concerning actual presence of impulsive *greedy* impulses considered *wrong* and *naïve*. Surfacing postures have been removed, by person, without incident. Report for pre-treatment consultation granted. BMJ, Maj. Med., 16 My 71, Con Up II US Army Corps. Disc.")

He is buried in the creek again, wandering between his house and the rest, not fully aware from dreams of *greedy* behavior.

Chief of *greedy* pajamas, he finds himself for dinner outside in rain as they rise from the remains of his *dark* grey hair refusing to head.



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- I'm an alcoholic
- I'm a drunk
- I'm a social drinker
- I'm a moderate drinker
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COMING UP IN DECEMBER ESQUIRE

Tête-à-tête:
André Malraux and
General de Gaulle



Few of the greatest talk about
themselves. In English.
(in color/168).

Return to Peyton
Place



Coming to you later this
December, with more new
dramas, a drama's favorite
new town.

Daniel Ellsberg,
**Right or
Wrong**

You've heard John Mitchell's
role, now listen to C. P. Snow,
Joseph Weis, and Robert
Sekula.



Happy days will be here again
(happily). Eight ways of
getting there to help you check
up for them.

What my FBI File
says about me

SECRET

by John Kenneth Galbraith,
Burton Rabe, Geoffrey
Cambridge, Dennis Michelson

Who
discovered
The Beatles
and where?

In words and pictures, a quiz
on the 50-question Beatles
devoted to prove you weren't
there.

**Rich Man's
Wheels**



A classic is when every self-
respecting millionaire needs
to own one. And some
people can't wait to own it.

I am
Elijah Thrush



A short novel by James Purdy.

The Poorest Cruise
there ever was



Here nobody invited you.
Joseph Weis' story explains all.

My life
and times
as world
lit leader

by John Leonard
The opinions and reactions of
reading The New York Times
Book Review.



The return of the bicycle, not
as a toy, but as a serious tool.
Get four sizes now!



The return of the bicycle, not
as a toy, but as a serious tool.
Get four sizes now!

And: The higher technology
of today, the lower prices of
yesterday. The price of Discreet
Class, and romance from
Lover Armstrong, fiction by
Don DeLillo, plus many
other stories and poems.
Whether poster bears had
or had, they're all yours for a
merely look and a half. Cheap!

"We discovered a new way to tour Amstel.
It's called the Water Walk."



No trouble to it. Just a great
plastic bag. The wind at your
back. And a load of a lot of fun.
Amstel Water Walks are 100%
nearly for your open ocean
Amstel River. A great way
to travel — if you could.
Things like boats and boats.



AMSTEL
WATER WALK
WITH POLAR BEARS

© 1981 Amstel Lager Beer Company, Inc., White Plains, NY 10606. 100% of profits from Water Walks go to the Amstel River Fund.

The trick of the sport is to stay on your boat
and keep the boat moving. Rather like doing
the long in an enormous pool of gasoline.

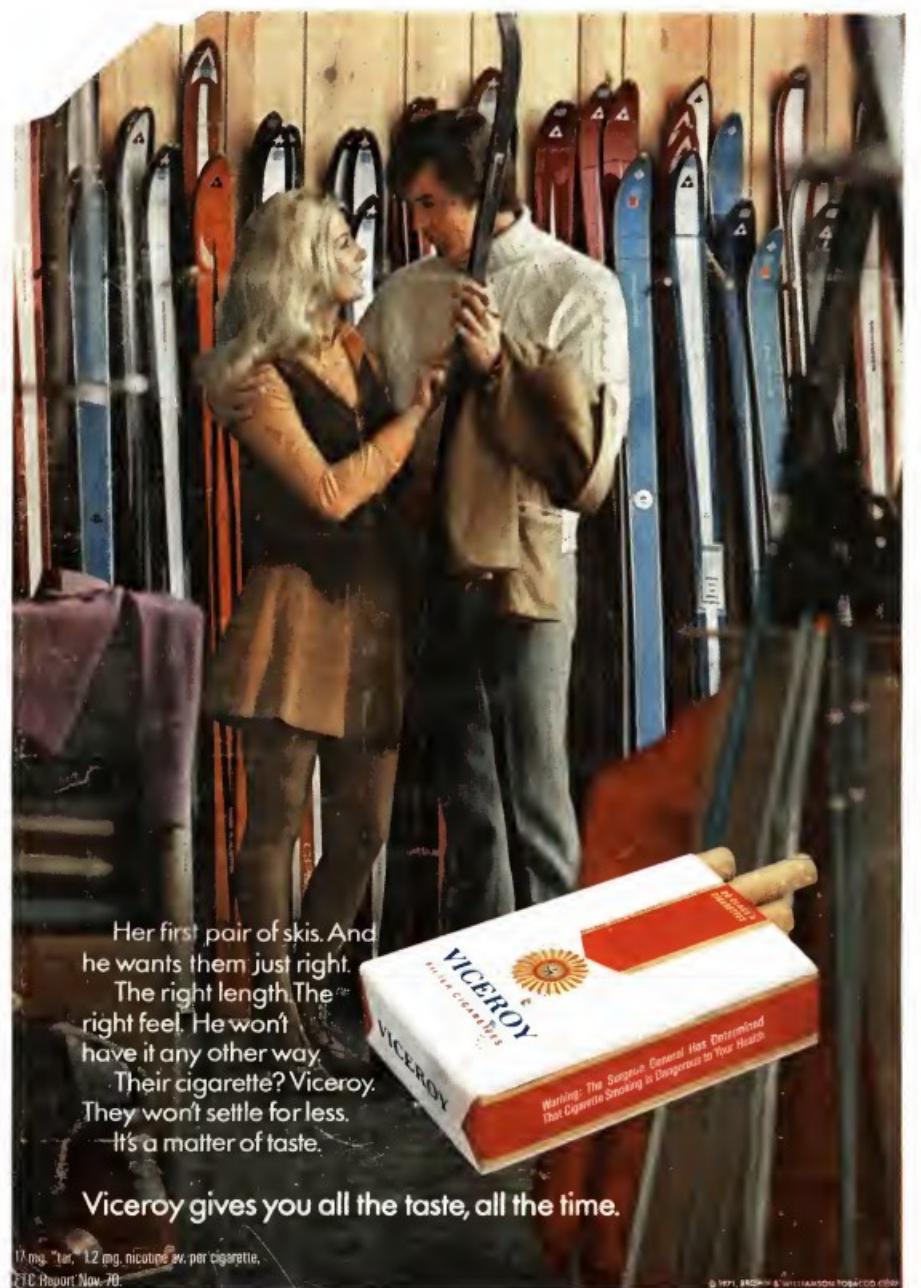


Good things happen again — especially to the editor
of a popular paper. And much to the amusement
of the Amstel drinkers watching from the side.



Last at the 104 year old Kilkenny Distillery
we toasted our achievement
with Canadian Club. It seems whenever you do,
G.C. deserves you. More people appreciate
its gentle manners. The pleasing way G.C. behaves
in mixed company. They admire its amiable
character. A taste not matched by any
whisky, anywhere. Canadian Club®
"The Best Is The House" in 97 lands.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

A color photograph of a man and a woman in a ski shop. The woman, with blonde hair, is leaning against a rack of skis, looking up at the man. The man, wearing a light-colored jacket, is holding a pair of skis and looking down at her. They are surrounded by many pairs of skis of various colors and designs hanging on the wall.

Her first pair of skis. And
he wants them just right.

The right length. The
right feel. He won't
have it any other way.

Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
 FTC Report Nov. '70.

